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# PRINCIPAL STORY

A MEMOIR

BY HIS DAUGHTERS

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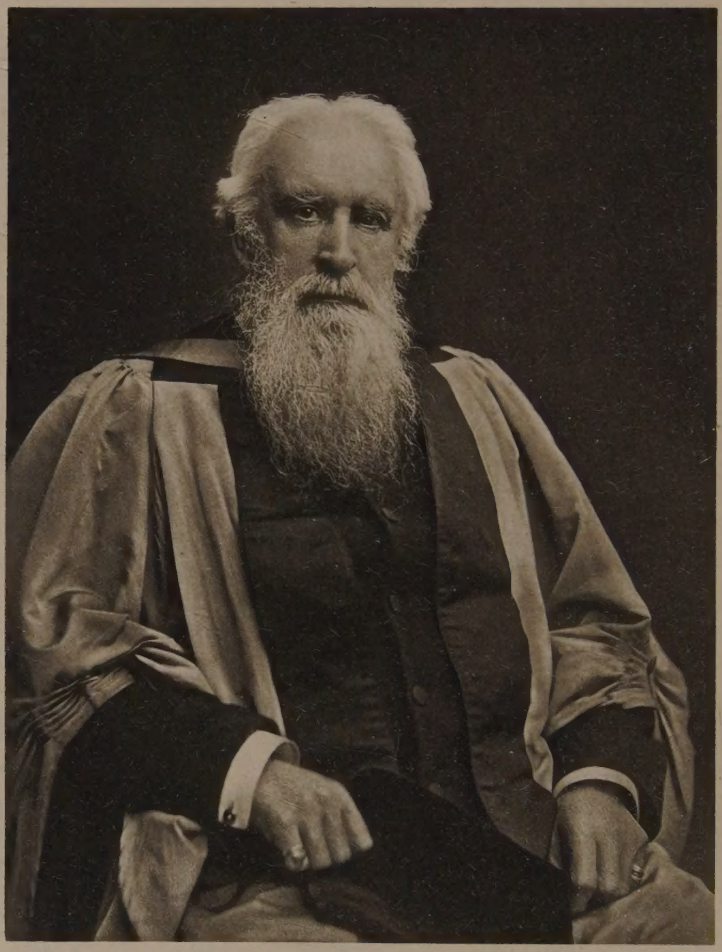

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# MEMOIR OF

# ROBERT HERBERT STORY

D.D., LL.D.

PRINCIPAL AND VICE-CHANCELLOR OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW
ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS IN SCOTLAND

BY HIS DAUGHTERS

GLASGOW
JAMES MACLEHOSE AND SONS
PUBLISHERS TO THE UNIVERSITY
1909

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# PREFACE

No apology seems to be needed for this plain record of a strenuous life, save the apology for its inadequacy. If to those who knew him it serves, even feebly, to recall his warm and human personality, and to those who knew him not helps to explain a character much and often misunderstood by those who are guided only by 'the things which are seen,' it will not have failed in its purpose.

Our grateful thanks are due to all those who have given us the help of their advice and their recollections; to Dr. Niven, Mr. Thomas Bayne, and Dr. Macmillan for their contributions, and to Professor Stewart, Professor Herkless, Dr. M'Adam Muir, and Dr. William Wallace for many helpful suggestions. We also owe Mr. Bayne our warm acknowledgments for his kindness in revising the proofs. Above all are we specially grateful to Lady Frances Balfour for the use which she has permitted us to make of the letters addressed to her, and for the tribute she has written, which is, indeed, her 'independent stone to the cairn.'

GLASGOW, *7th March*, 1909.

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*"He had striven to be faithful to the light within. From childhood he had been taught to live by conscience and for duty. In manhood he had fought many a tough battle, exchanged many a stinging blow, but in a spirit ready afterwards to forgive. In late years he had grown ripe in charity, and now, on the eve of departure, looking back on life at peace with all men, he could say, with full assurance and a thankful heart: 'He hath showed thee, O man, what is good. . . . To do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with Thy God'."*

*Life of Sir James Graham by* C. S. PARKER.

# CHAPTER I

## EARLY YEARS, 1835–1849

ROBERT HERBERT STORY was born in the old manse of Rosneath on the 28th of January, 1835. His father, the Rev. Robert Story, minister of Rosneath, belonged to the Border country, his grandfather, George Story, having been parish schoolmaster at Yetholm, and factor for Mr. Wauchope of Niddrie, who owned property there. His grandmother, whose name he bore, was Margaret Herbert, of a Northumbrian family, and there is an unwritten tradition that, on one side or other, a gipsy grandmother came in further back, to whom might be traced the strong features and dark piercing eyes of her last descendant of the Story name. Mr. Veitch[1] finds the name mentioned in some old Border chronicle, as a 'surname of Storys, sore decayed,' but even though fallen from an earlier uncertain glory, the clan seems to have survived with some vigour in the Borders to this day, and the name may often be found in the villages round Yetholm and its neighbourhood, though none are left who belonged to Mr. Story's own family.

In the *Memoir of the Rev. Robert Story* it is told how he came to Rosneath in December, 1815, as assistant to old Dr. Drummond, and how his first impression of the place was so dismal that he made up his mind to leave as soon as his first Sunday's duties were over. 'From hill-top to water's edge a shroud of snow stretched cold and grim. Between the white and silent shores

[1] *History and Poetry of the Scottish Border.*

the loch lay black and sullen. He landed as the early twilight was deepening into night, and went up to the manse. The house was old, mouldy, and out of repair. Dr. Drummond was quite in his dotage. When the new-comer retired for the night, and went comfortless to bed, the sheets were damp and clammy; from the bedroom walls the discoloured paper hung in tatters.' Next day, however, his prospects brightened with better weather and the hearty welcome given to the young minister by some kind neighbours, soon to become life-long friends, and he decided to stay, not realizing then that this pleasant spot was for forty years to be his home, and a centre of love and joy to many who as yet knew it not.

'The peninsula of Rosneath[1] lies between the Gareloch and Loch Long: at its northern extremity a high and narrow ridge, it slopes gradually down to the low well-wooded shores past which the Clyde flows on the south. Each of the lochs has its own peculiar scenery. That of Loch Long is stern and desolate; the long dun gorge is aptly termed by Rogers 'a vast and awful depth of hills.' That of the Gareloch is calm and beautiful, and viewed in the serene light of a summer evening, reminds one of the soft and dreamy loveliness of the Campanian shore. Beyond the Rosneath Ferry the loch stretches out its ample sheet of water, till it is barred by the low-browed heights which separate it from Loch Long, and beyond which rises the bold ridge of the Argyllshire hills, tracing their rugged outline on the sky. These wild and lonely mountains contrast well with the wooded slopes and fair meadows of the lower portion of the loch, and enhance the charm that always lingers there. It is a charm that is felt most strongly, perhaps, in early autumn, when 'a fiery finger' here and there has touched the leaves, and the fields are yellow to the harvest. The weariest Pilgrim of the Beautiful could wish to gaze on no lovelier scene than then meets the eye, as the westering sun gradually

[1] *Memoir of the Rev. R. Story.*

leaving the slopes of Rosneath, with the leafy glens and deep rich woods around its nestled bay, in gathering shadow, still shines upon the winding shore of Row, and sparkles on the roofs and windows of the villas that rise amongst their trees and gardens, while the rough mountains in the airy distance assume a deeper purple.'

The village stands a little way from the ferry, at a point where the two shores, almost touching, leave only a narrow channel for the water entering the loch, and the current flows so strong and fast as at some turns of the tide to be dangerous to those unacquainted with its ways. Halfway up the village stands the church, which was built in 1853, but in which Mr. Story was never to preach himself, his health having given way before the long looked-for day arrived. Dr. Muir,[1] who opened the church, referred to it in his prayer as a 'neat and commodious edifice,' but later in its history, when two side aisles had been added and it had been beautified in other ways, it might have been spoken of in much warmer terms, and taken as a very good type of a Parish Church, standing midway between the bare hideousness of the old barn of an earlier day and the over-embellishment of some of our modern churches. Just beyond the church, and with a pathway leading to it, is the manse. It is a pleasant house, facing the east and south, and getting as much sun as is possible with the hill so close behind. Few manses have so good a garden, and such a stretch of lawn, shaded by the fine old sycamore trees that are a feature of the place, under which the snowdrops spread their sheets of white in early spring, and the daffodils nodded in the lengthening days. Surely no garden ever grew better gooseberries, nowhere did sweeter roses blow, and such is the mildness of the climate, that myrtle bloomed there yearly, figs ripened on the wall, and, until blighted by an untimely frost, a eucalyptus grew and flourished for years.

The parish of Rosneath has an honourable ecclesiastical history. An almost unbroken line of ministers can be

[1] Of St. James's, Glasgow.

traced back to 1199. Among them were some notable men in their day and generation, such as Neil Campbell, afterwards Principal of the University of Glasgow; James Anderson, father of the founder of the Andersonian Institution; and Matthew Stewart, afterwards Professor of Mathematics in Edinburgh, and father of Professor Dugald Stewart. Perhaps still more interesting, if more shadowy, than any of these, is the name of Modan, the Columban missionary who first established a religious settlement at Rosneath, and whose date, it is believed, may be assigned to the sixth century.

'Among the friends or disciples of Columba we may picture Modan, a youthful Irish chief, setting forth from Iona to the mainland, to win for Christ some part of that kingdom of darkness which lay beyond the rampart of Benmore and the double summit of Cruachan. His first headquarters would appear to have been on Loch Etive-side.

'Near the shores of another loch, on the verge of the West Highlands, stands the Church of Rosneath—of old, Rossneveth, the Promontory of the Sanctuary, or of the 'Cœlestis terra.' It, too, owed its ancient sanctity to the memory of Modan. He sojourned at Balmhaodan, but he died at Rosneath.

'There is a striking similarity between this local scene and that of the other tradition of the saint. Loch Etive does not, indeed, resemble the Gareloch. Its waters are darker, its heights more imposing, its woods more dense. But the waters of the loch ebb and flow in rapids, not unlike those of Connel, though less turbulent; and not far from these rapids, and winding into the hillside, lies a glen like that which surmounts the priory of Ardchattan—a glen in which, too, dim tradition says there was once a well of healing waters. The priory of Canons Regular, which is said to have existed near to where the parish church now stands, must have held the same relation to the glen and well of Rosneath as the priory of Ardchattan held to Balmhaodan.

'The priory has utterly vanished. The early church has not left a stone behind. The very name of Modan no longer lingers by glen or field or brae or stream; but the ancient burying-ground and adjacent kirk still claim for God the spots associated with the memory of His faithful servant more than a thousand years ago.

'Thither it was his wont to betake himself for meditation, and to restore his strength by peaceful communion with God and nature. There, at last, worn out with many labours, '*obdormivit in Domino*,' he fell asleep in the Lord. Doubtless grateful disciples soothed his dying hours, and the hand of companions in the faith and work of Christ who had gathered round him, and over whom he had ruled as Abbot, received his last blessing, and laid him in his tomb with prayers.'[1]

No trace now remains of chapel or of grave; only within the entrance to the glen may be seen, by those who know where to find it, a tiny spring of clear cold water, which tradition asserts to be the 'well of healing' which rose in the neighbourhood of Modan's cell. It may seem a trivial thing, and yet it serves to link the present with the past, and to quicken our interest in that first pastor whose zeal in his Master's service has been handed down through a long line of worthy successors, and the memory of whose faith still seems to linger round the scene of his labours. 'The flame of faith which he kindled has never died out, and in the place where he was laid down to rest has burned with no common brightness within living memory.'

Within a stone's-throw from the church erected on the site of Modan's burial-place, and separated from the churchyard only by the wall of the garden which lay alongside, stood the old manse of Rosneath.

In 1818 Mr. Story was ordained as assistant and successor at Rosneath, and on Dr. Drummond's death, shortly after, he was formally presented to the living. In 1829 he married Helen Boyle Dunlop, one of the

[1] *St. Modan of Rosneath*, by the Rev. R. H. Story.

daughters of Mr. Alexander Dunlop of Keppoch, sometime banker in Greenock, who was descended from William Dunlop, Principal of the University of Glasgow in 1698.[1] The Dunlops were a somewhat clerical and professorial family, the Principal's father being minister of Paisley, while his two sons became Professors—Alexander, Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow, and William, Professor of Divinity and Ecclesiastical History in the University of Edinburgh. Alexander's son also became Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Glasgow.

Thus the University with which Dr. Story was himself connected for so many years, had already been served by three generations of his forebears.

Helen Boyle Dunlop was one of a large family of sons and daughters, people of strong character and high principle, and of deep religious feeling, happily in sympathy with the fuller and freer gospel then being taught by Mr. MacLeod Campbell at Row, and by his friend and neighbour across the water. When Mr. Story championed the cause of Mr. Campbell in the Presbytery of Dunbarton, Mr. Dunlop of Keppoch was his sole supporter in dissenting against the finding of the majority. Mr. Campbell was a dear and valued friend, and Mr. Story's own views had been much encouraged and influenced by his teaching, so that he also had been subjected to a good deal of hostile criticism from those who looked on the new doctrine as heretical and dangerous. Secure in the confidence and affection of his own people, he continued undisturbed in the discharge of his duties, loved and respected for his zealous and faithful ministry, his consistent goodness, and his affectionate and earnest care for his flock. His

[1] By a curious coincidence, it was exactly two hundred years later that his descendant, Robert Herbert Story, was appointed to the same office. Through the marriage of Principal Dunlop with Sarah, sister of William Carstares, he was also connected with that ecclesiastic of the Revolution Period, whose life he was afterwards to write.

wife was a true helpmeet to him in every respect, and nothing better testifies to their unconscious influence over others than the words of a friend written long afterwards :

'Rosneath Manse was the house the most unclouded by earthly stain of any one I have known, a house to give one faith, and Mr. and Mrs. Story will always be alive for those who knew them. Good lives like theirs better than all the creeds teach immortality.'

'Surely no home,' writes their son in the memoir of his father, 'was ever the centre of happier association to those who knew it, than his ; none could be visited with more pleasure and remembered with kindlier affection. . . . To more than one that genial home was the Sacred Point in their horizon to which their 'hearts untravelled' ever returned with the assurance of finding there help, and light, and sympathy, such as they could find nowhere else.'

In this happy home Robert and his sister grew up together, two little brothers having died in infancy. There is not much to tell of his childhood. With strangers he was shy and reserved. The late Duke of Argyll used to describe him at that time as a tiresome little boy who always ran away and hid among the gooseberry bushes when visitors arrived at the manse. But in spite of this he had in him plenty of healthy mischief and an abundant sense of humour. Much as he loved and venerated both his parents, to his mother he was singularly devoted, and the strong bond of affection between them remained unshaken till the end. When he was still a very small child, the old manse was pulled down, and the present one built in its place. A very early recollection was of his first visit to Edinburgh at the age of six, when the whole family went to stay in Princes Street with Mr. John Cadell, who had married Mrs. Story's sister Jane. To the children the joy of the journey was that it was made by the canal, the railway between Glasgow and

Edinburgh not being yet opened; so that to them, though probably not to their elders, it was a day of 'linked sweetness long drawn out,' and Dr. Story has often spoken of the enjoyment of the slow gliding along between the ever-changing banks, watching the horses dragging deliberately at the rope.

Sometimes in summer the manse would be let, and then the minister's family made a hegira over the hill to a farm on Loch Long side, this being considered in those more simple days a quite sufficient change of air. And indeed there is a great difference when once you cross the moor and face the open Firth, while to the eye and mind accustomed to the more secluded beauties of the Gareloch there would be a sense of freedom and adventure in the sight of the broad river winding its way to the sea, bearing onward the 'stately ships' and the busy little river steamers, while the peaks of Arran point heavenward in the blue distance. More frequently the move would be to the farm of Mamore above Rahane, immortalised by Mrs. Oliphant in *A Son of the Soil*. It stands a little back from the road leading to Loch Long, and has a most lovely view over the Gareloch and the surrounding hills. From here on Sundays they would all drive down together in the farm cart to church. The minister's children attended Sunday school with the others in the old church, sitting in the square manse pew under the pulpit. Mr. Story conducted it himself, keeping a watchful eye on every child. 'Not one could even smile but he would notice it,' one of the oldest inhabitants said proudly; adding, 'it takes five or six now to do what Mr. Story did all by himself.' With all his stern discipline he was beloved by the children, a few of whom are still left to speak with pride and pleasure of having learnt their early lessons from his lips.

Mr. Story gave his son most of his education himself at home, being well fitted to do so; and, though the arrangement was admirable from the educational point

of view, it was perhaps an inevitable drawback that, as he himself has said, 'in the mind of one so trained, the image of the parent loses somewhat of its beauty through being confused and blended with that of the preceptor.'

For some things, mathematics among them, he went to the parish school, then under the rule of Mr. Dodds, a teacher of the old style at its very best. 'In addition to the ordinary branches of knowledge imparted in the parish schools of Scotland, Mr. Dodds taught the higher departments of mathematics, land-surveying, and navigation, and gave competent instruction in French. Many of his pupils achieved distinction in various walks in life, and remembered long, with kindly affection, the thorough grounding in education acquired at the Rosneath school.' In spite of Mr. Dodds's best instruction, however, Dr. Story was always the first to allow that mathematics was not his strong point, a failing which he probably inherited from his father. The school, now considerably altered, stood at the end of the village, a little path bordered with big laurels leading up to the door. From an old friend and school-fellow we have a vision of a small boy with dark hair and eyes, in a blue striped blouse such as no self-respecting little boy now-a-days would condescend to shroud himself in, drawn in at the waist by a black belt and buckle. He appears thus, with a small tartan cap on his head, in a strange little picture painted by some artist unknown to fame, looking out seriously from the canvas with bright, observant eyes, and holding on tightly to a cage containing a canary. He must at this period have been about eight years old.

## CHAPTER II

### COLLEGE DAYS, 1849–1859.

ATTENDANCE at the Scottish Universities used to begin at an early age, and when Robert Story was fourteen his father made up his mind that home tuition should cease, and he was accordingly despatched to Edinburgh in the winter of 1849. From that year onwards he kept a daily note of his doings in a small yearly diary, a custom to which he ever afterwards adhered. Some of these early notes he altered somewhat, and from them the following extracts are taken :—

'Having been born 28 January, 1835, I was in January, 1849, in my fourteenth year. In November of that year I went to college at Edinburgh, having hitherto studied at home under my father. I entered Pillans' junior and Dunbar's 2nd class, and had one or two private classes, and lived at 20 Picardy Place with the Cadells.'

Mr. John Cadell, W.S., was the husband of his mother's elder sister Jane, and their hospitable home was ever open to the relatives, while their own boys were the congenial companions of their cousin.

'I attended Dr. Glover's Church, Greenside, and an evening class of his on a week night. I occasionally wandered to other folds; once got into great, and partly deserved disgrace, along with J. M'Neill and Harry Cadell, for some inattention and apparent misconduct in 'Free' Lady Glenorchy's. Mr. Davidson, the minister, reported us to Uncle John Cadell, and there was a row.'

'Pillans made me his 'censor,' and was very kind to me. I took prizes in his class and in Dunbar's for a poetical translation.'

Professor Pillans wrote to the Rev. R. Story, 14th April, 1850:

'I have seldom met with a finer youth, more exemplary in the performance of every duty, more acute in the perception of what his duty is, or more resolute in his purpose of doing it. In the somewhat arduous, delicate, and responsible office of general censor he has comported himself in a way that has not only secured my entire approbation, but has made him a general favourite with his fellow-students, and that though his business was, and one which he executed with the most unswerving fidelity, to note their misdemeanours and exact the penalties. I say to you what I said to the class, with universal assent, that I never had a better general censor in the University classes than Robert Story. You would have me note the faults or failings that I may have observed to spring from his home training, but I know not where to find them; if they exist, they have not come under my observation; my return under this head is *nil*. The gravity of his manner seems to result from the constantly abiding influence of duty and principle. I hope when he gets to Rosneath he is equally full of fun. In a youth so admirably trained I shall never cease to take an interest. I congratulate Mrs. Story and you on having such a son.'

'The houses I used to visit at, at this time, were the Smiths of Carbeth Guthrie; Mrs. Campbell of Eilanrie; I once dined at Lady Macpherson Grant's, and occasionally was at the Hendersons in Manor Place; the Rev. Mr. Ferguson's, the Episcopal minister; Professor Pillans; and one or two of my relatives.

'On 9th November I dined for the first time with Dr. Lee. How little I thought then I should write his life! This year I breakfasted with Professor Pillans after his early hour, and sometimes met interesting people there in his waiting-room. James Lawrie was often with us. I remember meeting, among others, Lord Fullarton, Bonamy Price, and Dr. Schmitz of the High School. Lord F. was a fine old gentleman; the judges of those

days were of a different type from most of their successors.

'I fell into relations of intimacy also with the Nivens, who lodged together—A. T., now the manager of the Widows' Fund, and T. B. W., at present minister of Linlithgow.

'A. K. H. B. was this winter assistant in St. George's. 'Very eloquent discourse from Mr. Boyd in St. George's,' is my entry for 19th January, 1851. 9th February: 'Boyd excelled himself.' 13th February: At Reid Concert, Herr Ernst, Angri, etc., 'Such tones as angels woo.' I took prizes in Dunbar's for a poetical translation of the choral odes in the *Seven against Thebes*, and in Pillans' for two or three subjects. I did no good in Kelland's, and always hated mathematics. In the classes this year, besides any already named, were David Boyle Hope, now Sheriff at Dumfries; A. Oswald Dykes, now D.D.; A. H. Charteris, and Shoolbred, now a U.F. missionary in India. In May I was in Edinburgh, and witnessed for the first time the General Assembly. 3rd June: 'Meeting in Music Hall—Norman M'Leod—splendid fellow.' Never before did I feel so stirred by oratory. He spoke on India—India that afterwards killed him.

'Joined the Diagnostic Society before Christmas. 19th November: Heard Hugh Miller lecture at the Philosophical Institution. 21st: 'Heard a splendid lecture from Miller. Oh! to be able to write like that *mason*.' 22nd: 'Took train to Leith and back. Oysters at the *Ship* with Bill Cadell.'

'2nd December: Read translation in class; Pillans called it of 'distinguished merit.' Heard about this time Thackeray give his lectures on 'The Humourists' in Queen Street Hall.

1852. '15th February: Heard Dean Ramsay in St. James's. 18th: Heard Miss Glyn read Shakespeare.

'26th: Tremendous debate in open meeting on Secession. This was in the 'open meeting' of the Diagnostic

and other Debating Societies of the College. Brydie (now a Free Church minister) of the Dialectic maintained the necessity of the Secession of 1843 against Bennie of the Diagnostic—a very fluent speaker. I forget the result, but it was a crowded and excited meeting. Among other vehement orators on the 'Free' side was Moncrieff, afterwards an Advocate-Depute and Sheriff, who died comparatively early.

'Bennie was then studying for our Church, but soon after left the Hall and joined the Anglican, as did also John Scott Moncrieff, the ablest of all my fellow-students, I used to think.

'1st March: Evening at Royal Society. I used to go sometimes with my uncle, Mr. Cadell. On this occasion I remember meeting the Duke of Argyll, Bishop Terrot, and old Mr. Smith of Jordanhill. The Duke spoke about some pumice balls he had found on the shore of, I think, Tyree, and I thought the philosophers were a little too complimentary to His Grace.

'2nd March: At City Chambers and heard Blackie chosen' (as Greek Professor, the Town Council being then patrons). 'Heard Cowden Clarke on Shakespeare' at the Philosophical Institution, which I used to frequent.

'11th: At Exhibition. Spoke in Diagnostic against the admission of Jews to Parliament.

'19th: A pleasant evening at Sir Wm. Hamilton's.

'1st April: Our Diagnostic Dinner; generally a very happy and humorous close to the session. David Lindsay, of Wormiston; J. J. H. Shand, now dead; and my dear friend, James Muirhead, now Professor of Civil Law; and Peddie, now Peddie Waddell, W.S., were of our number.

'7th: My first visit to Kirkliston Manse, the home of my friends the Taits, whose good old father was patriarch and pastor there.

'21st: Got home. George Campbell (late minister of Eastwood) and Henry Smith visited us shortly after, and Campbell preached one of his earliest sermons for my

father on the 16th May. He was soon appointed to Craigrownie, where my father at this time was busy building a church.

'We went to Ireland in June, and spent the summer between Ravensdale and Dublin—the Bellinghams' and Aunt Kate's. It was, and is in my fond recollection still, a brilliant and happy summer. On Sundays we went to 'Patrick's' and the College Chapel or Christ Church, and enjoyed the beautiful music. Picnics, dances, and excursions filled up most of our time.

'Soon after our return home, the church at Craigrownie was opened, to my father's great delight; and the Sunday after, 1st August, Norman M'Leod preached in the evening at Rosneath. 'Crowded, a good collection; splendid and stirring sermon.' I still remember the close of it, and the text—'Awake thou that sleepest etc.' Dr. Mathieson, afterwards my bishop in Montreal, came. Dr. Cook from Canada also visited us this autumn, which was full of pleasant society picnics, etc. On Sunday evenings, a favourite resource was to walk across the moor to service at Craigrownie—more for the walk than the service. 14th October: 'Crossed to Greenock to Endowment meeting. Papa stayed to dine with the Presbytery: Sir Michael (Shaw Stewart) in the chair. Dr. Robertson, N. M'Leod and others spoke as well.

'On 2nd November went to Edinburgh for the session, entered Blackie's 3rd class in addition to the usual curriculum, which included another year of Sir William, who used to give his Logic and Metaphysics year about. I also took Macdougall's—the Free Kirk successor to Christopher North, whom all church students had been warned to avoid. My father thought this folly; so did I. Macdougall used to be specially civil to me; I thought—because I had shown the example of attending him. I, this session, joined the Committee of the University Missionary Association. In November heard Isaac Taylor lecture at Philosophical. 18th Nov-

ember: 'Bells and minute guns for the Duke'—of Wellington—buried that day.

20th: 'Breakfast at Blackie's—dined with Wylie at Newhaven and went to the theatre. Saw Miss Faucit in the *Hunchback*. My first visit, I think, to a theatre. It was the old 'Royal,' where the Post Office now stands. The next Saturday 'I walked with Ludy'—my cousin and special friend of my own age, Ludovic Grant Dunlop—'to the top of Arthur's Seat.' I took scarlet fever at the end of November, and was laid up till the Christmas holidays. I got home on Christmas Day, and my father, coming to meet me at the Pier, was seized with a severe faint and fell on the road as he walked up with George Campbell, then his assistant. This damped our Christmas.'

'I returned to Edinburgh on 5th January, 1853, and resumed my classes. 'All glad to see me back.'

'15th January: Read a paper on Ireland before the Missionary Association, which met in College at 10 on Saturday mornings.

'20th January: Read an essay on Longfellow to the Diagnostic; 'most favourably received.' A good many entries of this period refer condemningly to my idleness, which I fear was considerable. There were too many parties in the evenings and visits to the Exhibition in the afternoons, and occasional evasions of classes for the purposes of self-indulgence: all wrong at the time, and to be regretted now, when too late. The Natural Philosophy class, which I had this session, and which was taught by Kelland *pro* Professor Forbes, was one I too often skipped.

'February 3rd: Open meeting on tests' (*i.e.* university tests); 'majority of 6 for.'

'March 9th: Nomination: capital speech from Skelton: up till three writing to the Duke.' This refers to the nomination of Sir E. B. Lytton as first Honorary President of the Associated Societies of the University: an appointment by which we tried to make up to ourselves for

the want of a Lord Rector. The idea originated, I think, with J. E. Scott Moncrieff, and was warmly taken up, especially in the Diagnostic. 'Skelton,' now a well-known man, 'Shirley' of *Fraser's Magazine*, proposed Sir Edward.

'My late *sederunt* 'writing to the Duke' was for the purpose of advising his Grace of Argyll of the shady character of the movement in his favour, which was in fact, apparently, an afterthought of some men unknown in the Diagnostic and of no great weight in the Societies. The Duke declined to stand and we returned Sir Edward. I dined or spent the evening this winter now and then at the Craigies', John Longmore's, the Bonars' at Warriston (where I one day met Kingsley), and Sir William Hamilton's. I occasionally also spent an hour or so over a few oysters at the *Rainbow* after a Diagnostic evening: pleasant and merry evenings too, tho' not to much profit.

'April 7: Went with Beatson Bell to Kirkliston, walked to Dalmeny, Queensferry—Kirkliston Manse this was. I enjoyed a run out to it now and then very much. Old Mr. Tait was an excellent man, a kind of half patriarch, half monk.

'I took the Prize Poem in Blackie's, and the Second Prize, Junior Division, in Moral Philosophy, as well as the Prize Poem there, and went home 14th April.

'Mrs. Beecher Stowe was at this time in the West of Scotland, with her vulgar brother and family. My father and sister had met her, and are, I think, specified in her *Sunny Memories*. M. and I went up to a 'soiree' held in her honour in the City Hall of Glasgow, from which, however, we fled before the business of the evening had well begun. It was too much for us. [There is a legend that they sat on a hard bench in a stuffy and tea-laden atmosphere for some time, till the sudden apparition of a beadle, who announced in strident tones, 'Parties sitting on them benches gets no tea,' proved too much for their risible faculties, and they rose and fled.]

'26th April: Started for the Continent. I went by steamer to Liverpool, thence to my uncle, John Dunlop's, in London, and stayed there for some days seeing the sights, and left on 5th May for Ostend, *via* Dover.

'Among the Scotch students of that year at Heidelberg who were my friends were Henry Smith and Stewart Wright, who lived together in the Hauptstrasse, and Shand, now Lord Shand, then working hard at Vaugerows' lectures on law. Dr. Young, author of the *Christ of History*, was living in a nice house outside the Karl's Thor, and we saw a good deal of him. I did not study nearly so much as I ought to have done, and even was lazy at learning and practising German.'

Ullmann, Mohl, and Kuno Fischer were among the Professors at the University at this time, and though his interest in the varied life around him was perhaps keener than in the professors' lectures, yet their liberal influence left its mark.

He always retained a warm sentiment for the quaint old town on the banks of the Neckar and the cheerful student days he passed there, and in later years once or twice revisited it, and pointed out his old haunts to his wife and daughters. The sunsets from the Castle Terrace looking over the valley, widening out till it reached the blue distance of the plain bounded by the dim Vosges mountains; the summer twilight lit by fireflies, and filled with melodious sound of student choruses rising from boats floating down the Neckar, were a constant pleasure on these returns, mingled with a feeling of sadness for the days that were no more.

'I went home *via* London, Liverpool, and Dublin, where the Irish Exhibition was in progress, a really fine one. The Queen came to Dublin on 29th August, and we saw her enter from the College Park; she was coolly received. Got home 3rd September, and next day Dr. James Muir, of Glasgow, opened the new Parish Church, as I relate in my Life of my father. Archdeacon Goold visited us at the same time. Next Sunday Dr. Caird

preached in the old church, now to be disused. Lord John Russell had the Castle this autumn. I left for College on 1st November. I had this session private lessons in Algebra, etc., from Swan (late Professor at St. Andrews), and took Aytoun's class, also Natural Philosophy again. Heard Ruskin lecture at the Philosophical. 24th November: Elected Secretary to Committee of Delegates, the Managing Committee of the Associated Societies. This election laid on me a good deal of charge in connection with Sir E. B. Lytton's approaching inaugural address.' The following account of the proceedings is from an address delivered to the Societies at the opening of the session 1885-6:

'The great event in the history of the Society during my term of membership was the institution of the office of honorary president. It deserves our notice, not only because it originated with the Diagnostic, but because it was an important step in the development of the corporate life of the students of the University, and an anticipation of their possession of the right (denied to them alone among the students of the Scottish Universities) of choosing a Lord Rector. The idea belonged to John Edgar Scott Moncrieff of this Society, one of the most distinguished students in the University. After gaining the highest honours in classics, literature, and philosophy, he had entered the Divinity Hall. Like one or two others of his standing, he quitted it in consequence of difficulties about the Confession of Faith, and entered the English Church. The high career which his friends had predicted for him was—owing to no fault or failure of his —never realised, and he died still young during a mission which he had undertaken to the distant East. As we think of him in all the brightness and enthusiasm of his youth here, and the sadness and solitude of his end, we always seem to hear the echo of Scott's lament for his lost friend:

'His bright and brief career is o'er
And mute his tuneful strains;

Quenched is his lamp of varied lore
That loved the light of song to pour;
A distant and a deadly shore
Has Leyden's cold remains.'

'It was on 6th January, 1853, that Moncrieff brought forward his motion in the Diagnostic, proposing the appointment of some personage, eminent in literature or public life, as Honorary President of the Associated Societies. The proposal, approved by this Society, was submitted to the others; and after much deliberation and interchange of ideas between delegates from each, was formally ratified. The mode of election was arranged, and at a general meeting Mr. Skelton nominated as first president Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. Sir Edward accepted the office which we offered him, and came down to address us in January, 1854. A committee, of which I was secretary, was appointed to conduct the arrangements for the delivery of his speech. We had some trouble with fussy and stiff-necked members who found fault with our plans, and were rigidly opposed to expenditure; but we contrived to carry out our ideas of a becoming ceremonial to the satisfaction of every one, I think, except an indignant member of the Town Council —in those days the patrons of the College—who, on finding no special place reserved for the civic dignitaries on the platform or in the hall, denounced our neglect of the powers that be, and retired dramatically from the scene. Our wish was that Lord Cockburn should have taken the chair; and I and a colleague were deputed to invite him to do so.

'The old man received us very kindly; but asked us to excuse him, on the ground of such duties being too much for him at his age. 'I'm such a confoundedly old fellow,' he said in his pleasant, homely voice, and bade us good-night, with cordial wishes for our success. We got the Lord Advocate, the present Lord Moncreiff, to take the chair, and the facetious Peter Robertson, of famous memory, to move a vote of thanks to the

president after his address ; and the meeting was a great success. The Queen Street Hall was crammed with students and all the most distinguished people in Edinburgh ; with many friends of Sir Edward's from elsewhere, such as Alison, Ferrier, and Stirling of Keir. Sir Edward spoke for a full hour, without ever halting for a word or looking at a note ; and when the reporters asked him afterwards for his MS., blandly assured them he had none. They came to me in some perturbation, and I went to Professor Aytoun, who had throughout all our preliminaries and negotiations been our steady friend and adviser. Aytoun assured me he would make it all right ; and in a short time produced the MS. Sir Edward had not deviated by a word or phrase from what he had written, except at a single point, where, pointing to a Scottish lion which formed a prominent feature of the decoration of the gallery in front of him, he said no blazon had kept farther in the van of human progress than 'that old lion of Scotland.' The MS. was 'than the white cross of St. Andrew.' I have always thought the delivery of an address so long and so elaborate, from unaided memory, a wonderful intellectual feat. Such a mnemonic triumph impressed itself on my mind all the more vividly because when, next evening but one, Sir Edward was entertained at a public dinner in the Hopetoun Rooms, I had to reply to the toast of 'The Associated Societies.' I had never before spoken to a greater auditory than the select circle of the Diagnostic ; and dreading the effects of publicity, novelty of position, and dinner, I did what I have never done since, and took the precaution of writing out my speech and learning it off by heart. When I had to get on my legs I confided my MS. to my friend James Muirhead, who sat beside me, with instructions that if I showed symptoms of collapse, he was to prompt me. I did not need the prompting ; but I felt how great a man and orator Sir Edward was, who could carry on imperturbably for over an hour, while I could barely struggle through five minutes. I may add

—what I was very proud of at the time—that Sir Edward, with great good nature, sought me out after dinner, and complimented me on my maiden effort.'

The diary continues thus :

'On 18th January Sir E. B. Lytton was installed as our Honorary President. It was a very grand affair, and I got much praise for all the arrangements which, as secretary, I made. I waited on Sir Edward next day, along with Shand; Sir Archibald Alison and Sir Wm. Stirling Maxwell, then Mr. Stirling, were with him. He received us most agreeably. On the 20th he was entertained to dinner, and I made my first public speech, which was very well received, Sir E. B. L. himself complimenting me upon it. The festivities of the week closed with an entertainment at Aytoun's on the Saturday evening.

'1854. March 8: Regiment left for the Crimea: walked in the rear with J. D. (my cousin Jack Dunlop, the Doctor, who afterwards died in Jamaica) to Granton. The regiment went off to the war amid much popular enthusiasm.

'March 17: Aytoun and Gander Rednag.' This refers to Aytoun, who used to make me walk down from College with him, telling me an absurd anecdote of Sydney Yendys (Dobell), whom he had satirised as Gander Rednag, and who very foolishly, on meeting Aytoun in society and being asked if he would be introduced to him (Aytoun standing by), said loudly, 'No, sir, no. I am Gander Rednag,' to which Aytoun replied, with a look of mild astonishment, 'But who is Gander Rednag?'

'28th March: Aytoun read me his burlesque poem. The first draft of *Firmilian*. I was to have gone to his house two nights after, but the party was put off on account of the illness of Christopher North, who died a day or two after, and was buried on the 7th. I took Aytoun's Prize Poem this year and the third for class work. I also took a prose prize in the Moral Philosophy

and the Prize Poem on 'Immortality,' which old Macdougall praised to the skies.'

His poetical gift was considerable, though he did not set much store by it himself, and he often in those early days expressed his feelings in verse; Aytoun, with whom he was a favourite, looking with interest on his efforts. Later, he published a small collection of verses entitled *Poems by a Parson*, which was sold for the benefit of a bazaar in connection with the church at Craigrownie. The Preface runs thus: 'A friend suggests that I should call the pieces that follow 'Flowers offered at many Shrines.' I prefer, however, the title 'Poems by a Parson.' I don't mean to say that the verses *are* Poems, any more than to affirm that the writer is a Parson: but everybody knows that 'apt alliteration's artful aid' goes far to allure the purchaser of books; and this help, you see, my title secures. My verses are printed for a charitable end; and I beg my readers to bear in mind that charity covereth 'the multitude of sins.' I should think I need not depreçate the wrath of the corps of critics. Unless there be a Mr. Bumble in their ranks, none of them will so far forget himself as to quarrel with a foundling picked up in a Bazaar.'

The author never placed a high value himself on these poetical productions. 'Poetry,' he said, 'is like wine—a luxury: if we are to have it at all, let us have it of the best.' Professor Aytoun, to whom he sent the little book, wrote to him encouraging him to cultivate his gift.

'You could not have obliged me more than by your kind present of the poems. I need hardly tell you that I take a deep interest in your success, and have always done so since, ten years ago, you were a member of my class. I felt sure that you had it in your power to win distinction if you were steadily to persevere; and I think so still—only I would have you 'be bold,' as Spenser says, and not start at your own shadow . . . Use your energy, my dear Story, while you have it, for I can testify by melancholy experience that it is a slippery possession. Here am I, not yet an ancient, pretty nearly used

up, dawdling instead of doing, and falling into the rear rank for sheer lack of energy to push forward. 'Tis a deplorable state, but, *teste* Ecclesiastes, nothing more than must be expected when the fire of youth decays.

'I have not yet *read* your poems, for I only received the volume this morning, but I have looked over them, and I can see much that is beautiful, though a little tinged with melancholy. You should not indulge too much in that vein. We do not carry eyes in the back of the head, which I take to be a significant hint against retrospection, and the man who is always looking over his shoulder is apt to stumble among beehives. Pray, do you *sound* your verses while you are composing? That, believe me, is the only sure way of attaining to perfection of rhythm.

'Believe me always,

'Yours very truly,

'W. Edmonstoune Aytoun.'

In spite of this good advice, however, the poetic gift was allowed to lapse until many years later, when 'the Parson' indulged in some versification of a different style, which was *not* 'tinged with melancholy.' He was all his life very fond of poetry, and perhaps especially so of the poetry of romance and of nature. Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, and Tennyson were among his favourites, and one or other of them invariably accompanied him on every summer holiday. His memory for what he read was very good, and he would often quote his favourite passages during these expeditions, when beautiful scenery or incidents of travel called them to mind. * * *

'2nd May: At Dunbarton with Papa at the Presbytery, where Henry Smith (Kirknewton) and J. Dodds, son of our old schoolmaster, were 'licensed.'

'27th May: Edward Caird spent the day here—the first mention of my friend Edward Caird's name—now Professor of Moral Philosophy in Glasgow and husband of Fanny Wylie.'

'On 3rd October Tom Niven and I passed our first Presbyterial examination, which had given us much (I believe unnecessary) anxiety, after which I drove up with

him behind his father's two clever ponies to Balfron, where I stayed till the 7th, when I went to Carbeth Guthrie, then belonging to Henry Smith's father, and stayed till the 11th and then home. Went to College on 11th November, and entered the Divinity Hall—Hebrew, Divinity, and Church History and Dr. R. Lee. The Hebrew under poor old Liston was fearful, and the good Principal also very slow. The utter absence of interest in these two classes did us all harm. To this day I hate Hebrew, and may say I know nothing of it. I took lessons from Meyer, a Free Kirk Jew, but never got to care for the language.'

'1855. 8th January: Preached in Greenside,' good Dr. Glover's, where I and a few others practised and criticised each other as members of a preaching society. This session I believe I attained to the dignity of one of the Presidents of the Diagnostic Society. Among our members were Skelton, Beatson Bell, Scott Moncrieff, Lindsay of Wormiston, Peddie, and others.

'29th February: Read valedictory at close of the Diagnostic. Afterwards we had a dinner at the Flesh-market . . . A good many Sunday afternoons this winter in the Assembly Hall to hear Dr. Lee.

'12th December: Breakfasted with Erskine and Mr. Maurice. Maurice was lecturing at the Philosophical and staying with Mr. Erskine, who kindly asked me to breakfast to meet the great man.'

'Grey rocks, and greyer skies and greyest sea—
And on the verge an old-world city set,
Battling with undefeated parapet
'Gainst stress and storm to windward or to lee—
Full of old memories she yet shall be
Nurse of heroic men for whom the debt
To that dim past is unacknowledged yet,
Till time shall set their names in history.'—W. L. C.

St. Andrews was at this date drawing many of the students of the Church of Scotland to study under the young and enthusiastic theologian, John Tulloch, recently

appointed Principal of St. Mary's College and Professor of Divinity, and thither Robert Story came, to find in Tulloch a teacher to whom he became united in the closest bonds of friendship. He spent some of his happiest student days there and always retained a warm affection for the old city, to which he often returned in later days for rest and refreshment

The following notes refer to this time :

'1856. Closed my sessions at Edinburgh. In November, 1856, I entered St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, and studied under Tulloch. I lived in rooms in North Street kept by two quaint old sisters called Rumgay, and was much with the Ferriers. Edward Caird was studying there this session too. I see I got a ticket for the dinner at Glasgow to Sir E. B. Lytton on 16th January, to which I got leave to go. Saw Aytoun, Lytton, Norman Macleod, who came through later and gave a stirring address to the students.

'January 24. Breakfast with Dr. Park, the minister of the Town Church, a man of great genius, a fine musician, and striking preacher.

'February 3. With the Ferriers to Sam Cowell's: then supper at Grant's—*i.e.* Sir Alexander, then the betrothed of Susan Ferrier. I remember that supper well—after Sam Cowell's comic songs in the old Town Hall. Sam himself—a son of old Murray of the Edinburgh Theatre Royal, assisted, and the fun was great. We had many charming evenings at West Park, the Ferriers', and Abbey Park, the Sellars', and much charming music.

'On 26th March I left St. Andrews, the session being over. I took a good prize in Tulloch's class.

'In June my sister and I went up to the Manchester Exhibition, and stayed while there with Principal Scott of Owens College.

'15th June. Exhibition with Hodgson, afterwards Professor of Political Economy in Edinburgh, then and always the brightest and most instructive of companions.

'George Macdonald visited the Scotts at the same time,

in very poor health. We also met and spent an evening at the house of Mrs. Gaskell.' It was said that many people who met him at the Scotts' were struck by his resemblance to Ary Scheffer's picture of St. Augustine with his mother, then in the Manchester Exhibition.

That winter he went abroad with a somewhat invalid Canadian gentleman; staying at Nice, where he met Dr. Pascale, said to be the original of 'Dr. Antonio,' whose recommendation of a donkey as a suitable steed because 'il tire comme le diable,' he notes in his diary. The travellers went on to Rome, Naples, and Malta, where he saw his father's old pupil, Lord Dalhousie, and made many pleasant acquaintances, among them some charming Americans, in whose society he met Bryant, the poet. The Continental trip lasted for three months; and after returning to Scotland he went back to Edinburgh, and home to Rosneath in autumn. He was licensed by the Presbytery of Dunbarton on November 2nd, and notes: 'On the following Thursday, the Fast Day, I preached my first sermon at Row; on the Sunday I preached at Cardross to the satisfaction of my good friend Mr. Dunn.'

'The year closed over us—all at Rosneath—and though my father's health was now much broken, yet all fairly well and cheerful. We did not know it was to be our last united New Year.'

'On 2nd January, 1859, preached at Rosneath for first time on 'The glory to be revealed in us.' My father much pleased.'

'Decided on going out to Montreal to be Dr. Mathieson's assistant in St. Andrew's Church there.' He sailed for Canada on 23rd February, 1859. Montreal was reached on the 12th of March, and the next day being Sunday he was introduced to his new work by preaching in St. Andrew's Church. Dr. Mathieson, with whom he stayed for some weeks, was most kind to him, and lost no time in making him acquainted with the members of the congregation. Among them

he soon found many friends, chief among them the family of Dr. George Campbell, brother of his father's old parishioner, Mr. Campbell of Peaton, who was the 'beloved physician' of Montreal. He notes in his diary: 'I think the congregation, which included a number of leading people, liked me. I got on well, and the church grew better filled, and for a time I took the chief pull of the work. The old Doctor was a good old fellow—generous and warm-hearted, but dreich in the wood, and a good bit of an old Moderate.'

There were pleasant interludes in the work—a day's fishing with Dr. Campbell, drives in calêches and picnics, and a visit to Dr. Cook at Quebec, a trip to Toronto and Niagara, and a visit to the widow of his uncle Robert Dunlop in West Canada. In Montreal he was made a welcome inmate in the houses of the Lanes and the Hunters, whose kindness 'nothing could exceed.' On 20th September he was ordained by the Presbytery of Montreal in St. Andrew's, Dr. Snodgrass officiating.

The following recollections of his early days are from his old friend Dr. Niven:

My first recollections of Robert Herbert Story were when we were both children. My father had taken a cottage in Rosneath as summer quarters for a few weeks, I think, in 1841. The manse was the most hospitable of these proverbially hospitable abodes. For a short time there was a most delightful intercourse between the two households. Old Mr. Story, whose biography was long afterwards written by his more celebrated son, was particularly fond of children. He delighted in helping them with their sports. I still remember his bursts of uncontrollable laughter at some of our childish sallies.

The Storys visited us in my father's manse at Balfron about a year after that, and the friendship between Robert Story and myself was renewed. But it was not until our college days that we became really intimate.

Story entered the University of Edinburgh in session 1849-50, with a view to the Church. In the beginning of 1850 I came to Edinburgh to study law. I had a position in a solicitor's office, but during that session I saw very little of Story. I continued my legal studies, however, only for a short time, and in the session

1850-51 I matriculated in the University of Edinburgh in order to prosecute the study of theology. Story was then in the senior division of the Faculty of Arts, while I was in the junior division. We did not, therefore, come much into contact with each other in the class rooms, but as we met frequently in other ways our friendship gradually deepened. In the following session I overtook him. We joined Sir William Hamilton's class of Logic together, and we remained together all through our college course.

Story had been well grounded in classical learning. He had been educated by his father, who was a good scholar, and also an excellent teacher and a strict disciplinarian. The result was that Story took a prominent place in the earlier classes, easily distancing many who had been trained in the well-known High School and Academy of Edinburgh. He had early developed a taste for poetry, and some of his best efforts in the Humanity classes were felicitous poetic renderings of some of the more picturesque events in Roman history. He evinced the same poetic inspiration throughout his whole course, and in the class of English Literature, under Professor W. E. Aytoun, he gained the first prize for a spirited poem on the discovery of Bruce's remains in Dunfermline Abbey, which he entitled *The Bones of the Bruce.*

The College Debating Societies were then, as they had long been, and as they still are, very prominent features in the academic life of Edinburgh. The famous 'Speculative Society,' which was celebrated as the sphere of Sir Walter Scott's earliest efforts and that of many others afterwards eminent, was regarded as the goal to which the younger students might aspire after having gone through the three-years' course of work in what were known as the 'Associated Societies.' There were four of these; two of them, the 'Diagnostic' and the 'Dialectic,' occupied exclusively with literary and oratorical effort; the other two confining themselves to the study of legal and medical questions.

The influence of these societies depended, of course, very much upon the ability of the men who chanced to be members of them during any particular series of years. In our day the 'Diagnostic' was regarded as the more eligible of the two literary associations.

It was not always easy to get into it, for its members had the right of 'black-balling' any candidate for admission, and unless he had commended himself to the majority by his general bearing his chances of being elected were small. Story was admitted in 1850 or '51. He soon became a prominent member, giving promise of that wonderful acuteness and power of forcible utterance for which in after life he became so famous. It was here also that his earlier literary efforts were made. I had joined the society about a year

after him, and I well remember an essay on Longfellow's poems, and also one upon those of Alexander Smith, which were greatly admired by his youthful audience, and which established his position as a critic of no small power.

The debating societies, with their weekly meetings, brought us into close contact with men of all shades of opinion. We had intercourse with men destined for the Church, the law, and other professions—Asher, Robertson, and Balfour were of the number, and many others who have taken a leading part in the sphere to which they afterwards devoted themselves. Of all these Story was one of the foremost, and he steadily progressed, fulfilling the hopes and the expectations of his brilliant academic promise with a fulness and richness entirely his own.

We had been two sessions in attendance at the Divinity Hall when John Tulloch was appointed Principal and Professor of Dogmatic Theology in St. Mary's College, St. Andrews. His appointment was regarded as a great impulse to the study of theology. A good many students betook themselves to St. Andrews in order to hear Principal Tulloch's first lectures. Two at least transferred themselves from Edinburgh to St. Andrews. Story was one of them. St. Andrews with its charming scenery awakened a new life in him. He threw himself with the utmost enthusiasm into the work of the session, taking high honours as his reward. A life-long friendship was formed at this time between him and Principal Tulloch, which was destined to have a deep influence, not only on the life and character of both, but on the fortunes of the Church of Scotland.

Story was six months behind me in receiving licence to preach. Shortly after being licensed he went to Canada to act as assistant to Dr. Mathieson in Montreal. Before very long, however, he received the intelligence of his father's serious illness, which made it necessary that he should be summoned home without delay. It was a great shock to him, for a strong and growing bond of union subsisted between father and son, and nothing could exceed the reverence which the younger Story entertained for his father's character.

On reviewing this part of his story the principal features which I recall are his personality, which for a young man was singularly impressive. The tall slender figure, the expansive forehead, the pallid countenance, the large flashing dark eyes, surmounted by a quantity of jet black hair, with the firm deliberate step and the dignified bearing, made anyone feel who came in contact with him even in these early days that he was in the presence of a man of no ordinary mark.

The Diary which he kept for a good many years is a revelation to those who knew him only at a distance. Partly from an inborn shyness, partly from a native dignity, he was reserved and to a certain extent unapproachable. Few of his contemporaries were really aware of the genuine tenderness, the kindly friendliness, the unbounded sources of wit and humour, that lurked under the staid demeanour and the almost unnatural gravity that were the external aspects of the character which most people saw. Fewer still perhaps were aware that beneath an apparently frigid manner and a persistent silence upon things sacred there lived a very real religious sentiment which was gradually being developed into a true and consistent Christian life.

To those who knew him intimately—but these were very few —he was regarded as one of the finest types of the rising young men of his day. His talents were unquestionable, as his brilliant success in almost all his classes abundantly proved. He had grown up amid surroundings of refinement and culture such as few young men are privileged to know. He was a welcome guest wherever he went. With all his apparent gravity, he enjoyed the life of the Scottish metropolis both in its lighter and its more serious phases with a thorough zest. Sometimes, indeed, he seems to regret that he had done so to the neglect of the pursuit of the studies which was at that time the proper object of his life. But that could not have been to any great extent. And through it all there was a healthful and invigorating influence upon his character which aided him materially in his student days, and was of signal service to him in his after career.

## CHAPTER III

### MINISTER OF ROSNEATH

Robert Story had been barely nine months in Canada when he was obliged to return home, but though the time was short he had made many friends, and his departure was much regretted. He preached for the last time in St. Andrew's Church on the 20th of November. 'The people,' he says, 'were very kind, and presented me with a purse of money, and Snodgrass's people in St. Paul's with a sum also to invest in a memento of their regard. I left Montreal on 25th November for Portland, after many cordial adieux.' Dr. Mathieson wrote to Mr. Story at Rosneath:

'Robert leaves us to-morrow to the great regret of many friends, as well as of myself and, I believe, every member of St. Andrew's Church. The short time he has been with us he has endeared himself unto all by an able and faithful discharge of his duties. In visiting the sick he was ever ready to aid me in that work, and it is no light one in so large a congregation, and, as I have been told, tenderly and sympathetically he acquitted himself of its duties.'

He to whom this letter was written had already 'outsoared the shadow of our night,' and his son reached his native land only to be met by the tidings of his father's death and burial. 'The last letter I had from him,' he writes in the *Memoir*, 'was written in broken and trembling lines, yet strong and vivid with the old depth and fulness of love and of interest in all my concerns. He had spoken to me, when mentioning the Duke of Argyll's

kind intentions regarding the living at Rosneath, of my occupying his place and making good the 'defects' of his ministry; and I had replied as became anyone who knew what that devoted ministry had been. In reference to this, he says in his last letter: 'I was sorry you attached such a meaning to what I said respecting the character of my own ministry and 'defects.' I had not so much in my mind what might be done by any young and energetic successor, as my own unprofitableness upon the retrospect of forty years. The parish was certainly in a very sad condition when I came; I did not, however, take a sufficiently high position; take your stand as a minister of Christ.' Thus, like the great apostle, counting not himself to have apprehended, he pressed toward the mark for the prize.

'I sailed for Liverpool on the 26th of November, little thinking that that very day they were laying him in his narrow bed. When our voyage was over, on the 6th December, I found a letter awaiting me, which told me all was ended, 'the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,' and that where I had thought to meet a living and genial presence, I was to find only a memory and a grave. He had died on the afternoon of Tuesday, the 22nd November, after no little suffering uncomplainingly borne, and in the presence of the only two members of his family who were then at home. On the Saturday following he was carried from the blank house standing dreary in the dull November weather. The service was conducted in the church by his friend and neighbour, the Rev. J. Laurie Fogo of Row, and then the coffin was borne shoulder-high to the grave. He was laid beside his two boys, George and Alexander, in the quiet corner of the churchyard which is overlooked by the window of his own chamber, and hard by the old church within whose walls, now deserted and silent, he had spoken during thirty-seven years, and where many by his faithful words had been led out of darkness into marvellous light. The thornless rose of Sharon which

REV. R. HERBERT STORY 1860

he had planted above the grave of his first-born and first-lost sheds its blossoms over his own resting-place, and the shadow of his long-loved home deepens beside it when the sun is in the west.'

'The Duke of Argyll had presented me to the living,' he says in his Diary, 'and on 23rd February I was inducted as minister of Rosneath, Mr. Gray, of Dunbarton, presiding. Afterwards the Presbytery lunched in the manse. On the 26th I was "introduced" to my charge by Tulloch, who then paid the first of many visits to Rosneath.'

The appointment of the son to the charge held for nearly forty years by the father gave much satisfaction to the people of Rosneath, all of whom were ready to extend to him the same warm welcome with which they or their fathers had greeted old Mr. Story in 1818. Some were the same, many were gone. Still, as of old, there were Campbells in the Clachan House, who continued to the son that 'true and genial friendship' which had been the first thing to attach his father to Rosneath. Most of his parishioners had known him from childhood, and were none the less ready on that account to accept him as their pastor and teacher, loving and welcoming him first for his father's sake and then for his own. Without the geniality of his manner, he had inherited much of his father's character; his strong sense of duty, his love for the Beautiful, the True, and the Good, his simple faith, and his high ideals. 'There was in him none of the uneasy dread of incurring unpopularity, none of the partial counsel or timid reproof to be met with among those who respect the "vox populi" more than the honour of their sacred office; he did his duty according to his conscience, be the consequences and the public opinion what they might.' These words, which he wrote about his father, might well have been spoken of himself.

'The appointment, which thus commended itself to the parishioners at the time it was made, was fully justified by its subsequent results. The young minister proved him-

self a successor worthy of his father. The methods of 1816 were scarcely suitable to 1860. The pastor's relations to his flock were changed; a different style of preaching had come into vogue; the entire service of the sanctuary was conducted under new forms. But though the new minister worked by methods unknown to the old, he worked in a kindred spirit. He was equally faithful in his ministrations to the sick and the afflicted; he was equally earnest in his efforts to cultivate among his people practical godliness; he preached with like freedom and courage the gospel of the grace of God. By temperament the younger Story was less impulsive and less frank than the older. But though to strangers he might thus be less accessible, his parishioners soon learned that beneath the more frigid exterior there was a heart not less warm and true. He was regarded by them accordingly, before he had been many years their pastor, with scarcely less of esteem and affection than that which had been accorded to his venerable father.'

The duties which awaited the young minister were many and varied, for old Mr. Story had been truly the father of his parish, and kept a hold on all the various movements, social and religious, which took place. His son followed in his steps, and threw himself with fresh interest and enthusiasm into the life of the people. The following notes, taken from old diaries, give a glimpse of his various activities in those early days:

'14th March: Row Schools. These were the old days of the Presbyterial examinations of the parish schools, at which Mr. Dunn of Cardross and Mr. Laurie Fogo of Row always assisted. Pleasant meetings, and perhaps about as efficient as most examinations since have been. Those I helped to examine beside our own were Garelochhead, Row and Cardross, and sometimes Renton and Helensburgh.

'27th March: Attended my first Presbytery, and Presbytery dinner, as a member of the Presbytery and the Club.

'2nd April: First drill in schoolhouse,—of the volunteers to wit, who were organising at this time all over the country. A corps of artillery was formed here, and lasted for some years, but ultimately succumbed to want of influential leading on the part of any resident gentleman, and of public-spirited cohesion among the volunteers themselves.

'I had my first Communion on 22nd April, with all the old accompaniments of Thursday, Saturday, and Monday services, assisted by Walter Tait, Laurie Fogo, George Campbell, and F. L. Robertson. These I gradually disused, till now we have a quarterly Communion, with no services except one on Saturday, and an evening service on the Sunday—much better than the old parade and fuss.'

This 'parade and fuss,' though meant to mark the importance of the Communion season, by no means indicated a corresponding measure of devotional feeling at the time when old Mr. Story began his ministry. 'The Holy Communion was in all the parishes dispensed only once a year,[1] and when it was administered in one parish the churches of the neighbouring parishes were left vacant for the day, so that minister and flock might resort to the 'Holy Fair.' It was a point of honour, in which each parish tried to rival its neighbour, that the Communion services should be prolonged as much as possible, and it was by no means rare that beginning at 11 a.m. they should 'drag their slow length along' till six or seven in the evening. While the communicants were receiving the Sacrament at the successive tables in the church, the people outside clustered round the 'tent' (an erection exactly like a bathing box), in the churchyard, and listened to protracted preachings; one minister rising as soon as another sat down exhausted, with as dauntless a devotion as that of knight or squire in the 'desperate ring' at Flodden. The religious exercises of the day, however, were varied by a good deal of eating and drinking, either

[1] *Memoir of the Rev. R. Story.*

in the open air or in the nearest public-houses. An old clergyman of a parish near Rosneath used to remark with pride, when an extra gathering attended his Communion, 'It was a creditable crood, there was fourteen stane o' saumon eaten in the village.''

Old Mr. Story introduced the half-yearly observance of the Communion, and 'for some time before his death it was dispensed thrice a year. He also introduced what was considered the offensive innovation of never leaving his own pulpit vacant on the occasion of the Communion being observed in the neighbouring parishes. Rather than do this, he entailed upon himself the fatigue of performing service at home on these occasions, and then travelling, often many rough miles, to assist in the services elsewhere. But though the change was thus irksome to himself and unpopular with his clerical brethren, he persevered in adhering to it; and had at last the satisfaction of seeing his practice adopted throughout the whole district, and the Communion Sundays no longer the scenes of noisy crowd and excitement which they once had been.

'These changes, when we look back to them and relate them now, seem simple and unimportant matters. No one, however, who knows how deeply-rooted old and evil customs always are, will believe they were easily effected; and none, contrasting the present state of the country in which they took place, with its condition before they were contemplated, will be disposed to underrate their value, or to think lightly of the manly energy and moral influence by which they were brought about.'

Nothing is more touching in the *Memoir* than the description of old Mr. Story dispensing the Communion. 'Through the memories of many years, and the recollections of many another church and scene, and priestly ministrant, I look back and see as clearly as if it were only yesterday that my eyes had rested on it, the old church, with the laurel shadowing the tall window beside the pulpit, the open door flooded with the autumn sun-

shine, and just within it, at the head of the long table, my father standing with the consecrated bread in his hand, adding one more sentence of love and adoration ere giving it to the elders at his side ; while on his face there brightened such a light of joy and heavenly communion with the Father and the Son, as helped one to realise the spectacle beheld of old in the Council-Chamber in Jerusalem, when all that sat in the Council, looking steadfastly on the first martyr of the Church, 'saw his face as it had been the face of an angel.''

Such memories hallowed the scene for evermore, and there are few of those who took part in the Communion services at Rosneath during Dr. Story's own ministry who cannot look back with affection and gratitude to the simple service in the little church, the familiar music in which all could join, and the earnest and inspiring words that fell from their minister's lips—words not too high or deep for the minds of his hearers, but suited to the needs of those whom he knew in all the joys and sorrows of their daily life, and which they carried with them in their hearts and remembered all their days. And over all there was an atmosphere of reverence and peace and orderliness, as far removed from the undevout excitement of the 'Holy Fair' as the emotional oratory of another day was unlike his quiet manner, and the clear and arresting voice which was all the more impressive from its self-restraint.

There was no mysticism in his teaching about the Holy Communion. He had no sympathy with such a view of it, and wished his people to understand truly what they meant by the service, and what it should mean to them ; why the simple command, 'This do in remembrance of Me,' should have power to change the hearts of men and purify their lives by the memory of Christ's 'beautiful and gracious human life,' a life closed by the sacrifice of Himself, that sin might be conquered, and death for them be overcome, and the love of the Father be perfectly revealed. 'It is not so much as the pledge

of the truth of Christ's gospel, or as the doctrinal ground of man's hope of salvation, that the memory of His death speaks to our hearts through the bread of the Communion and the cup of blessing—but rather as the demonstration of a love that passeth all understanding. As such think of it, brethren. Think how but for that love we, and all men, had been this day without hope and without God in the world; and you will feel assuredly—unless the powers of the endless life are well-nigh dead within you—that there is that in the Cross of Christ which must draw all true men to bow before it, confessing that the crucified sufferer thereon is indeed Lord, to the glory of God the Father . . . If this sacred rite stands in our worship and life alone, unconnected with aught else, knit in no living unity with our whole being, then is it, despite all its solemn sanctity, a lifeless thing. But if it expresses a real union with our Lord, a real devotion to Him as the Lord of our life, a real sharing of His spirit, a constant and all-pervading remembrance of Him, then in this sacrament we indeed offer to God an acceptable sacrifice, and find that in it we eat of the Bread of Heaven, and drink of the Water of Life. We should not be satisfied until we feel that it is so—until we feel that the spirit of this sacrament, the spirit of dedication to God, of faith in Him, of dependence for spiritual health on His power and love, is the spirit of our life, so that this special service is in one sense a true type of the daily oblation which we lay on God's altar.'

The Fatherhood of God, the love of the Father revealed in Christ, the 'power of the endless life'—this was the burden of his teaching then and always; and the words which he had engraved on his father's cross echoed through most of his own sermons: 'He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father.'

Another innovation in connection with the Communion Sundays was the abolishing of the 'Monday Dinner,' a very secular entertainment succeeding the sacred services

of the day before, at which were gathered all the neighbouring clergy, lairds, and elders. Instead of this, the elders of the parish alone came in on Sunday after the morning service to a quiet dinner at the manse. An interesting and typical little group they were, representing all that was best in the life of the parish, and drawn from every class, from the Laird of Peaton downwards—a singularly simple-hearted, pure-minded set of men, venerable both in appearance and character, loyal to their minister, and always ready to support his efforts for the good of the Church and people.

It was some years later than this that the Fast Day ceased to exist, but a strong feeling was growing in the Church that this day, the Thursday before the Communion Sunday, had long lost its sacred character, and in most places had degenerated from a *holy day* into an ordinary holiday of the most secular sort. Comparatively few people attended church, and most of them spent the day in visiting their friends and generally amusing themselves. Rosneath, being not far from Glasgow and Greenock, suffered from incursions of not always desirable holiday-makers, and on the local Fast Day most of the farm servants and others working in the parish went away for the day, only to return in the evening rather the worse than the better for their outing. Mr. Story felt very strongly that the day was now nothing but the 'feeble and unlovely ghost of the Fast Day of the last generation,' that in itself it had no fountain of life to keep it alive, and that something should be done either to alter its character or do away with it, and put something better in its place.

In 1867 he brought an overture anent Fast Days before the General Assembly. A committee was appointed to deal with the subject and collect information from the ministers of the Church. The result of this was that, in 1869, the committee recommended to the Assembly that the Fast Day be held on Friday or Saturday, so as to be more truly a preparation for the

service on Sunday; that it be observed simultaneously throughout Presbyteries, and not, as hitherto, on a different day in each parish; and that ministers be encouraged to occupy their own pulpits on that day, and, as far as practicable, to adopt the practice of simultaneous Communion. Nothing, however, came of this. The Assembly 'was inclined still to hug to its venerable bosom the old fiction of the day's being a real Fast Day; . . . and with a not uncommon love of ease and dread of unpopularity, it quietly and decently buried the whole question by resolving that the above suggestions should be transmitted for the consideration of ministers and kirk-sessions.'

In 1876 Mr. Story again raised the question by publishing a pamphlet on 'Fast Days: with reference to more frequent Communion, and to Good Friday.'

In a letter to Dr. Sprott at the time when he was writing the pamphlet he says:

'The Protester and Resolutioner business would be a very interesting one to go into, but it would lead me too far from the subject I wish to stick to—the Fast Day. I want if possible to write a kind of popular pamphlet which may influence the laity. The clergy are immoveable, but if the laity are induced to take up the question they will force on a settlement, and the clergy and kirk-sessions will be obliged to face the scandal and difficulty of the existing state of things to which they are anxious to shut their eyes as long as they can . . . You know, no doubt, Erskine's dissertation on more frequent Communion, which expresses so long ago as his time a decided opinion against them' (Fast Days).

He suggested as a remedy for the existing state of things that more frequent Communion should be celebrated, with a preparatory service on a day as near to the Sunday as possible, and that as a real Fast Day, a day of humiliation and prayer, it would be suitable to observe Good Friday. 'Most persons,' he says, 'not warped by prejudice, or blinded by ignorance, will admit that the

Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is too seldom administered in the Church of Scotland . . . Might it not be wise in her, in the present state of religion and morals in Scotland, —the produce, one may suppose, of a prolonged period of churches shut except on Sundays; of bald and meagre ritual; of the predominance of ultra-Calvinistic dogma; of fast days and infrequent Communions;—to consider whether more hopeful results might not follow from a recurrence to the practice (in all towns at least) of open churches, and daily prayers; and (everywhere) from the beautifying of the house of prayer and the enriching of its ritual; from simpler, more varied, and more practical preaching; from Communions so often celebrated and made so accessible to all who seek to partake, that none earnestly desiring to receive the bread and wine of the New Covenant, need wait long for access to the Table, or be sent empty away?' The pamphlet caused some discussion, which was welcomed by those who sympathised with his views. The Duke of Argyll wrote to him: 'I think the argument unanswerable. But I doubt the expediency of the General Assembly abolishing the custom by a general law. The time has not come for this. Each parish can act for itself; and when once it is given up in any *Town Parish* the example will be quickly followed.'

In 1877 he laid before the Presbytery of Dunbarton a report embodying replies to queries issued by the Presbytery to the various employers of labour within its bounds, all but two condemning the existing Fast Day, and declaring that it was for the most part used merely as a 'secular holiday, and that to the great dislocation of ordinary business, and the serious demoralisation of the working classes.' Following on this the kirk-session of Rosneath agreed to abolish the Fast Day that same year, to the satisfaction of a large number of the people, although at first many resented the removal of an ancient though dishonoured landmark. Before long most of the neighbouring parishes followed the example of Rosneath, and gradually public opinion all over the country came

round to desiring the discontinuance of the Fast Day. There are now only a few parishes where it is still recognised in the old way, being as a general rule replaced by a simple service on the Friday or Saturday, preparatory to the Communion. The Communion itself is now in most town churches and in many country ones celebrated at least three or four times in the year instead of only twice, and in some places more frequently, so that a steady advance has been made year by year towards the ideal of worship which he always strove to hold before himself and others.

Returning to the summer of 1860 we find various friends visiting him at the manse, among others Professor James Muirhead and his wife, and William Brodie the sculptor, who designed the monument erected in the church to his father. In July he says, 'Dr. and Mrs. Lee came to see me, and Lee preached on the 29th. Sheriff Glassford Bell was this season staying in the parish, and I made his pleasant acquaintance.

'7th August: To Edinburgh to the great Volunteer Review, which I watched from the slopes of St. Anthony's along with Jimmy Tait.

'The Tullochs came to me on 17th August, and Peddie on 18th along with Horn, a German friend of the Muirheads. All stayed some days. The Argyll boys were living at the Castle with a tutor, and used to come up sometimes to play croquet, then all the rage.

'On the Sunday of the October Communion, the 14th, I was assisted by my friend M'Murtrie, now of St. Bernard's, Edinburgh, and about 140 communicated, a number larger than now when Kilcreggan is taken off.'

Later in October he paid a visit to his friend, W. L. Macfarlan, then minister of Tongland, going with him to Dundrennan, and to Kirkcudbright for the Communion, taking part also in the 'Monday Dinner,' an institution given up some time before at Rosneath, which he says was a 'great occasion.' On the way home he visited another friend, Henry Wallis Smith, at Durrisdeer, his

remote but beautiful parish, 'far, far up in the wild hills' above Nithsdale.

Early in November he went to Edinburgh, and while there met Mrs. Oliphant, then engaged on her *Life of Edward Irving*; 'my first interview with her,' he writes, 'still very vivid to me, in a house in Fettes Row, where I think she was lodging.' Writing after her death, he describes this first meeting:

'It was in the year 1860, when she was engaged on a work in which I was able to offer her some help, that I was asked to call upon her in Edinburgh, where she was then living. I had heard but little of her previously, and only knew that she was a successful authoress and a widow. My idea of such a personage did not prepare me for the vision I beheld when she entered the little parlour in Fettes Row, where I awaited her. A slight figure, draped in black; a very calm and gentle manner; a low and pleasant voice, marked with that homely Scottish accent which she never lost or wished to lose; a pair of the most delicate and beautiful hands I had ever seen; and such eyes I had never looked into, large, intensely dark, and lambent, with a pure and steady flame. The upper part of her face, with these wonderful eyes, and crowned with what was then very dark brown hair, bore a singular resemblance to the Madonna di San Sisto. Indeed, 'Madonna Mia' was a name she was not unused to hear. Throughout her life, although by degrees the hair grew grey, these eyes never lost their lustre, nor her complexion its singular clearness. She always seemed alert, calm, ready for any exertion of body or of mind, with all her forces at command and under full control. How she did her extraordinary amount of work was a mystery to those who from time to time lived under her roof. After a day in which she always seemed at leisure, after the longest excursion in the country or the busiest hours in town, when her party separated, perhaps at twelve o'clock or later, she would begin to write, rapidly covering page after page with her minute but

legible caligraphy, continuing at her desk till three or four in the morning; and would next morning appear fresher, cooler, more restful in look and manner than any of her guests, with not the faintest suspicion of having burnt the midnight oil while they were sleeping.'

The acquaintance thus begun developed rapidly into an intimate and congenial friendship, which, though in later years they met but seldom, never lost any of its freshness or interest for either of them. 'I am glad you don't altogether forget me,' she writes long afterwards; 'there must be some little thread of immortality in a friendship which, with so little intercourse to keep it up, still holds fast.'

These visits over, he settled steadily down to the work of the parish. 'I accomplished this winter and spring,' he writes in 1861, 'the statutory visitation of my parish, which my father had always kept up, and which I have continued, although it is not now the serious occasion—with catechising, etc.—that it was of old. I had also occasional secular lectures in the schoolroom of evenings, which have been repeated several years, though often not so well attended as they ought to have been. I don't think penny papers and cheap magazines have stimulated the reading habits and intellectual life of the people.'

'On 18th February Mr. J. M'Leod Campbell and Mrs. Oliphant came here. They wished to meet *apropos* of Edward Irving's Life, which she was writing. Mrs. Oliphant was very interesting.'

Mrs. Oliphant in her autobiography gives an account of the visit which is more picturesque, and may be quoted here. She mentions the first meeting in Edinburgh, and then goes on to say:

'Mr. Story told me of his father's long intimacy with Irving, and promised me many letters if I would go to the manse of Rosneath to see them. I went accordingly, rather unwillingly in cold February weather, grudging the absence from my children for a few days very much. I did not know anything about the West

of Scotland, and, winter as it was, the lonely little loch was a revelation to me, with the wonderful line of hills called the Duke's Bowling Green, which I afterwards came to know so well. The family at the manse was a very interesting one. The handsome young minister, quite young, though already beginning to grow grey—a very piquant combination (I was so myself, though older by several years than he)—and his mother, a handsome old lady full of strong character, and then a handsome sister with her baby, the most interesting of all, with a shade of mystery about her. They were, as people say, like a household in a novel, and attracted my curiosity very much. But when I was sent to my room with a huge packet of letters, and the family all retired for the night, and the deep darkness and silence of a winter night in the country closed down upon me, things were less delightful. The bed in my room was a gloomy creation, with dark red moreen curtains, afterwards, as I found, called by Mr. Story—witty and profane—a field to bury strangers in. I had a pair of candles, which burned out, and a fire, which got low, while I agonised over the letters, not one of which I could make out. The despairing puzzle of that diabolical hand-writing, which was not Irving's after all (who wrote a beautiful hand), but only letters addressed to him, and the chill that grew upon me, and the gradual sense of stupidity that came over me, I can't attempt to describe. I sat up half the night, but in vain. Next day Mr. Campbell of Row came specially to see me, a little shocked, I am afraid, to find the future biographer of Irving a young person, rather apt to be led astray and laugh with the young people in the midst of his serious talk . . . This visit laid the foundation of a long friendship, and much and generally very lively intercourse.'

The friendship thus begun was soon resumed by Mrs. Oliphant taking a house at Rosneath for the summer in order to go on with her writing.

During the spring visits were made to the Tullochs at St. Andrews, and to Edinburgh, where among other things he mentions seeing Kean in *Hamlet*, hearing Hodgson lecture on Fourier, and dining with Dr. Robert Lee and Mr. Erskine of Linlathen, the warm friend of his father and Mr. Macleod Campbell. He went also to Yetholm to see for himself the scenes of his father's childhood, having now begun to write the *Memoir* which was published in 1862. He writes thus in his diary :

'21st March: To Yetholm, my father's native place; rode out in the morning from Kelso. Next day to Melrose, Abbotsford, and Edinburgh, where, as usually in those days, I stayed with the Muirheads. On the 16th at Fred. Robertson's induction to the Mid-Parish in Greenock, and spoke at the dinner with some applause. Grieve, afterwards M.P. in the chair. Early in June Mrs. Oliphant came to Willowburn, which she had taken for the summer. I saw a great deal of her, of course. Miss Blackwood [sister of Mr. John Blackwood the publisher] was among her visitors, and in July we effected that tour by Dalmally, Kenmore, and Birnam, which Mrs. Oliphant chronicled in the Magazine in the article 'Three Days in the Highlands.'' Writing long afterwards, Mrs. Oliphant says: 'I got a letter from Dr. Story the other day from Taymouth, about which we had wandered once together in a little holiday expedition full of talk and frolic, more than thirty years ago. It was a very kind letter. I could see that his heart swelled with pity for the lonely woman, bereaved of all things, whom he had known so different. Good friend, though we have drifted so far apart since then.'

But in 1861, though one sorrow had fallen on her, her children were still left to her, and the shadows were not so deep. She gives in the Autobiography a cheerful description of the life she took part in that summer on the Gareloch, 'for which,' she says, 'I had taken a great fancy—the beautiful little loch and the hills. I must have gone then to Willowburn, a small house on a high bank, with a lovely view of the loch and the opposite shore, all scattered with houses among the trees, with the steamboat bustling up and down, and a good deal of boating and singing and Highland expeditions—all very amusing, almost gay, as I had seldom been in my life before. There was always a youthful party in the manse, and the Tullochs generally for a time, and various visitors coming and going,—from the high respectability of Mr. Edward Caird, now Master of Balliol, and Mr. Mair, to

all sorts of jocular and light-minded people. I remember coming home from some wildish expedition, sunburnt and laden with flowers,—a small group full of fun and laughter sitting together on the deck,—when suddenly the handsome, serious form of Mrs. M., always *tirée à quatre épingles*, always looking propriety itself, was seen slowly ascending up the cabin stairs, to the confusion and sudden pallor of myself in particular, to whom she was coming on a visit. I doubt if I had ever been so gay. I was still young, and all was well with the children. My heart had come up with a great bound from all the strain of previous trouble and hard labour and the valley of the shadow of death. There was some wit, or at least a good deal of humour, in the party, and plenty of excellent talk. The Principal talked very well in those days—indeed he always did, but never so well as at that time; and Mr. Story, too, was an excellent talker, and his sister very clever and bright; and my dear *padrona*, if she never said very much, always quick to see everything, and never able to resist a laugh. We got to have a crowd of allusions and mutual recollections after all our boatings and drivings and ludicrous little adventures on the loch and the hills, which produced a great deal of laughter even when they were not witty.'

Along with many of his father's graver virtues, Mr. Story had fortunately inherited from him a delightful sense of humour and power of mimicry. The latter his father had regarded as something of a snare. 'In after years,' his son writes of him, 'his mimetic powers, although of the finest order, were never called into play. He never yielded to the fascinating temptation of indulging in caricature, and it was only from an occasional and unconscious flash of the hidden power that one could judge how strict was the control exercised over it, and what a wealth of mimicry and satire that conscientious control restrained.' Happily in the son's case the control exercised was not always so strict, and one can imagine that some at least of the gaiety Mrs. Oliphant speaks of

was induced or kept up by his sense of the ludicrous and his talent in 'representing' their mutual friends, as old Mr. Young of Mochrum wisely expressed it. His blessed sense of humour was one of the things which made him at all times so sympathetic and delightful a companion, always ready to see the fun of a thing, and the best of listeners to other people's stories, as well as being a very good story-teller himself. His feeling for the ludicrous was apt at times to lead him astray, and he would be inwardly overcome on solemn occasions with most unseasonable mirth. To catch his eye at such a crisis was fatal; the twinkle in it was quite irresistible, and decorum would be scattered by explosions of laughter. Principal Tulloch also had a singularly infectious laugh—and no one who heard it, even without knowing the joke, could ever fail to join in it. Mr. Story's outward gravity of appearance often belied this side of his character, and it has been seriously stated by those who little knew him that he was deficient in humour. He had not the easy smile which some people have always at command, and which often means so little, but, to use Louis Stevenson's words, 'When this grave man smiled, it was like sunshine in a shady place.'

There was a good deal of easy sociability on the Gareloch in those days, and although more serious work was also engaged in there always seemed time for much pleasant coming and going between the different houses, and for the exercise of true Highland hospitality. Villas were beginning to spring up all round the loch, and among their new inhabitants the young minister found many kind neighbours and friends, who were always ready to give a warm welcome to him and any of his guests at the manse. He mentions various little visits paid at different times.

'To Shandon to dinner, then the home of my valued old friend, Walter Buchanan, M.P. for Glasgow.' Here, in 1860, he met Schetky, who had seen Burns, and spoken to Cardinal York. 'Rowed across in afternoon

to dine and stay all night at Artarman, the residence of Mrs. Gore Booth, daughter of Mr. James Smith of Jordanhill, my father's old friend and my own. Her brother was Archie Smith, the first Scotch Senior Wrangler. Paid a visit to Sir John Maxwell at Pollok, where were Mr. Erskine and Dr. Campbell. Also a pleasant visit along with the Chavasses to my always kind friend, Miss Neilson, at Ardardan.'

His cousins the Cadells, and Dr. Robert Lee and his family, took houses at Rosneath this summer, and also the Tullochs; a cheerful company, among whom there was 'a good deal of fun.' Later on, some of them took part in another expedition to the Highlands—Callander, Loch Ard, Lake of Menteith, and the Trossachs—also celebrated in *Maga* by Mrs. Oliphant; and before she finally went south he went with her to Carluke to stay with the Wylies, between whom and the family at Rosneath Manse there existed a close and hereditary friendship. From there they visited Bothwell and the Falls of Clyde. When all these merry expeditions were over and the guests scattered for the season the loch must have seemed somewhat silent and deserted, and a little consolation was evidently necessary in the shape of golf, for we find him in November at St. Andrews for a few days, looking up his old haunts, and dining with Professor Sellar and Dr. Park. 'Peddie turned up,' he says, 'and we had some golf together. On the 17th I preached in St. Mary's, and in the afternoon walked—once more—on the dear old sands.'

All this year he had been working at the *Memoir* of his father, which was finished towards the end of October, and published in March, 1862. It was very well received, as being not only the record of a beautiful life, but a valuable contribution to the Church literature of the period, giving a full and true account of the case of Dr. Macleod Campbell of Row, with which his father had been closely connected, not only as a warm personal friend of Dr. Campbell's, but as an ardent and loyal sup-

porter of his views and teaching. Dr. Macleod Campbell himself considered that the book gave a 'faithful and trustworthy account of the Row Case,' and that it was superfluous for himself to 'go over the same ground' in the Reminiscences which he began to write, and which were edited by his eldest son. In a letter to Mr. Story he says:

'My dear Robert,—I have to thank you much for the account of the 'Row Case.' I think you have produced, in wonderfully small compass, a narrative which embraces all the more important details—with a sufficiently full indication of the real questions which were at issue. I am particularly thankful that your beloved father's part throughout (which many understood not, although it was always clear to me), has been done so much justice to.'

He also dealt fully with the strange history of Isabella Campbell (whose Memoir his father had written) and her sister Mary, and the extraordinary developments which took place in connection with the alleged gifts of healing and prophecy which the latter believed herself to possess, and which, though upheld by the saintly Edward Irving and many others as being true manifestations of the Spirit, old Mr. Story had subsequently good reason to regard as a 'delusion and a snare.' Mr. Story had been engaged in writing his father's *Memoir* while Mrs. Oliphant was at Rosneath working at her *Life of Edward Irving*, and she had taken a special interest in its progress, both on account of its being the first book of her young friend, and dealing with the same period as her own. When it was published she wrote him a characteristic letter on the subject:

'My dear Mr. Story,—Before saying anything else I must tell you how very much pleased and satisfied I am with your book. Reading it soberly through, as I have just been doing, I like it better and feel the value of it more than when I heard you read it. It is a most valuable contribution to the history of 'the second quarter of the present century.' I have some exceptions to make, not so much to *it* as to *you*, to which I shall come by and bye; but in the meantime I can't help expressing my thorough and cordial

applause. I *feel flimsy* beside you, but that has nothing to do with it. Thank you very much for so clear and lucid a narrative. I have got some coherence in my ideas now so far as the recent history of the Church is concerned, and with humility, not as a critic but as one of the public, tender my acknowledgments to the author. I don't know whether the adjuncts of those readings, which at the time I enjoyed so much, had really a disadvantageous instead of a favourable effect (I am greatly tempted to say something absurd, but won't), but the book is better, more interesting, and more *important* than even I, partial as I am, supposed it to be. I am greatly pleased about it, delighted to have such a book, and glad on your account, for it seems a great success.

'Now about Mr. Campbell. I am much obliged to you for your criticism. It is exactly what I wanted. I have made such alterations as, after carefully reading and considering your chapters on the subject, were practicable in my space. That is to say, I have changed the word *doctrine* for other words (vile symbols as they are, and perpetually embroiling people who mean the same thing) which convey more clearly the idea I intended to convey . . . My impression of the process in his mind is this—that being sent out with a universal invitation, and being, as Carlyle says, not a half man who might have been contented with the ordinary human certainty that not half of those invited would accept, but in himself a soul intensely true, and intolerant of a double meaning—it was necessity with him to satisfy himself that there was actual room for all whom he addressed, and that the invitation was *bona-fide* to each. So that his 'heresy' was the adoption of that message with which he had been specially charged, as a (if you won't have doctrine) foundation and basis of actual truth. Is this clearer? The fact is that you and I mean the same thing, but that I have not managed to hit upon the right words. You say that the Kirk was far more bitterly opposed to his teaching than I am disposed to admit. So I presume from your narrative of the case; but it is to me very strange and almost inconceivable, because as far as I, trained among the orthodox, am aware, I never since I knew what I believed, believed anything different from what you state as Mr. Campbell's creed. Whether this is explainable by the fact that his doctrines, as you say, have so penetrated the public mind as to have effected since that day an unconscious revolution, or whether it is only another proof of the disastrous influence of those wicked and cruel words in which we are obliged to envelope our meaning, and hide it from the heart of our brother, I cannot tell; but it naturally fills me with wonder and amazement and half-incredulity to know that the portion of the Church from which I have

received the very same belief should have persecuted it with virulence. All your history of this question is admirable, and will, I feel sure, make it intelligible and clear for the first time to the general public.

'About Mary Campbell I am tempted to suggest that your father himself and the many excellent people who befriended her were, don't you think? the least in the world to blame for placing her on so singular a pedestal. Her letter—and how wonderfully clever it is—strikes me dumb with amaze. I am a long way your senior in years, and something also in work, but I should not take upon me to venture upon such advices to you about your own business, as this wonderful Highland girl calmly addresses to Mr. Story, who must, I presume, have been the highest authority in the parish for the most important part of her life. I imagine a little wholesome neglect might have done something in such a case.—Shall I jump from this to tell you that I note sundry faults of *tone* which are not so much points of criticism against the book as against the writer? which, however, remembering what I have just said of the lack of humility in the prophetess, I shall not enter upon without your special permission. The Free Church chapters are the only ones I have not yet re-read. I agree with you now all about that non-intrusion business, which seems a sad and strange mistake somehow. However, as I daresay you don't want me to go any further in my commentary I shall stop . . .

'I hope I haven't bored you. Forgive the unreasoning female mind for its attempts at explaining itself, and believe me,

'Very truly your friend,

'M. O. W. Oliphant.'

Some of his friends criticised his tone in dealing with the period of the Disruption of 1843 as too bitter; but this was perhaps almost inevitable in going back on a time of very great pain and sorrow to his father, till then the beloved pastor of an undivided flock. The flock, when divided, indulged in much unamiable recrimination, as is shown in some of the anecdotes given in the *Memoir*. 'One man relating to Mr. —— some insult that a Seceder had offered him as he passed him on the road, added: 'Was it no a mercy that it was the Sabbath day, and a borrow't umbrella that I had in my haun, or as sure's death I would ha' felled him.'' The restraining influence

of the borrowed umbrella was evidently the stronger of the two. One old woman, annoyed by the frequent assertion on the part of the Seceders that they were the 'corn' and their opponents in the Establishment the 'chaff,' replied with dry humour: 'May be sae, but I'm feared ye maun be some o' the licht corn o' Egypt, for I ne'er heerd tell in my time o' corn that flee't awa' and cauf that bided ahint.' 'Divination o' character's what I'll no stand,' another said indignantly, the angry feeling in her case having apparently degenerated into scandal. Later on, however, these unkindly feelings died down to a great extent, and a better understanding took their place. For many years Mr. Story and his neighbour at the Free Church Manse, the Rev. John MacEwan, now also gone to his rest, lived on most friendly terms of mutual regard; and among all classes the violent personal animosity by degrees disappeared almost entirely.

Mrs. Oliphant, while helping him with her sympathy and criticism about his book, had got a good deal of information regarding Church questions and other matters from him, which were of use to her in writing her *Life of Irving*. She writes to him regarding this: 'I am ashamed to think how often I have made you go over the same ground with my reiterated applications for help, but the sublimity of the moral spectacle afforded by two rival authors thus fraternally consulting, and on one side helping each other, will, I hope, afford consolation to your feeling, as, when *our* lives are written, I have no doubt it will edify the world . . .

'What a wonderful hieroglyphic those initials of yours make. But for my inexpressible felicity in knowing their author, I should of course have been totally in the dark as to the name they represented. How do you do it?'

The *Life of Edward Irving* appeared about the same time as the *Memoir*, and in April Mr. Story wrote a review of the book for Macmillan. 'My first article in a leading magazine,' he says.

His friendship with Mrs. Oliphant was the means of his making acquaintance with various publishers in London, which was helpful to him later on. 'On May 6th,' he writes, 'I went up to London and paid a visit to Mrs. Oliphant at Ealing, which lasted for some time and was very pleasant. Of the publishing fraternity, I made acquaintance with Blackett, as well as Macmillan, who had published my *Memoir*; met again George MacDonald, whom I had met in 1857 at the Scotts' in Manchester; Gardiner, who has since written a good deal; heard Fechter in *Hamlet*, and Titiens in, I think, *Lucia di Lammermoor*; had many delightful little excursions, among which I recall specially one including a row from Hampton Court to Richmond. Miss Blackwood was also at Ealing part of the time. '22nd: Spent the evening with Mrs. Oliphant at 5 Cheyne Row—no one but ourselves and Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle. Tea, and endless talk from Tam, who was most affable and brilliant.' For Carlyle and his teaching he had always the greatest veneration. Writing to a friend at the time when Carlyle lay dying, he says: 'I am thinking more of Carlyle's death-bed than of these Irish curs. When he dies, the man who has taught me more than any other is gone, and leaves the world darker and poorer.' After Carlyle's death in 1881, he writes to his eldest daughter, then at school in London: 'I wish you could have been at Westminster on Sunday, and heard Dean Stanley refer to Mr. Carlyle's death. Mr. Carlyle was the greatest of English writers . . . There was no man I had the same regard for, or from whom I had learned so much, and his death has grieved me much, though at his age one could not expect him to live much longer, and he had done his work well, and had no more to do.'

During his visit to London he attended a good many different places of worship, on one Sunday going to hear Spurgeon in the morning and Bellew in the evening, and on another to the Irvingite Church in Gordon Square,

and to Westminster Abbey. He also preached himself in the Scotch Church in Halkin Street, and at the Caledonian Church, Holloway; and he mentions having visited the Caledonian Asylum, where he saw the schools examined by Dr. Cumming, of the Scottish Church, Crown Court, and was introduced to Tait, then bishop of London.

On the 15th of June he was back in his own church, which was this summer being enlarged by the addition of an aisle on the southern side. Some years later a corresponding aisle was built on the opposite side, which completed the church, and greatly increased the accommodation, a necessity now that so many new houses had been built, and the Gareloch had become a popular summer resort.

'In August,' he says, 'Mrs. Oliphant again took a house here, but did not stay very long. The Simon Lauries were also here for a few weeks, and my old bishop, Dr. Mathieson, came to visit the Clachan Campbells, and preached for me one Sunday.

'September: Mrs. Oliphant returned after a visit to St. Andrews and stayed for a while, and on 9th September she and I and Christian Wylie, who was then visiting us, went to Arran and spent two charming days there.

'The Tullochs came to me on 20th September, and on the 22nd we had a delightful trip to Loch Eck. October 13th: The Monday of the Communion. Dr. Gillan preached. Mrs. Oliphant came to dinner, and was much entertained with Gillan's wit. Mrs. Oliphant, after all, stayed on till near end of October or into November, I don't remember which, as on 30th October I went to St. Andrews, and stayed with the Tullochs till 10th November. The Duke and Duchess of Argyll were at the same time there, putting, I think, the Marquis and Lord Archie into harness for the winter session. Saw something of them and of all my old St. Andrews friends.'

A visit to the Muirheads in Edinburgh, with some golf at Musselburgh, and meetings with Brodie the sculptor, Aytoun, his old professor, and others, ended his holiday towards the end of November.

'The Duke and Duchess were at the Castle this winter,' he writes. 'Dr. Campbell came to pay them a visit, and on Saturday, December 20th, my sister and I dined at the Castle. That night Dr. Campbell was taken seriously ill and lay long in a very critical state. I was often up and down, and one night sat up with him when he was rather delirious. Some of his children came to the manse and some to the Clachan, to be near him. Mrs. Campbell was with him at the Castle. The year closed on us under the cloud of this trouble hanging over him.'

The last entry in his diary for this year notes with satisfaction a collection in church of £31 7s. for the Lancashire operatives who were 'suffering from the cotton famine consequent on the American Civil War:' a very creditable sum for a little country congregation in no way connected with them.

The evening lectures which he had started the winter before were continued this year. 'This winter, as during some others, I had a course of lectures in the school-room,' he writes. 'I gave one on Burns, Mr. Dunn a very popular one on Scotch Proverbs, and other friends assisted. We also got up a Savings Bank, managed by Duncan Campbell, which went on until it was rivalled and finally superseded by the Post Office Savings Bank system, which I don't think has worked so well, and is too much strangled with red tape.'

The Duncan Campbell here referred to was a man of a type which is not so common in Scotland as it used to be. He had worked his way, with no special advantages, but by faithful and intelligent industry, to fill places of usefulness and influence, as Dr. Story has said of him, and left behind him a name without a blot. He was a great reader, and in his way a philosopher. Carlyle was his hero,

and he was always ready to discuss his writings, and particularly his *Goethe*, with any of the visitors whom the minister brought to see him. His memory was wonderful, and, when no longer able to see, he could repeat page after page of memorable works which were his best companions in his solitude.

## CHAPTER IV

### INNOVATIONS

During these and the succeeding years Mr. Story began and carried out various alterations and improvements in the church services. His father had set him the example of a desire for greater order and reverence in all things pertaining to the Sanctuary, and notably in the matter of the Communion services had himself effected great changes. Still the ordinary service was unduly lengthy, and when the younger Story became minister of the parish the custom still prevailed of having both a sermon and a lecture at the morning service. Even this was a curtailment of what was originally considered necessary, namely two services lasting for several hours, and with only a short interval for refreshment of the body between the two. The Parish Church was, of course, then the only church in the 'island,' as the peninsula of Rosneath was almost always called at that time, and the congregation gathered from far and near, the women carrying their shoes and stockings in their hands, and before putting them on to enter the church, sitting down to wash their feet in the burn that flows past the village. Those days were long over, however, in 1862, when there was not only the Free Church on the road to Kilcreggan, but the *quoad sacra* Church of Craigrownie, which his father had established to bring ordinances within reach of the more distant parishioners, and do away with the necessity for the long walk over the hill to Rosneath. Mr. Story, therefore, seeing the people had not now so far to come, tried the

plan of having a shorter service in the morning, and instituting an evening one. 'Began this summer,' he says in his notes, 'evening services, and dropped the plan which had obtained in my father's time of a lecture and sermon in the morning.' The evening service was sufficiently successful to justify its continuance, but for many years it was held only during the summer months for want of light.

During the winter evenings services were held at intervals in one or two remote parts of the parish, and were much appreciated by the little colonies for whose benefit they were conducted. One of these regular meeting places was at Rahane, in the house of a relative of the old farmer at Mamore, the scene of their summer outings when children. She would run to greet the minister with outstretched hands, and bring him into her small room crowded with a devout little band of worshippers from the farms and cottages around. Precentor or choir being non-existent, the minister was usually obliged to raise the tune himself. 'He just had two or three tunes,' one of the few survivors of those early days said, 'but he did it nicely, though he would say he couldn't.' Probably they would not have been too critical of any tune when raised by him, but his feeling for the right psalm tune was always to be trusted, and he had an almost romantic affection for the old tunes he had sung in his boyhood, *Kilmarnock*, *Irish*, *Martyrdom*, and others which unfortunately are seldom heard now-a-days. He could not bear the association of certain psalms to certain tunes to be broken, and it was a positive barbarism in his eyes if the 103rd psalm was sung to anything but *Coleshill*, or the 118th to any other than *Irish*. Doubtless these were the strains that echoed among the rafters at these simple but hearty services, and they continued to hold an honourable place in all the services he had anything to do with for the rest of his life. He felt, however, that the musical part of the church service left something to be desired, and set himself to try and improve it. The

precentor had things all his own way, and it was not always satisfactory. A choir was started, still led by the precentor, and on the 10th of March, 1861, occurs the entry: 'Choir tried, well. My first attempt at substitution of better music for the solo of the old precentor. With ups and downs the movement has gone on ever since.'

After a little the precentor was replaced by a harmonium, the first step towards the organ which appeared in 1873. There was, of course, a small body who disapproved of the organ, as they did of other minor changes which were made from time to time, and even till well on in the eighties there was one family, latterly reduced to one person, who firmly sat through the singing, and stood during the prayers, although this 'innovation' had been introduced as long before as 1866. One of the most consistent opponents of change of any sort was the old beadle, John Sinclair, who threatened on every occasion to resign his post, but was always prevailed on to think better of it. His strongest resentment was aroused by a crimson cloth for the Communion Table. This had excited the suspicions of various members of the congregation as something too mystical and 'popish.' When finally the red cloth did appear on the Table, John brought down the books as usual from the pulpit after service, and depositing them with a bang on the table in the vestry before the minister, exclaimed defiantly, 'I canna thole this. I'm dune wi' ye noo!' On this, as on many other occasions, however, he was soothed into a grudging toleration of the obnoxious novelty.

In course of time John Sinclair did retire, though not in consequence of innovations, and a very worthy successor was found in John Maclean, later admitted to the kirk-session, and one of Mr. Story's most valued elders and friends. He was a most upright, God-fearing man, sincere in all his dealings, a true-hearted and lovable character. He died in 1895, leaving a blameless record

behind him, and the New Communion Table placed in the Church after its renovation was put there in memory of this 'good and faithful servant.'

Needless to say, in all the changes that he effected, Mr. Story had the sympathy and support of the larger part of his parishioners, some of whom were proud to notice that their minister in his quiet parish was often the first to begin a thing, and that very soon the neighbouring parishes would follow his lead. He never believed in forcing changes on a congregation against its will, although he had no sympathy with those who, from mere unreasoning dislike to change of any sort, ignorantly and stupidly opposed alterations and improvements of even the slightest kind. Naturally his sympathies were all along with Dr. Robert Lee in his reforms in the Old Greyfriars, and his consequent strife with the Presbytery of Edinburgh and the General Assembly. In his *Life of Dr. Lee* he so fully expresses his own views while explaining Dr. Lee's attitude that the passage had best be quoted here:

'Watching, with keen eye, the condition of the Church, he had come to see that, among the evils afflicting her, an unimpressive and ill-ordered worship was practically the worst. A wrongly exercised patronage might, here and there, alienate the mass of a rural congregation, and the illiberal exigency of a minute formula might exclude, in occasional instances, thoughtful and earnest men from office in the Church; but an ill-ordered, slovenly, uncertain service was a fault and grievance which, wherever it obtruded itself, either blunted all reverential feeling or drove devotion and culture from the sanctuary which it profaned. The ordinary Scottish idea of a public worship, of a divine service, was indeed rudely chaotic. If it had any distinct features at all, these were a long sermon, with variable and nebulous adjuncts of long extemporary prayers and untrained psalmody. Regular and consecutive reading of the Scriptures, carefully chosen and well-executed music, united prayers in humble attitude, and in which the topics should succeed each other in one recognised sequence, and the worshippers should be able to join in the supplications, and not merely listen to them; audible response on the part of the congregation, reverent reception of the closing benediction, as though it were truly 'the blessing from the Lord,' and not a mere licence

to quit the place of worship—the thought of these never troubled the placidly unconscious irreverence of the ordinary Presbyterian worshipper. But the absence of them, nay, the denial of any worth or advantage in them, estranged the hearts of many who were capable of some visions of the beauty of holiness. Educated and enlightened men and women could not but feel repelled by the frequent defects of a service which, undoubtedly impressive when reverently performed by a clergyman of piety and eloquence, was apt to be positively irksome when performed by one of mediocre gifts . . .

'. . . The reading of prayers was not an unknown novelty in the Scottish Church. Immediately after the Reformation, the Prayer Book of King Edward VI. was ordained to be read in the Parish Churches. In a few years the Book of Geneva, as modified by Knox, and commonly called Knox's Liturgy, or the Book of Common Order, supplanted King Edward's Book, and was commanded to be used by the Assembly of 1564. This command was never repealed by any lawful assembly, and at the time, in 1637, that Laud's Liturgy was arrested by the cutty stool of Jenny Geddes, the prayers of the Book of Common Order were regularly read in St. Giles'.

'When, in 1645, the Westminster Directory was approved by the Assembly, no Act was passed to supersede Knox's Book, and the reading of the old prayers continued, probably, for a few years longer, and then gradually was laid aside. It was proposed to abrogate the use of them by Act of Assembly, but Calderwood, among others, opposed this, and it never was done. Thus, while under the stress of the Directory, *usage* drifted away from the old prayers and the reading of them in public worship, no obstacle to the reading of prayers was ever created by *law*. A similar remark applies to the 'Amen,' or other response of the congregation. It fell out of use, but it was never forbidden.

'The kneeling at prayer introduced by Dr Lee, was the ancient custom of the Reformed Church in Scotland, and, judging from the way in which the tunes are printed in some of the old psalm-books, we are led to conclude that standing was the attitude during praise.'

Dr. Lee's 'innovations,' though warmly approved of and appreciated by his own congregation, were looked on with suspicion by most of his ecclesiastical brethren. Synods and Presbyteries agitated themselves over him, and the case was finally brought, in somewhat vague

terms, before the General Assembly of 1858. The Assembly of 1859, after a long and hot debate on the subject, gave a decision which 'virtually sanctioned all that Dr. Lee had introduced, except the reading of prayers from his present book. This it condemned as 'contrary to the laws of usage' of the Church; repeating the common but erroneous assumption that the laws and the usage agreed together . . . The decision was hailed throughout the country, and by the press, with hearty and loudly expressed gratification. It was felt that a new era of useful progress had begun. Many earnest clergymen who had hitherto sighed in secret over the baldness of the services of the Church, and the bareness of the once 'holy and beautiful house' of their father's worship, thanked God and took courage when they saw that the Assembly recognised the right of a minister and his congregation to order their sacrifice of praise and prayer after the seemly model which had been too long forgotten.'

This spirit of toleration did not long prevail, unfortunately, and when, in 1864, Dr. Lee brought out his book on the *Reform of the Church*, the storm burst forth anew. The Assembly of 1864, however, supported Dr. Lee, but the Assembly of 1865, by a majority of 33, decided against him.

'It would be difficult to say,' writes his biographer, 'what caused the reaction in this Assembly. It is indeed difficult, at any time, to account, on logical principles, for all the decisions of the Supreme Court of the Scottish Church. The Assembly can hardly be said to give a continuously fair representation of the mind of the Church. It may do so, and it may not. It is to a great extent a fortuitous concourse of atoms. Nominally representative, it is not really so, because the great majority of its clerical members are sent up by rotation, not by election. Thus a liberal majority of a Presbytery may, for a year or two, find itself represented by the illiberal minority whose turn it is to go up, or *vice versâ*. The only permanent element in the Assembly is found in the elders, who are commonly elected, year after year, by the same constituencies.'

This decision of the Assembly was a great disappointment to Dr. Lee's friends and supporters, and the act in which it was embodied was held to be irregular and illegal. Many Presbyteries took the matter up, and in the Presbytery of Dunbarton, in April, 1866, 'Mr. Story, Rosneath, rose and moved that the Presbytery overture the General Assembly to repeal the Act regarding innovations in public worship, passed by the General Assembly of 1865, and which gives to the Presbyteries the power of regulating such matters.' He objected to it mainly because he held it was unconstitutional in its methods, and because it robbed kirk-sessions of powers granted to them by the Charter of the Church. The motion was carried in the Presbytery of Dunbarton, but Dr. Lee's similar motion later in the Assembly was lost by a large majority.

The Presbytery of Edinburgh still continued to harass Dr. Lee with regard to his services, and at a meeting in April, 1867, Mr. Story was also brought under their ban for having read prayers from Dr. Lee's book while taking a service for him in Old Greyfriars, as he was in the habit of doing occasionally. He was defended by Mr. Robert Wallace and Mr. M'Murtrie, whose 'Christian feeling and common sense' for once carried the day in a court in which as a rule these qualities seemed sadly lacking.

The whole struggle was finally brought to a negative conclusion that same year by Dr. Lee's sudden illness during the sittings of the Assembly, an illness from which he died next spring.

'The 'Greyfriars' Case' remains still unfinished—ending only in a postponement. Dr. Lee's friends were not sorry that it should end thus, as they knew that, if the appeal had been heard, the decision of the Assembly would have been adverse. They knew that his long contest had produced results sufficiently substantial, even although his right to use a printed book of prayers had not been vindicated. The broad results—of which organs, choirs, devotional postures, decorated churches, and Church Service Societies were the visible indications—were a deeper and purer devotional feeling permeating the mind of the Church, and

especially of the younger clergy; a more exalted sense of the solemnity and necessity of worship as the true bond of union among Christians; a more charitable, liberal, and catholic tone of thought and sentiment; a franker recognition of the diversity of forms and gifts through which the one Spirit may develop its growing life.'[1]

One of the outcomes of Dr. Lee's labours in the cause of Church reform was the foundation, in the year 1865, of the Church Service Society, which has since done so much useful work in making for the seemliness and beauty of the services of the Church.

'In a small back room' in Glasgow, on 31st January, 1865, Dr. Cameron Lees, Mr. Campbell of Eastwood, and Mr. Story met, and the result of their conference was the initiation of the Church Service Society. The project recommended itself to many ministers in the Church, who were conscious of the immense benefit some such aid to devotional forms would be as the Society proposed to give; and they at once received the support of many of the best men in the Church. Two or three letters to the Rev. George Sprott, then minister of Chapel of Garioch, and one of the most enthusiastic of the little band of reformers, give an idea of Mr. Story's views at this time and of the early workings of the Society.

*To Dr. Sprott.*

'Rosneath, 3rd November, 1865.

'. . . I don't know if the paper on Public Prayer, which has been circulated to all the clergy, has been forwarded to you. In case it has not, I enclose a copy. I am anxious to have another written addrest to the people, as this is to the clergy, and then succeeding these another on the administration of the Sacraments, giving a concise historical account of their administration in the Scotch Church, and pointing out how far the present usage has diverged from the early simplicity and frequency of the Communion especially . . . The present one was written

[1] *Life of Dr. R. Lee.*

to the end of the third section by myself, and finished by Principal Tulloch.

'. . . Everyone who knows the position of the liberal party in the Anglican Church at present knows, that nothing is felt by that party and by the more intelligent laity as a bondage so much as old dogmatic statements in the Prayer-Book, which have the most venerable authority on their side ; and *we* should be altogether mistaking our own errand and failing to read the 'signs of the times,' if we hampered our book with questionable statements although every liturgy in Christendom should seem to authorise them.'

'28th June, 1867.

'I have been thinking over the question which is really most important, of the *order* of service. At present every man does pretty much what is right in his own eyes, and consequently there is little congruity in the movement towards improvement. I have put together some things about the order, but what I have written is not exhaustive, and I cannot, situated as I am just now, do anything further in the matter, as I do not expect for some time to be able for any extra reading or writing. What is specially wanted is a statement in a tabulated form if possible, of the order observed in the different Reformed Churches, that so we might recommend what had the most general authority, if otherwise feasible. As far as I have looked into the Reformed orders there does not seem to be any very strict or logical unity pervading them ; but I have no doubt your acquaintance with them is a good deal closer than mine, and you have probably a fuller selection of books at hand to refer to.'

'Rosneath, 25th November, 1868.

'. . . The plan I adopt in my own church as to thanksgiving is very much what you suggest. I introduce it at the beginning of the 2nd prayer and after the Scripture Reading, but I close that prayer with the general intercession which I fancy you would propose to have after

the sermon. The latter, no doubt, is the more accepted usage, but practically I prefer the former plan . . . I do not at all approve of the Irish Church and never did, but I as little approve of a hasty destructive policy like Gladstone's in dealing with it, and I disapprove *in toto* of secularising a penny of the Church's money. What belonged to the Church before the Reformation should be given to the Roman Catholics, and the existing establishment should retain its post-Reformation property with a reduced Episcopate, but to secularise all the property, and put all churches on one level because one has done its work ill and is in a minority, seems to me a childish policy and a great injustice. But it is disestablishment and not justice that the Liberals—at least the Scotch Liberals—aim at.'

Principal Barclay of Glasgow University was the first President, Principal Tulloch of St. Andrews, Principal Campbell of Aberdeen, Dr. Robert Lee and Professor John Caird, the Vice-Presidents; and the Society went forward, counting among its members such men as Dr. Wylie of Carluke, Dr. Watson of Dundee, Dr. Robert Wallace, A.K.H.B., and his brother Walter, in whose church at Skelmorlie one of the first organs was used for public worship, John Marshall Lang (now Principal of Aberdeen University), the Rev. George Sprott, Frederick Lockhart Robertson, then minister of Greenock, and others who were anxious to bear a part in all that concerned the well-being of the Church.

Misconception and suspicion of the aims and objects of the Society arose as they were sure to do, so a statement was drawn up and issued in order to allay these suspicions and remove them from the mind of the public. This explained the aim of the Society to be, 'the study of the Liturgies, ancient and modern, of the Christian Church, with a view to the preparation and ultimate publication of certain forms of prayer for public worship, and services for the administration of the Sacraments, the celebration of marriage, the burial of the dead, etc.'

The society had no wish to go against 'the feeling of sincere attachment to the simplicity of our non-liturgical worship,' but there was an earnest desire on the part of its members for a more solemn, uniform, and devout form of worship than was always the case with our non-liturgical service. No liturgy has been introduced into the Church; but, by the publication of *Euchologion* —a Book of Common Order—now so widely used and appreciated, the society fulfilled most of its aims, and conferred lasting benefit upon the order of church services.

Speaking at the twenty-fifth meeting in 1889, after the Annual Breakfast, which has become a feature of the General Assembly time, and over which many men distinguished in Church and State have presided, Dr. Story said, referring to the development which had taken place in the last twenty-five years:

'There is no doubt whatever that the present aspect and character of the services of the Church of Scotland, as conducted in, probably, the unquestionable majority of the churches, is owing to the work of this Society . . . The work of this Society would have been impossible if it had not been supported by the sympathy and approbation of the Church at large, and what is perhaps still more important, of the nation at large. Our movement has been successful, because it has been emphatically a popular movement. The people have gone along with us to support us in everything we have attempted to do. When I look back to the earlier days of the Society, and look at this meeting, I cannot but feel how very great the change is. I remember when we began the Society —myself and two other friends—in a small back room in Glasgow. I remember when we first began to meet in Edinburgh in a small vestry. I remember how, on one occasion, the small vestry, owing to some mistake, was found to be locked, and we had to look about the High Street for any vacant chamber we could find. We were directed to one where Evangelical meetings were held on Sundays, and as the small and rather disconsolate band entered they were confronted by the inscription above the door of the hall: 'The wicked shall be turned into hell.' When I look at our present locality, our present numbers, I feel that such a meeting as this is one of the most emphatic testimonies that can be borne to the great progress the Society has made.'

The late Duke of Argyll was President of the Society at this date, and was to have addressed this meeting, but, owing to illness, was prevented from attending. He was long a member of the Society, and was one of the first of the laity in Scotland to take interest in the improvement of the worship of the Church.

On Dr. Lee's death a certain number of the congregation wished Mr. Story to be his successor, knowing Dr. Lee's friendship for him, and believing that he would carry on his work in the Church on the same lines. Some of his friends urged upon him 'the desirability that another man of liberal ecclesiastical opinion' should be in Edinburgh for the sake of the cause, and pointed out that he could serve the Church better there than at Rosneath. He did not, however, formally become a candidate, as it was evident that the majority was in favour of appointing Dr. Robert Wallace, then at Trinity College Church; also a friend of Dr. Lee's, and one of his ablest and most loyal defenders in the Church Courts. When, in 1877, Dr. Wallace was appointed to the Chair of Church History, Mr. Story's name was again brought forward in connection with Old Greyfriars, but the matter went no further.

In November, 1868, Mr. Story began to write the *Memoir of Dr. Lee*, which he had undertaken at Mrs. Lee's request, and which was finished in the following May and published in the autumn. Dr. Wallace had made the suggestion that 'a Life of Lee, weaving in a history of ecclesiastical affairs during his time, and written from a well-informed Broad Church point of view, would be a successful thing,' and this was the idea which was followed out. Mrs. Oliphant was again his literary confidant and critic. He writes to her on 25th November:

'Very many thanks for your note received yesterday. It was very good of you to speak to Blackett about my proposed book, and I shall write to him soon on the subject. I am working at it now, and getting on tolerably,

I think. But I wish I could have your criticism on that head. I think the book should sell moderately well, for though in general circles in England people may not know about Dr. Lee, yet he was known to a good many beyond Scotland who are interested in Church questions, and in Scotland *everybody* knew about him.'

*To Mrs. Oliphant.*

'ROSNEATH, 8th January, 1869.

'I begin to believe in human perfectibility when I see how good you are, Madonna. It is very kind of you not only to read what I have written, but to criticise it, and to criticise it knowing as you do my amiability under criticism. As you don't like to be thanked, however, I shall say no more on that score, but offer a few remarks in reply to your objections, which are three :

'1. I thought—knowing that anticipations of the end spoil the effect of the beginning—that I had avoided such. But I shall adopt your advice, and cut any out that are there. I agree and submit.

'2. As to the Free Kirk. We are feeble creatures, but I was under the impression that I had written with preternatural mildness. What *do* you mean by saying I am polemical and angry ? And there *is* no more of it than a chapter, except a reference here and there . . . You must concede a little asperity in the matter of the Free Kirk. It would not be my book, or indeed a reflex of Lee, without it.

'3. As to a sketch of Campsie and its people. It is a hundred years since I was there, but if the rain would stop I should go up and renew my recollections of it and them. I felt that the narrative wanted this, and shall attend to it. Do you suppose that Blackett wants to see the MS., or will he be content to take your word for it ? If he wants to see it, I should like him to do so. If not, I should like it back—to overhaul, as you suggest.'

Another friend to whom the proofs of the Life were submitted was Skelton, and while in his possession they

narrowly escaped sharing the same fate as the first volume of Carlyle's *French Revolution!*

*From Mr. Skelton.*

'My dear Story,—I return the second volume. I like the whole very much. Your part is very well done, and—if people will take the trouble to read them—the speeches are very characteristic of Lee . . . When at Sandford your proofs disappeared one day. No one had seen them, until at last a housemaid was induced to admit that she had taken them away—as waste paper! On recovering them it was found that some six pages near the end were wanting, and though search was made everywhere they could never be found. I hope this won't put you to any inconvenience. I am exceedingly sorry about it; pray accept my apologies.

'Yours very truly,

'JOHN SKELTON.'

Dr. Lee's true character had been so much misunderstood and obscured by the perpetual strife in which he was engaged that the Life came as a revelation to many people. One writes: 'I have read your Life of Lee with great interest. It raises his character immensely in my estimation. I had no idea he was so devout and tender-hearted a man.' And another: 'Dr. Lee's Diary will take many by surprise . . . I wish you had given us a little more of it; it shows how tender a heart and how pious a spirit were concealed by his caustic manner from the rude gaze of his enemies.'

The reviews of the Life are a curious illustration of the way in which a critic's personal opinions on a debatable subject colour his impartial judgment of a book dealing with that subject. Thus, one who is quite out of sympathy with either Dr. Lee or his biographer, writes that the book is 'tediously lengthy,' and that 'Mr. Story has yet to learn the rudiments of the literary art.' Another, writing from the opposite ecclesiastical standpoint, declares that he has 'invested a subject affording great temptations to dryness with unflagging interest,' and describes him as a 'graceful and scholarly writer'!

The book cannot be fairly described as 'tedious,' but it

is undoubtedly too long. Neither has it the charm and picturesque interest of the *Memoir* of his father. But it gives fully and vividly the history of the struggle for an improved worship, a struggle which it is curious and interesting to look back upon now that things are so different, and that the battle has been fought and won. There is no doubt that in the struggle much unlovely and uncharitable feeling was exhibited, and it would have been almost impossible that this should not be reflected in the book. That the author felt this he shows in writing to Mrs. Oliphant:

'I believe you will be down upon me more than before for bitterness of spirit, but how can one speak of Dr. M. and such like without ill temper?'

Dr. Lee was his friend, and he felt very keenly, after going through the diaries and letters, how the constant small-minded opposition to almost everything which Dr. Lee tried to do, had embittered his life and eventually sapped his strength, as a continual dropping wears the stone; and what Mr. Story felt keenly it was impossible for him to pretend to conceal. In those days, and for some time after, he had to bear his own share of criticism and obloquy for the liberal attitude he took up, not only on questions of worship, but on subjects affecting the doctrine and government of the Church and its relation to the people; and it is strange now to see how many of the 'lost causes' which he championed, along with a small, sometimes a *very* small, minority of his brethren, have in the course of forty years come to be almost unanimously believed in and adopted by the Church. It is an honourable, though at the time a thankless, task to take the part of pioneer in helping to form or to guide aright public opinion on any important question.

In order still further to perpetuate the memory of Dr. Lee and his services to the Church, it was resolved in 1884 to found a lectureship, which provided for the delivery of a lecture by a clergyman or layman of the Church of Scotland on some subject connected with

the worship and ritual of the Church, the lecture to be given yearly (latterly every third year) in St. Giles' Cathedral. That his influence had reached far beyond the immediate circle of his friends and disciples is shown by the following letter from Sir George Grove, late President of the Royal College of Music:

'21st July, 1884.

'Dear Dr. Story,—I am a very poor man, but I am very glad to give the enclosed small contribution to the Robert Lee Lectureship Fund, if you will kindly accept it.

'I was in Glasgow in the year 1840, and remember going to a lecture by the 'Rev. Robert Lee of Campsie' on the Improvement of the Mind, or some such title. It was held in one of the churches. Among other books which he urged upon us was a book which he thought we had probably never heard of. 'You know Coleridge as a poet, but few of you will know him as the author of the *Aids to Reflection*.' Stimulated by this advice I went to Bryce the publisher in Glasgow and found that a new edition had been just published by Pickering. I was very impecunious, but Bryce allowed me to pay so much a week, and this was my introduction to a book which became the foundation of my intellectual life—such as it is.

'You see that I have reason to be grateful to Lee, and that is one reason for my being sorry to give so little to his Lectureship Fund.

'With kind regards,

'Yours ever truly,

'G. Grove.'

The first lecture was delivered by Dr. Story in April, 1886, on 'The Reformed Ritual in Scotland.' The history of the Church's ritual was traced from the Reformation to the present day, and its true value placed upon Dr. Lee's work in restoring some, at least, of the ancient usages. With regard to the results of that work the lecturer says:

'The foundation of the Church Service Society, whose *Book of Common Order* is now so generally used, was one result of Dr. Lee's bold and sagacious policy of reform. The preparation and adoption by the Assembly of the *Scottish Hymnal*, which has so enriched our services, and for which we are mainly indebted to

Dr. Boyd, was another. But these achievements, and all other advances on the line of reverent and decorous ritual, were but proofs that, in doing the work he did, Dr. Lee had, with a true instinct, discerned the needs of the time, and had taken the lead in what, despite all ecclesiastical opposition, was really a great popular movement. Many forces contributed to make that movement in a few years all but universal throughout the Church in the Lowlands, and traceable even in some parts of the Highlands. There was the ever-growing consciousness of recovered strength and of well-secured liberty, which began with the second decade after 1843. There was the expanding culture of the educated classes, with the deeper sense of the religious value of art, which Mr. Ruskin had done so much to inculcate. There was the brighter and clearer theological atmosphere, which the doctrine of John Macleod Campbell and his disciples had purged of its former Calvinistic gloom. There was the enthusiasm of many young men, both of the clergy and laity, who sought to make the national Church more adequate to all the wants of the nation, and more attractive than hitherto, alike in its teaching, its worship, and its administration, to the mass of the people. And so the work went on; and let us hope will continue to go on, as heretofore, calmly and surely.

'We still need reform, and all that we require can be attained without any violation of the Church's law, or departure from ancient usage. We ought to have, as our reforming fathers had, the public rehearsal of our articles of belief. We ought to have the universal response of Amen at all the prayers. We ought to have daily prayer in our towns and populous places. We ought to have the commemoration of the great events of our Lord's birth, death, resurrection, and ascension, which alone, of the points I have named, was dropped by Knox, in his transference of the ritual and order of the Huguenots from Geneva to Scotland. These reforms, and others, will no doubt be attained in time, and all the sooner the more we are careful to read the history of our past, and to learn the lesson of its failures and its successes.'

Mr. Story's own share in furthering the movement for reform of worship was no small one. He carried on the work inaugurated by Dr. Lee, and both in speech and writing strove to recommend it to the mind and conscience of the Church. He was one of the founders of the Church Service Society, as we have seen; and he took

a large part in helping to draw up the prayers in *Eucho-logion*, his fine sense of 'that ripe fulness and venerable gracious stateliness, which shed a solemn yet kindly and familiar air—as of faint incense, or of mellow music—around the ancient liturgies,' being of much value. He was an active member of the Hymn Committee, and took a deep interest in the compilation of the Hymnal. The Hymnary of later days he looked on as a sad falling away from its predecessor, much too cumbersome as a collection, and in many ways most unsuitable for congregational use. The plea that the use of a joint Hymnal might assist in bringing about the much-talked-of union between the Churches, seemed to him peculiarly shallow and futile. Singing the Psalms of David in common had not prevented schism in the Church, and how the breach was to be healed by singing 'human hymns' in common he could not see. His ideal was to have a simple, dignified, well-ordered service, suitable to the Church and the congregation, and expressive of their needs and aspirations. This he strove after with no little success in his own parish church, giving there a practical demonstration of how his ideas of seemliness in worship could be carried out simply and naturally, with no over-elaboration of detail, yet with all things 'done decently and in order.'

## CHAPTER V

### HOME LIFE

The year 1863 was for two reasons an important one in Mr. Story's life. It was the year of his marriage, and it was also the year in which, for the first time, he was returned as a member of the General Assembly by the Presbytery of Dunbarton. For the first few years he was sent up in the ordinary rotation, being a member in 1867, 1871, and 1875; but from 1877 onwards he was a perpetual member. When his connection with the Presbytery of Dunbarton was broken by his leaving Rosneath, he became an elder in the Parish Church of Hillhead, and continued to sit in the General Assembly as an elder, representing the University of Glasgow. Altogether, he was a member of Assembly for thirty-three years.

From the very first year of his being sent up as a member of the General Assembly, Mr. Story showed his practical interest in the affairs of the Church by taking part in the debates. Very often he was in opposition to the general feeling of the house, and to the views of the 'Fathers,' though some of the 'Brethren,' younger and more progressive, would support him; but he was never deterred, by fear of being in what he once called 'an enormous minority,' from expressing his opinion in discussions which he felt might lead to action vital or hurtful to the best interests of the Church. He believed that a loyal Churchman's duty lay not only in being a faithful minister in his own parish, but in taking an interest and,

as far as possible, an active part, in the larger life of the Church as a whole. In this way, he felt, the members of the Church were knit together by their common interests, and were able to strengthen the walls of the National Zion, and to stand shoulder to shoulder in her defence when her hour of trial should come; as well as to increase her power of useful work among all classes, to whom she should stand as a visible witness for God in the land, existing for the people, and by the people's will. Those who looked on her as less than this were in danger of betraying their trust, and throwing away a glorious heritage.

In the Assembly of 1863 he advocated the opening of the Edinburgh Botanic Gardens on Sunday—a project against which the Assembly proposed to petition Parliament, and though he won the support of the more broad-minded members, among others Professor Milligan of Aberdeen, his defeat was certain—the dread of a 'Continental Sabbath Day' looming large before the fathers and brethren. Both then, when he was in an unpopular minority, and later when more enlightened counsels prevailed, he ever advocated the Sunday opening of gardens and museums, and experience shows how clear-sighted he was in this, and how the privilege is now taken advantage of by the workers who have but that one day in which to enjoy what others can have at any time.

It was in Edinburgh during the Assembly time that he met his future wife, and in October, 1863, he married Janet Leith Maughan, daughter of Captain Philip Maughan, H.E.I.C.S. Their arrival at Rosneath was made the opportunity of giving the young couple a hearty welcome, and making the presentation of a gold watch and a purse of sovereigns to the minister. Though brought up in very different surroundings, Mrs. Story threw herself into the life of a Scottish manse, and was an able help-meet in all that concerned the welfare of the parish, winning the friendship and affection of all her husband's

friends and parishioners. The manse remained what Mrs. Oliphant had previously called it, 'a cheerful centre of youth and bright intelligence and pleasant kindness,' and its reputation for hospitality suffered no diminution at the hands of its new mistress. Naturally fond of society, she adopted her husband's friends as her own, and never allowed them to feel that their welcome at the manse was any less cordial than before his marriage, but only more so, because repeated by her. Old Mrs. Story, with her daughter and grandchild, settled at Kenmure Cottage, the little house built for herself about half-a-mile from the manse.

The minister in those days was perhaps more frequently called upon than now to settle differences of a secular kind between his parishioners, as well as to solve spiritual problems, and considerable knowledge and judgment were needed to arrive at an amicable adjustment of difficulties. The people soon found that young Mr. Story, like his father, was not a man to temporise between right and wrong, or to accept insincere excuses or feeble arguments. His opinion was sound, his verdict unhesitating, and they came to have the greatest respect for his judgment, and sought his advice and help in all their troubles. When anything went wrong they would come to the manse 'to see what Mr. Story would say'; and many a long colloquy was held in the little study, and many a burden lightened by sympathetic and sound advice before the anxious visitor went away.

In an old letter there is a reference to one case in which by his advocacy he had secured a sum of money for a woman whose husband had died as the result of an accident.

'I had a visit from poor Mrs. H., the burden of whose song was, 'If it hadna been for Dr. Story I wadna hae had naething.' Poor thing, she went over a great deal of her story, and I was nearly weeping in concert with her, altho' the narrative was not without its humorous points . . . She went from the infirmary to

Rosneath in her tale without any warning, and 'he' meant sometimes her husband, sometimes your Papa, and sometimes the farmer, so that I was a good deal perplexed. 'But Dr. Story was jist as thrawn as he was,' she said in a tone of great satisfaction, meaning he was as determined justice should be done to her as K—— was unwilling to do it.'

That their minister could be thus 'thrawn' in defence of the weak was often of advantage to his poorer neighbours, who without his support would sometimes have come off badly in their struggles. He was ever at their service in all their joys and sorrows, and well they knew how tender was his heart and how unfailing his sympathy for those in affliction. Many of the men and lads at Rosneath went to sea, some of them rising high in their calling, and becoming trusted captains of Atlantic liners; and one of his saddest duties was when he was called upon to go and break the news of a sailor's death to the widow and family at home. On one such occasion the man lost his life through the thoughtless foolhardiness of a passenger. It was very stormy, and everyone had been ordered below, but this lady insisted on staying on deck to watch the waves. Presently a huge wave broke on the deck, the captain made a dash at the lady, and thrust her into a place of safety, but was himself washed overboard and drowned. A telegram was sent to Mr. Story asking him to break the news to the wife, but when he got to the house he found she had lately been confined, and it was not possible to tell her. Hearing his voice at the door, however, she insisted he should come in, and then, as he was there and it was some distance from Rosneath, she suggested he should christen the baby. As she was anxious for it he consented, and the child was baptised then and there. At the end of the little ceremony the poor mother told him quietly that she knew her husband must be dead. She had guessed it from the wording of the prayer, in which, of course, he had been unable to refer to *both* parents bringing up their

child, but had only named the mother, and she had been quick enough to notice the omission.

At the same time the parochial visitation was by no means without its humorous side, and many quaint troubles as well as tragic ones were disclosed in the course of it. He was visiting a house one day where the grown-up daughter was ill, and the doctor had prescribed for her a hot bath. This unlooked for suggestion had thrown the family into a state of some perturbation, and the father explained the cause of the fuss, adding plaintively, 'I dinna see hoo it can be done. I havena a dish in the hoose that wad haud a wumman!'

One of the little colonies where extra services were held was at the Hill of Campsail, where there was a hamlet of small cottages inhabited by several picturesque old women and one or two other families. The cottages disappeared later to make room for the new farm, by which time most of the old women had ended their pilgrimage. They were the type who kept their Bibles wrapt in a clean handkerchief, with a piece of faded southernwood between the leaves; and as they were not able to make their way down to the church and up the hill again, they valued all the more the occasional services held specially for them, and were alertly critical of the way in which they were conducted. One of them remarked confidentially about a friend who was in the habit of coming to take this duty but had been absent for some time, that she and Grace had just been agreeing, that since they heard him last he was 'a deal livelier in his prayers!' Another who lived there for a time was a very strange person who usually had a lodger, and who always kept an unpleasantly numerous family of cats. One of the lodgers got ill, and was removed to Greenock Infirmary, and on his next visit the minister enquired how the man was getting on. 'Weel,' said Jean mysteriously, 'they tell me he's got a wild nesty leg. *I* think they've ta'en it aff him.' She seemed in some way anxious to appear in the reflected glory of an even remote con-

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nection with a person who had undergone an important operation.

There was, happily, by that time nothing like the amount of drunkenness with which Mr. Story's father had had to contend in his early days at Rosneath, and there was only one public-house instead of six. But now and then there would come a sort of outburst of drinking, and people became demoralised for a time. He did his best to put a stop to it, and for some time gave up taking any wine himself, in order the better to help the young men to keep their promise to abstain. On the whole matters improved very much, although there were always one or two incorrigible tipplers, and occasional lapses on the part of others who should have known better. One of the incorrigibles was a woman, always clean and tidy, always pleasant and polite when sober, but apparently quite unable to keep from straying in the direction of 'the Ferry.' Efforts were made time and again to keep Maggie on the straight path, but quite in vain. She ingenuously forestalled criticism by candidly admitting her shortcomings; and when at last her minister, wearied by the fruitlessness of the struggle, explained to her that if she continued to make herself a nuisance to her neighbours he would have to get her locked up, she exclaimed fervently, 'Eh, ye wad never dae that tae yer ain Maggie!' an appeal which seemed somehow to reduce the threat to an absurdity, she was so confident in the strength of it.

In those days Mr. Story rode a good deal, especially when visiting the more distant parts of the parish. It was a form of exercise he was very fond of, and it was particularly good for him, as he did not care much for walking merely for walking's sake. For many years he had a grey pony called Dick, an excellent beast, who, on one memorable occasion only, was known to behave badly. He took offence suddenly one day at something Principal Tulloch was trying to do, and, rising without warning straight up on his hind legs, brought one

of his hoofs down on the Principal's head, giving him a very nasty blow. Dick died on a Sunday morning, at the ripe age of thirty ; and after this Mr. Story began to go about more in a small pony phaeton, and rode less frequently. His last pony was a beautiful chestnut, sent to the manse by his owner to find a comfortable home and easy work for his declining years. He was always much attached to his animals, and very careful of them, took an active interest in the habits and welfare of the cow, and never forgot the pig, whom he looked upon as rather a humorous animal, and whose invariable name was Peter.

When he was from home at any time he would often send messages about things to be attended to in connection with the beasts, and the children were brought up strictly to be kind to them, to consider their feelings and attend to their peculiarities, and generally to live on neighbourly terms with all the animal world.

His letters abound in allusions to animals wherever he went, and some of his expressions show how accurate and sympathetic his observation was. Writing to one of the children, when on a visit to his friends the Purvises at Bruges, he describes a fair he has visited, and a family of animals he saw there; hitting off to the life the typical attitude of the cat, in a phrase that recalls Mr. Kipling. 'There was also what they called a Happy Family—a dog, and a cat, and a badger and a monkey, all living together in one cage. But the cat just sat alone in a corner and winked, and said nothing to nobody.'

He was greatly pleased one day when a robin, which had been getting very bold, came and perched on his foot as he sat smoking in the garden, and looked at him with a bright and trustful eye for some time before it flew away. He kept bees for a time, and rabbits, but the bees did not do well, and usually swarmed just at church time; and the rabbits were troublesome, and had now and then to be eaten, which was an affliction to the family. Last but not least came the dogs, a perfectly delightful succes-

sion of Skye terriers from the kennel of George Clarke, the Duke of Argyll's gamekeeper. Yellow they were, with black points; a race unfortunately extinct, for in almost no other breed are beauty, intelligence, good manners and companionableness so happily combined. Mr. Story was quite devoted to them, and used to say of them that they were 'perfect gentlemen.' He was never without one, and the last went with him to Glasgow and died there at the age of thirteen years, but was buried at Rosneath near the rest of his family. A successor was presented to him, who had been born in the College precincts, but who was not distinguished by the academic gravity of his demeanour. He was a very handsome dog, with an extraordinary amount of character, and was a great pleasure and interest to his master.

The manse garden was a delight to Mr. Story, and though not a great gardener he took as practical an interest in his flowers and vegetables as he did in his beasts, and he was well repaid. He always liked the place to look nice, and was energetic in pruning the shrubs, which grew in such luxuriance; sometimes *too* energetic, the family thought, and he had all a boy's love for a bonfire; but the shrubs prospered under the treatment, and so the critics were silenced. Here may be quoted part of a letter written to him by Professor W. B. Hodgson, after paying a visit to the manse:

'I gladly take this opportunity of expressing, however briefly and inadequately, the great delight with which, for the first time, I saw you in your own beautiful and happy home. I have carried away many mental photographs which will fade only as fades the brain on which they are registered. The sturdiest Voluntary, if he thought that disestablishment would involve the destruction of such homes as yours, might well turn from the evil of his ways. In any case it is the battle of your successors that you are fighting —the more to your honour—for your interests are safe, as I rejoice to think. Over the door of Hales' house his lordship inscribed suggestively the words from Horace, *Laudo Manentem* . . . Ignoring the ellipsis, I would in your case translate them, 'I congratulate the occupant of this manse.' Long may you be

spared to justify this congratulation! 'May your shadow never be less,' and shadow implies both substance and sunshine, both of which I hope may be yours in abundance.'

The first child was born at the manse in October, 1864, but only survived a few hours, and the death of this, the only son born to them, was a bitter grief and disappointment to both parents. Mr. Story was always fond of children, and his manner with them seemed to win their confidence. He never patronised them, but talked to them as if they were reasonable beings, and they usually responded and were perfectly natural with him. Some people who took a house at Rosneath one summer had a delightful little girl called Dolly, who quite lost her heart to him. She called him her 'Sweetheart,' and when taken down to the manse she would push the door open and run on by herself to the study calling for him, and however busy he was the writing had to be laid aside till Dolly's demands were satisfied. Some time afterwards she died, and during her illness she spoke constantly about him, showing how strong was the hold he had on her childish affections.

The entries in his diaries are very scanty, but convey a great sense of active intercourse with other people, and always against a background of quiet parish work, regular visiting and general oversight of his flock.

'8th July, 1864: Drove after early dinner round parish, tea at Mamore. Called at Sheriff Smith's.

'26th July: Miss Muloch came. Drove her by Peaton. E. Caird also here. Robertson and Miss Blackwood to dinner.

'14th September: Miss Muloch and party, Swan, Mr. and Mrs. Greenshields (Montreal), and Marjoribanks to lunch.'

Miss Muloch, afterwards Mrs. Craik, was the well-known authoress of *John Halifax, Gentleman*; Swan was Professor of Natural Philosophy at St. Andrews, who after he retired settled at Shandon, and used frequently to come over to the manse to see his old pupil, and to

enjoy some music, being himself a delightful singer. Mr. Marjoribanks was for some years tenant of Portkiln.

'19th September: Walked to see Gillies and Gibb. Called at Portkiln. Afternoon, after a bathe, drove J. and called at Barremman and Mrs. Hill's.'

Later in the autumn he and his wife paid a short visit to London and Aldershot, and to Wales, where he preached for the Vicar of Isycoed, Mr. Gobat, who was married to his wife's cousin. Shortly after his return he was admitted a Master Mason, his first connection with a society of which he was always a zealous member, rising in time to the 32nd Degree.

'17th January, 1865: Glasgow to meet Campbell and Lees.'

This meeting was in connection with the founding of the Church Service Society. Mr. Campbell, then minister of Eastwood, had been assistant to old Mr. Story, and subsequently minister of the new church at Craigrownie.

'25th January: Visited Clynder, and had a meeting at 7.

'17th February: To Greenock at 3. Dined with F. L. Robertson, and lectured.

'17th May: To Pollok. Lady Lucy, Miss Davidson, Erskine, and J. Macleod Campbell there.

'23rd May: Edinburgh—at Muirhead's—Assembly, Innovation Debate, etc. Friday at Musselburgh, with Tulloch, Peddie, and Muirhead.

'5th June: Tullochs came; Mr. Campbell and F. D. Maurice.

'10th June: Pollok—at Sir John's funeral.'

Thus in less than a month he returned to pay his last tribute to the kind friend who had been his host so short a time before, and in whose home he always found a warm welcome. Bishop Ewing, in one of his letters just after Sir John's death, writes: 'Polloc! To how many hearts, even now, will not its memory arise as that alas! of a fountain sealed and a garden closed—a garden whence

the flowers are all 'wede away'—a fountain of which the channel is dry . . . Although there be very many delightful residences in Scotland, and much delightful society, yet I can recall none that combine the charms of Polloc.' Pollok has lost nothing of this charm in the hands of the present generation, with whom, in after days, Mr. Story found a real pleasure in reviving the ancient friendship.

In June he and his wife and two of her cousins started off on a foreign trip, going first to Paris, where they spent about three weeks conscientiously seeing all the sights, from Notre Dame and the Tuileries to the Morgue and Père La Chaise, which he calls 'a wretched place.' They indulged in a little frivolity in the way of theatres, and saw various friends, among them Mrs. Oliphant, who was living near Bayeux. On their last Sunday in Paris he preached in the Scots Church. They then went on to Brussels, and by various stages to Wiesbaden, where the attractions of the Kursaal proved too strong for the younger members of the party, and they arrived at Rotterdam on their way home somewhat short of money. In this dilemma they bethought them of the minister of the Scots Church, but no one could direct them to him. At last, prowling along the street, they spied the familiar name 'Macfarlane' over a shop door, and this compatriot told them where the minister lived. He, to their dismay, was not at home, but his wife rose to the occasion and supplied the wayfarers with sufficient cash to continue their journey. When asked afterwards how she could be so trustful as to take the bare word of people whom she had never seen before, she replied, 'Who could look in those eyes and not feel sure that they could never deceive!' By a further misfortune they had lost the regular steamer home, and had to pursue their voyage in a steamer bound for Hull with a cargo of fruit, a transit fraught with horrors, which caused the whole party to look askance at *jam* for some time to come.

After their return the usual busy life was resumed, sermons, lectures, school examinations, meetings of Parochial Board, visits paid to the Andersons at Fairlie, the Wylies at Carluke, and James Grahame at Auldhouse, while people were always coming and going at the manse. This year he published, under the title of *Christ the Consoler*, a selection of 'Scriptures, Hymns, and Prayers for times of trouble and sorrow.' Many years afterwards, when he thought the book practically forgotten, he received a testimony to its helpfulness.

'I took up your book, *Christ the Consoler*, to-night,' his correspondent writes, 'and found in the preface just what I needed. The personal experience referred to in it touched my heart with comfort and hope, all the more that I seemed to see the Bow in the Cloud touching the Gareloch hills.

'As I spent ten years of my life as Free Church minister of —— in the days when you were at Rosneath, your words mingle themselves with happy memories of the past. I am grateful to you for what you have written, and for the message it has conveyed to me in a time of trouble.'

Two sorrows befell them in the early winter of this year. The first was the death, after a day's illness, of Captain Maughan, Mrs. Story's father. He had come to live at the manse a few months after their marriage, and remained there till his death, always on the happiest terms with his son-in-law, and a great favourite with all their neighbours. He had served in the Indian Navy, under the Honourable East India Company, and had done some notable survey work in the China Seas and the Persian Gulf. A very few weeks after Captain Maughan's death came the news of the death in China of Ludovic Dunlop. He was Mr. Story's favourite cousin and had been best man at his marriage, and his death was a great blow.

Another pleasant foreign trip took place in the spring of 1866, when Mr. Story went to Spain with Mr. Richardson, who lived at Hartfield, Cove, one of the

most generous friends he ever had. They sailed from the Clyde in Mr. Richardson's yacht, and after the first few days he enjoyed the trip immensely. Much as he loved the freedom and freshness of the sea he was not a great sailor, and was apt to be very wretched when the wind rose. Spain was a country, the romance of whose past appealed to him strongly, and Prescott's histories never failed to revive his interest in after years. At Cadiz he visited his cousin, Mr. Alexander Graham Dunlop, at that time Vice-consul, whose kind heart and courtly manners made him a great favourite in the family. He was the possessor of the historic thumb-screws with which Carstares had been tortured, about which Mr. Story many years later wrote a paper for the Archaeological Society of Glasgow.

Mrs. Oliphant returned to Scotland this year for the first time since her daughter's death, and came to Rosneath in the autumn to see the window which she had placed in the church to her memory.

About this time there is an entry in the diary which is suggestive of the difficulties in the way of his own work being carried on as he would wish: 'Writing—but a good deal interrupted by people out and in.'

This was a very general condition of things. His study door was never shut to the parishioner, or any other who came seeking advice or help. He could work wonderfully through it all, though occasionally moved to some slight exasperation when having, as he thought, seen the last of a rather garrulous elder at the front door, he returned from the gate to impart another idea which had struck him after departure. It was partly owing to this that he got into the habit of doing much of his writing late at night, as then only was he sure of being free from interruption. In one way he was very different from his father. He could abstract himself while other things were going on in the same room. His father was extremely sensitive to noise, and had an extra door put on to shut off from the rest of the house the little passage

which led to the study. This door was never used by Mr. Story, and the door of the study itself was invariably left a little bit ajar. The house noises never disturbed him, and he seemed to dislike the feeling of being shut up in his room. At the same time it was not conducive to serious work to have perpetual interruptions; and so the habit of writing late was formed and never given up, as when he went to Glasgow, his class not being an early one, there was no need for making any change.

## CHAPTER VI

### GENERAL ASSEMBLY—PATRONAGE AND EDUCATION BILLS

Mr. Story's second appearance as a member of the General Assembly was in 1867, but in 1864 he had acted as Depute-Clerk in place of Principal Tulloch, his first experience of that work to which he afterwards succeeded. The Principal was abroad, recovering from a serious nervous breakdown, and his friends were only too glad to do all in their power to ease his mind as to the duties he was obliged to lay aside. In this and the following years Mr. Story's interest centred chiefly, as we have seen, in the various ramifications of the Greyfriars' case, which finally came to an end in 1867.

In the Assembly of 1868 his only speech was from the bar of the Assembly in support of his Presbytery in the Craigrownie case. In one of the papers reporting this a description is given of him, which rather amusingly reflects the general impression made by his appearance at this time. 'Mr. Story is tall and of handsome figure. His head is large, and set up with a kind of supercilious air, reflecting outside the consciousness of large brain power within. Iron-grey hair, parted in the centre, and a full black beard complete his picture. His speech in the case was like the carriage of his head, easy and almost jaunty; and in powerful exposure of the worthlessness of the testimony against the defender, it far exceeded in ability the speeches of the professional pleaders.' In the *Memoir of Dr. Robert Wallace*, Sheriff Campbell Smith refers to

this speech as a notable one. 'I listened,' he says, 'for forty years to lawyers' oratory, the best procurable or at least the most fashionable, and the best speeches I ever heard in the General Assembly in Church cases were delivered by Dr. Story in the Craigrownie case and by Wallace in the Ormiston case, in favour of clergymen who, though prosecuted by the brethren of their respective Presbyteries in consequence of scandal due chiefly to dissenting optical illusion and petty parochial spite, were unanimously acquitted by the General Assembly, a jury of hundreds, and said by Lord Cockburn and some other supercilious persons to be a 'mob,' yet, nevertheless, to the best of my belief, the most enlightened and conscientious jury that acquits or condemns among civilised mankind.'

In the summer of 1868 Mr. Story undertook for a few weeks to conduct the services for the Church of Scotland at Heidelberg, a very pleasant duty to him, as he had a warm place in his heart for the old University town, and loved to recall his student days there. He enjoyed revisiting his old haunts, and seeing again some of the Professors he had known, who were still there. His sister and one of the members of the previous trip were with them this time, and they made the 'Prinz Carl' their headquarters, and between the Sundays made trips into Switzerland and the surrounding country, going up the Rigi, spending a day with the Walter Boyds at Schaffhausen, and visiting some of the picturesque places on the Rhine, which always appealed strongly to his feeling of romance. They met many friends, both new and old, the A. K. H. Boyds among others; and together they made the rather quaint excursions that lend variety to life at Heidelberg, driving to Wolfsbrunnen to eat 'lebende Forellen,' drinking goat's milk at the Molkencur, and going on donkeys up the Kaiserstuhl, an expedition whose memories furnished never-failing laughter as he described how one of the donkeys skilfully dislodged its rider, and the expression of horror and uncertainty on the

rider's face as she made the short and sudden transit from the donkey's back to the ground.

On the first Sunday he notes: 'Preached twice to small congregations.' But each Sunday after that the congregations increased, and on the last day both congregations and collections are reported 'good.' The beginning of August saw them at home once more. Great as was his enjoyment of all the pleasures and humours of foreign travel, he was always touchingly pleased to be at home again.

'1st August: Long train and late of reaching Glasgow. Home by 4. Thank God, baby and all well.' Similar entries occur frequently on his return after any lengthened absence, all showing the relief and thankfulness of his always rather anxious mind when the family were safe home and together again.

In the autumn they spent a few days in Galloway, staying first at Creetown with Dr. and Mrs. Johnston, Mr. Story preaching on the Sunday at Kirkmabreck, and then going on to visit his aunt, Mrs. Murray Dunlop, at Corsock, in the beautiful valley of the Urr. While there he made a pilgrimage on foot to Craigenputtock, to see the home of the great teacher whom he had so reverenced. He was very fond of this country, with its wide stretches of moorland, bounded by blue distant hill ranges, and the sense of freedom and openness that is its peculiar characteristic. It is haunted, too, by memories of the men of the Covenant, who preached and fought and sealed their testimony with their blood in many a den and on many a moorland in Galloway, and whose history in prose and verse always stirred his interest, as did the many martyrs' monuments, with their strange, fierce inscriptions, which he always made a point of seeing.

He was a great lover of nature, particularly of a romantic country of 'woods and waters,' with its endless variety of sun and shade, and also he loved the wide and rolling sea. Whatever in scenery was open, free, and fresh appealed to him. The narrow confinement of some

of the Swiss valleys and the still monotony of the German pine-forests were apt to depress him, and make him impatient to get out into the open, where there was a sense of space and something to be seen beyond; but he would sit for hours quite happily on the terrace at Heidelberg smoking, and gazing out over the plain, dotted with tiny villages, and in the evening twinkling with little lights; and on summer days, in the Highlands or at Dunbar, would watch the changing shadows on hill or water with quiet enjoyment, often with a passage from Wordsworth or Shelley on his lips. That he found in Nature more than many people will find or look for, he shows in much of his writing.

'Sometimes,' he says at a time of mourning, 'sometimes we hear of the healing and soothing power of Nature—of the almost divine influence that seems to dwell in the aspect and voice of the world that God has given us for our habitation. That is a tone of true feeling with which Kingsley sings:

> 'Far among the lonely hills,
> As I lay beside my sheep,
> Rest came down upon my soul
> From the everlasting deep.'

In the mountain solitude, by the margin of the great sea when all its waves are still, under the silent sky of night when all its depths are bare, the heart that is learning to suffer and be strong becomes conscious of a peace, a rest, the repose of an Almighty power, which is to the spirit as the cool hand is to the fevered and throbbing brow. They help us in some sort, through outward symbol, to enter into the secret of that '*Peace of God* which passeth all understanding.'

On his return home this autumn he celebrated the Communion for the first time in the little iron church at Kilcreggan, which had been opened during the summer, and where, after the shorter incumbency of Mr. Warren, the late Rev. John Stevenson fulfilled for thirty-five years a faithful and self-forgetting ministry. A further church

extension which occupied him a good deal about this time was the establishment of a chapel at Peaton, near the northern boundary of the parish on the Loch Long side, where there was now an increasing population. All this winter also he was busy writing the *Life of Dr. Robert Lee*, which he finished in May, and which meant a great deal of close work.

The summer of 1869 was as usual full of sociability, and many visits were made and received. After the Assembly the Tullochs came down to stay at the manse, the Principal having had another attack of illness this year; and they drove and rowed and made excursions, and also stayed together for a few days at Hartfield with Mr. Richardson, and at Skelmorlie with the Walter Boyds. The Edward Cairds were spending this summer at Oban, and a visit was paid to them there, where there were pleasant meetings with Professor Blackie, and the Riddells, old Heidelberg friends. The holiday ended with a week of golf at St. Andrews, in the congenial company of the Boyds and the Tullochs, while the satisfaction of winning his last match did something to counteract the discomforts of a rough passage from Burntisland, with the poor baby sick and everyone wretched, there being no Forth Bridge in those days to make the journey less formidable.

Mr. Story's friendship with A. K. H. B. dated from his college days, when Boyd was assistant to Dr. Stevenson of St. George's, Edinburgh, and ever after Dr. Boyd was one of his closest correspondents. They had much in common, their love for the Church, their desire for a more orderly ritual, and very emphatically their happy faculty for seeing the humorous side of many things, which without it would have been merely occasions for boredom or annoyance. They were both ardent members of the Hymn Committee, in which Dr. Boyd was the leading spirit; and along with the good results of their labours, they managed to extract a considerable amount of amusement from the unconscious humours of that and many other committees on which they served together.

Another, whose name we find mentioned for the first time this winter, and who became a very intimate friend, was the late Dr. Burns of Glasgow Cathedral. His shrewdness, his quaint humour, and his kind heart made him always a welcome guest; and when he and Boyd and Story were together there was usually much mirth and mischief in the party, which sometimes found vent in very frivolous but very entertaining versification. It was on a visit to Dr. Burns at Phesdo some years later than this that they amused themselves by concocting the 'Portraits in Pitch,' which were afterwards anonymously published,[1] along with a number of ballads on special occasions, to the delight of many and the indignation of others, whose propriety was shocked and whose sense of humour was small. Mr. Story was credited with the larger share, but the three friends had each a hand in the production, beginning thus with each other:

'There was a good Christian called Burns,
Who was parson and sportsman by turns,
Either text, rod, or gun
He could handle like fun,
This regular brick of a Burns.

'There was a keen party called Story,
Whose hymns were sanguineous and gory;
Mactattle he flayed,
And Humming he made
To bless the cognomen of Story.

'There was a divine by name Boyd,
As true as the best aneroid,
Who wrote prose and verse
In style clear but not terse—
And gave pleasure to men unalloyed.

'There was a right reverend body
That was said to be fond of its toddy:
When it met once a-year
Its proceedings were queer
And seemed as inspired by Tom Noddy.'

[1] Under the title *Nugae Ecclesiasticae*, edited by the Rev. Jabez Gilead.

It will be divined that in this last verse irreverent allusion is made to the meetings of the General Assembly; but it is better to quote no more, for the day for these things is past, and the jokes are now too obscure to be appreciated except by a chosen few. The rest will be in the condition of the man who 'during one of Dr. Guthrie's most humorous discourses was sitting as grave as Rhadamanthus, and on being asked why he did not laugh, responded that he did not belong to the parish.' For much the same reason the humour of the 'Portraits in Pitch' would probably prove, as their editor himself says, 'inadequately amusing' to most people now-a-days.

In the spring Mr. and Mrs. Story had a very delightful trip to Rome, which he had visited long before. On this occasion Mrs. Story's brother, Mr. W. C. Maughan, was living in Rome, and they had many friends there who hospitably entreated them. They had also joined on their way Dr. Matthew Rodger of St. Andrews and his wife, with whom they enjoyed doing many of the sights of Rome.

In 1871 Mr. Story preached the annual sermon for the Sons of the Clergy, having been for some years a member of the society.

The Glasgow Society of the Sons of Ministers of the Church of Scotland—to give it its full title—was inaugurated in the year 1790. The founders were thirty-three in number, members of the University, ministers, merchants, citizens of Glasgow, Dr. Thomas Reid, Professor of Moral Philosophy, being its first president. Its aims were expressed in its first prospectus as 'being aiding to the children of deceased ministers in distress,' which object it has most fully and successfully carried out. The confidence then expressed that the charity, 'while it alleviates the distress of individuals will be beneficial to the commonwealth,' has been justified.

It has brought together in friendly and charitable association a company of Scotsmen distinguished in many prominent walks of life, far divided from the peaceful

scenes of their early years, where the minister's little boy played among the gooseberry bushes in the manse garden, and sat in the familiar pew joining in the simple worship in the old kirk.

Moderators of General Assembly, Principals of Universities, artists, lawyers, soldiers, writers, a long and distinguished list testifies to the brotherhood that is cemented by the common memories of a Scottish manse.

Every year a president of the society is elected who must be a son of the manse, though not necessarily a minister, and many distinguished men have held this office. Each spring a service is held, and thereafter a business meeting at which the applications for help are considered, and in the evening the 'sons' dine together. A time-honoured observance is the presence at the annual sermon of some of the magistrates of the city of Glasgow, who, attended by the municipal halberdiers, head the little procession which marches from the Merchants' House to St. George's Church, on the steps of which a knot of wives and daughters always watch for their advent before entering the church to join in common praise and prayer. Dr. Story always took a very deep interest in the prosperity of the society, knowing well the good it was quietly and sympathetically doing, and holding it a duty of all sons of the manse to support it to the best of their ability.

The president in the year 1871 was Dr. Barclay, Principal of the University of Glasgow, but owing to bad health he was unable to preside at the dinner, and his place was taken by Mr. Adam Paterson, LL.D., Dean of the Faculty. It is interesting to note that Mr. Story proposed the toast of the University of Glasgow, to which in after years he was so frequently called upon to reply.

A question which had for some years been exercising the minds of most people who had the Church's welfare at heart, was the amendment of the existing law of patronage. While in some cases the system worked very well, as in the case of Rosneath for example, where

the patron took a sympathetic and intelligent interest in the affairs of the parish and the requirements of the people, in other cases it might work very badly. Too often the patron cared little or nothing for the interests of the Church, and never troubled to realise his responsibilities with regard to it.

'For some years the impression had been growing in the Church that something must be done to amend the existing law of the settlement of ministers. Some persons advocated a change, in the hope of luring back the dissenters, whose origin lay in the wrongs of patronage. Others took the higher ground of arguing for it on the Church's own behalf; inasmuch as the present law impaired her respectability and usefulness, tended to alienate the affection and confidence of the people, and was the notorious cause, as often as a disputed settlement occurred, of a protracted, expensive, and scandalous process before the Church Courts. While this process was going on, the parish in which it originated was necessarily kept vacant; the time of the clergy, obliged to attend constant meetings of Presbytery, was ruthlessly wasted, and the public, supplied with graphic newspaper reports of the proceedings, was now amused, now scandalised, by the evidence led, the temper exhibited, and the results arrived at. The old law of the Church . . . had been that any parishioner might lay before the Presbytery objections to a Presentee's 'life, literature, or doctrine'; and of these the Presbytery were to judge. The Act of 1843 [the Aberdeen Act] authorised objections on *any* ground personal to the presentee, and took into view the 'number and character of the objectors.' It hereby opened a much wider range of objection and of proof, and empowered the Church Courts to deal with two essentially incongruous elements of judgment—the objections in themselves, and the number and character of the objectors. The law was thus made vague instead of clear, by Lord Aberdeen's Act, which entirely belied the promise of its title, 'An Act to remove doubts respecting the admission of ministers to benefices.' Dr. Lee had brought the question forward in the Assembly of 1859, and in the Presbytery of Edinburgh proposed an appeal to Parliament to re-consider the Act of 1843, in the belief that its repeal would help to do away with many of the grievances complained of. 'But the Church Courts were possessed with a great dread of Parliament, and again and again refused to entertain the proposal that it should be appealed to . . . By-and-bye he gained a

majority to his side in his own Presbytery in the discussions on the Aberdeen Act and patronage; and these became leading subjects of debate in every General Assembly.'[1]

In 1866 the Assembly took the step of appointing a committee to consider the subject, and report to next General Assembly. In April, 1869, Mr. Story describes the committee as 'incubating still'; but the result of the debate on the subject in that year's General Assembly was that by a large majority patronage was condemned, and it was resolved to petition Parliament for its abolition. Mr. Gladstone's Government was then in power, and was not likely to take much active interest in the matter, owing to the necessity of conciliating their dissenting supporters in Scotland, who were opposed to the measure. Local committees were formed to agitate for the abolition of patronage, and try to induce Parliament to take it up; and early in 1871 Mr. James Baird, who was a member of the local committee formed in Glasgow, wrote to Mr. Story, asking him to allow his name to be added to this committee. While desiring to see some alteration and improvement of the existing law, Mr. Story was not in sympathy with the manner of the agitation being carried on, and declined to join the committee, explaining in a letter to Mr. Baird his reasons for doing so.

'1. Although anxious to see Lord Aberdeen's Act altered or abolished, and patronage so far modified as to render unacceptable settlements impossible, I am not prepared to advocate the entire abolition of patronage.

'2. I see no strong popular movement throughout the country for this abolition. The movement which has been originated is clerical rather than popular, and its promoters appear to aim at producing a certain effect on the Dissenters more than at meeting an urgent want of the Church itself.

'3. Supposing the conciliation of the Dissenters were a sufficient motive for abolishing patronage, the results—if that abolition were effected—would be found entirely unsatisfactory, as what they desire is not so much a change of the law of patronage (to which the Church might assent without disestablishment), as an assertion

[1] *Life of Dr. Lee*, by R. H. Story.

of 'spiritual independence' (to which it could not commit itself and retain its present position in relation to the State).

'4. The interests involved in the abolition of patronage affect so strongly and intricately the connection of Church and State that I deem it dangerous for the Church to adopt a course of action in which it is not assured of the support of the Legislature, and in regard to which the designs of the Government of the day are little understood.

'5. I feel no confidence in the policy of the Church in this matter as indicated by the majority of last General Assembly. That majority, by a single vote, resolved that the constitution of the Church ought to be entirely changed, by the power of patronage being transferred from the existing patrons to the communicants. The exercise of patronage by *these* is therefore, I presume, the end desired by those who agitate against the present system. The root objection to such a plan is plain; it sectarianises the Church, and reduces the minister chosen by these patrons from the position of minister of a parish to that of minister of a congregation. It affords no room for the representation of the general interests of a parish in the election of a parish minister, and in the case of congregations reduced to a small 'rump' by adverse circumstances (an inefficient ministry, for example), it paves the way for serious abuses in the discharge of a great trust by a few irresponsible agents.'

Mr. Story's own view at that time seems to have been that the safest plan would be to leave the patronage in the hands of the heritors, who in the majority of cases would be men in a better position to judge of the suitability of a certain minister for a certain parish than the general body of the congregation, who might be swayed by casual impressions, and have no means of correcting those impressions until the minister was fairly settled among them.

The Duke of Argyll was prepared to bring in a bill dealing with the question, but owing to the change of Government this was abandoned. In 1874, under Mr. Disraeli's Government, a bill was finally introduced by the Duke of Richmond to abolish patronage and vest the election of ministers in the communicants and adherents of the church.

For some years Mr. Story had been in communication

with the Duke of Argyll about various alternative suggestions, and in May the Duke writes to him:

*From the Duke of Argyll.*

'INVERARAY, 27th May, 1874.

'I have an insuperable objection to ratepayers as the constituency on every ground, theoretical and practical. The imposition of such a franchise by the State would be received with shouts of triumph by the F. Church and the Voluntaries. 'See what you have come to at last,—men of every religion, and of no religion all equally entitled to the most important privilege of church membership!' But you suggest 'All Protestant Communicants,' well, this requires a new statutory definition of Protestantism, Scotch Episcopalians often revile the very name, are they Protestants? I see no other amendment than the simple one of reverting to the old constitutional word 'Congregation.' This is the word always used in the older Acts of Parliament, and of Assembly, and of the Books of Discipline.

'Of course, in those days (1) all parishioners were presumed to be members of the congregation, and (2) all members of the congregation were presumed to be Communicants. But, still, the old word avoids Parliament's appearing to make Communion a test, and it could leave the Church to define congregation . . .

'The Church is anxious (*now*) to include all who either actually are, or desire to be, of the 'Congregation.' This is all that can be given.

'I have no objection to the plan of 1690. Heritors and Session PROPOSING, with veto in the *Congregation*. But this veto is essential to avoid worse 'intrusions' than any before.'

The Duke of Richmond's Bill was carried, and the Church accepted it as the best solution of a difficult problem that was perhaps possible. Popular election is not, however, entirely without its scandals, any more than patronage was, and it remains open to doubt whether it would not have been wiser to have had, as Dr. Story suggested, a smaller electing body.

*To Rev. Dr. Sprott.*

22nd July, 1874.

'Except for three weeks in June when I returned home, I have been in England since the first week of

May. I met a number of very pleasant and interesting people; among the clergy, Stanley, Howson and the Bishop of Exeter in particular. I heard some very good preaching, but what I heard from the Ritualists was intellectually very weak. I saw that this patronage business, whatever else it may do, will break the remaining links of interest and connection between our Church and those of the *Broad* and old constitutional party in the English Church, who respect the national traditions and position of ours. I don't know that those links were of much practical value, but they were of at least as much as any equivalent the Bill has to offer from other quarters.'

Another question in which Mr. Story took an active interest was the proposed introduction of an Education Bill for Scotland. The parish school system in Scotland had been justly famed for the excellence of its results, and the education imparted by the masters was often of an exceptionally high standard. With the increase of population, however, and the rapid growth of the towns, it was felt that something more was needed in the way of organisation than was provided by the old system. The subject was under discussion for several years, and in 1866 we find Mr. Story speaking in the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr on the Bill then being introduced in Parliament, and in particular on the clause dealing with religious instruction. He urged that this teaching should be moral rather than doctrinal, and based on Scripture rather than on the 'ponderous propositions of the Shorter Catechism,' which very few children could possibly understand. The result of this debate is almost comically typical of his position in those days. After giving the number who voted for the resolution, the report goes on to say: 'Mr. Story alone appeared for the amendment, the mover and seconder having quitted the Synod in order to catch the evening train!'

This Bill having been rejected, partly owing to the opposition it excited, another was introduced by the Lord

Advocate (Moncrieff) in 1871. In it he proposed to deal with the religious difficulty by saying nothing about it. The people would settle it for themselves, as they had always done; for to prohibit religious teaching would be to do violence to the feelings of the country.

Far from accepting this as satisfactory, the leaders of the Church prepared to offer a strong opposition to the Bill, and to maintain at all costs the necessity that religious instruction must be provided in the schools, and on strictly dogmatic lines. Some years before, in giving evidence before the Education Commission, Dr. Robert Lee had spoken strongly in favour of the separation of religious and secular education, declaring that the religious education would be much better given by the minister and the parent, but this view was received with little sympathy at the time, and had subsequently gained few adherents. Mr. Story's feeling was that the outcry against the Bill was largely a matter of sentiment merely, and that it would be a mistake to reject it for the second time.

*To Dr. Sprott.*

'ROSNEATH, 18th March.

'. . . As for overtures to the Assembly, I am afraid this year I have hardly time to give to much of that sort of thing; and what I am most anxious to do if I can get to Presbytery and Synod is to help the Education Bill, which I am afraid the short-sighted politicians of the Church are going to oppose, thereby doing the Dissenters' work and playing into their hands. The Bill is a very good one save in one or two small details, and if we help to reject it the Dissenters will rejoice and next time get one much more to their mind.'

The Bill was hotly discussed in the General Assembly. Dr. Cuningham of Crieff spoke in favour of it, not as being a perfect Bill, but probably the best they could get; and urged the Church not to oppose it on the ground that the provision made for religious instruction was inadequate, or they might get a Bill in which no provision

was made at all. He was supported by Mr. Story, who suggested as a way out of the difficulty that the 'State should impart the secular and the Church should impart the religious instruction.'

If it was admitted that the churches could not, then it seemed to him 'a lame and impotent conclusion to a great deal of the religious talk of the day.' He urged again that the religious instruction of the children should be based on the simple teaching of the Bible, let doctrine and science come later if they must.

'He confessed he should look with great apprehension on the development of national character which might be evolved under a purely secular and scientific system. He would say with all earnestness, 'God help the unfortunate child in whose education the records of the chalk or the annals of the slime should take the place of the Songs of Zion and the Parables of Galilee.' He would teach what amount of science he could, but while he had the control of the children in the school he would keep their hearts pure by higher thoughts, and their young minds open to considerations nobler than any that science could teach them. Give them as much geography, or natural history, or botany, as was possible, but along with that give them the plain Saxon of the old Book, which addressed all men as spiritual creatures, girt with mystery, heirs of eternal kingdoms, subjects of a moral discipline, children of one Father, creatures made in their Creator's divine and eternal image. Later in life, if they could digest the theory and accept the evidence, let them come to believe in the ancestral ape, who lived up a tree and wore out his tail by sedentary habits; but while they were young, while they were still wandering through the wonderland of boyhood and girlhood, leave them the belief in the earth as the work of the Creator, and in all they saw around them as the expression of the goodness and bounty of God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth.'

The resolution disapproving of the Bill was carried by a large majority.

Next year, however, the Bill became law, leaving the question of religious instruction to be decided by the managers of the public schools; and stating that as it had hitherto been the custom that religious instruction should

be given in the schools the managers should be at liberty to continue the custom.

In March, 1873, the first meeting of the new School Board took place at Rosneath, and Mr. Story was appointed chairman, an office which he held until he left the parish. The Board, when accepting his resignation in 1887, expressed their sense of the tact and judgment with which he had fulfilled the duties of chairman. His fairness in dealing with the business was always acknowledged.

In the Assembly of 1871 we find Mr. Story speaking for the first time on a subject with which he afterwards greatly identified himself, the use of military churches by Presbyterian soldiers, and asking for information as to the rights of these soldiers to the use of churches built by Parliamentary grant at various stations in England, which rights he understood had not been recognised. He also gave voice this year to a growing feeling of dissatisfaction among the younger clergy with the way in which appointments to the Moderatorship were made. Writing in January to Dr. Sprott he had said :

'In reference to the protest against the present selection of the old Moderators, I omitted to mention one reason for it which appears to me a strong one—that every bad choice they make tends to reproduce itself by adding another ill-qualified elector to the small junta which elects, and which will grow in indifference to the public opinion of the Church if this opinion never asserts itself . . . I think the whole system of nomination as now practised is bad, and inconsistent with the freedom of the Assembly and the parity of Presbyters . . . I don't like going against the old Moderators either, but if they make so fatal a blunder as this, they must be taught that the Church at large has no intention of delegating her own power of selection to them unless they use it wisely.'

His friend, Mrs. Wylie, writes to him in May : 'Dr. Wylie goes to town on Thursday. He is not a member, you know, and my firm belief is that he is going in to

enjoy your remarks on the Moderatorship. No doubt they will be *pungent*.' Their pungency, and the evidence given of strong feeling on the subject from other quarters, he believed had an effect in rousing the ex-Moderators to a more careful exercise of their power of selection. 'No doubt,' he says, 'it is difficult for them to choose among contending claims, and these are numerous, for we believe every minister of the Kirk of thirty years' standing is fully persuaded in his own mind that the next choice ought to fall on him'; and he pictures the elderly parsons button-holing in the lobbies those leaders who are likely to have influence on the fateful day of nomination, and the disappointment with which they return, 'prophesying evil to the Church, to their proper folds.'

## CHAPTER VII

### PASTOR AND TEACHER

An event of deep interest to the inhabitants of Rosneath, and the west of Scotland generally, was the marriage this spring of the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne. Mr. Story was one of those bidden to the Royal wedding, and was joined in London by Principal Tulloch. The marriage took place at Windsor on the 21st of March, 1871.

'We reach Windsor,' he writes, 'about 11.30, and find Royal carriages in waiting. But a good many of the Queen's guests prefer to walk the short way from the station to the chapel . . . We pass into the outer chapel and then are ushered into the choir. At the upper end is the altar, and on each side of it the Haut Pas, furnished with seats and stools. Down the sides extend the stalls of the Knights of the Garter, banner crowned, and in front of these are two rows of stalls where the guests are to sit. They gradually settle into their places, and we recognise many well-known forms and countenances. The inscrutable Asian mystery comes in, leans against the door for a few minutes inspecting the scene through his eyeglass, then stalks to his seat beside Lady Beaconsfield. Mr. Forster appears ill at ease in the Windsor uniform; and there is Mr. Lowe, twitching his white eyebrows over this new step in the democratic descent . . . Principal Tulloch is there in the handsome robes of the Vice-Chancellor of St. Andrews, and exhibits in well-fitting tights a pair of legs which entirely demolish those

of the Bishop of Winchester, whose calves are the pride of the Bench of Bishops . . . In a minute or two after the company, which had risen to receive the royal family, had resumed their seats, the Vice-Chamberlain advanced, leading up Lord Lorne, accompanied by Earl Percy and Lord Ronald Leveson Gower, to his place on the left of the altar. The Marquis was dressed in the rather quiet uniform of the Argyleshire artillery, and behaved remarkably well. He walked up with quiet dignity, and stood waiting for the bride during a very trying eight minutes, and a much more successful attempt than usual to look as if he did not know that everybody was staring at him. The eight minutes over, the royal anthem is again heard outside, and the two heralds and the Chamberlain and Vice-Chamberlain enter from the outer chapel, and advance up the choir with that uncomfortably sidelong motion which seems to be the correct way of progressing before royalty, but which irresistibly suggests the idea of an apprehension by a bailiff, whose hand is uneasily looked for over the left shoulder. 'God save the Queen'; here she comes, with her daughter beside her, who stops for a moment at the door, and says something to her mother with a half-nervous smile, and then walks along with a great deal of gentle maidenly grace and self-possession.'

Then he describes the service, commenting on its simplicity—'Not a vestige of Ritualism in it all'—and tells how when the marriage was over and the guests had been ushered into the drawing-room, the Queen, 'looking radiantly pleased, walked down the one side and up the other, stopping every now and then to bow or shake hands, or say a few words with the inexpressible charm and grace of tone and manner which no one only knowing her face in its repose could imagine her to be able to exercise.'

In Principal Tulloch's letter to his wife at the same time we get another glimpse of the scene, and especially of the two friends, whose mutual and evidently somewhat anxious consultation on the subject of the clothes suitable

to the occasion had resulted so satisfactorily. 'I had a misgiving last night as if I should be too much got up—knee-breeches, buckles, cassock, and cocked-hat; but the fact is, on such an occasion you cannot be too much got up. Everyone looked more splendid than the other, and the discomfort would have been not to be like other people. Story was very impressive also. He went in for knee-breeches at my suggestion, and we had the satisfaction of finding ourselves in the proper style in all respects. We came down with a special train, and got to our places in the chapel half an hour beforehand. Macleod was to have been beside me, but he is very far from well, I hear, and was unable to come. Theodore Martin was a good substitute, and he told me about the people. In the Castle we waited a good while for luncheon; the Queen and the Princess and Lord Lorne came in and went round greeting everybody. The Queen was good enough to speak both to me and Story; and the Princess shook hands with me, saying that she was very glad I had been able to come. We had a capital luncheon and champagne, and everybody got very talkative and familiar.'

A levee was held next day for the wedding guests, and Mr. Story attended it, being presented by the Duke of Argyll.

In the summer the Marquis and the Princess went to Inveraray, paying a short visit to Rosneath on the way—arches were erected and great enthusiasm displayed, people gathering from far and near to give them hearty welcome. On their landing at the Castle point from the Duke's yacht, Mr. Story read to them an address from the parishioners, expressing the hope 'that the day is far distant when the old connection between Rosneath and the House of Argyll shall be severed, and that we may yet often see your Royal Highness and the Marquis of Lorne on these shores,' a hope which of late years in particular has been often happily fulfilled. On Sunday they attended service in the Parish Church, and it reads

rather oddly in the newspaper report that 'Mr. Story gave out his text from the first five verses of the third chapter of Genesis, 'the serpent deceiving Eve!'' The application would seem a little obscure under the circumstances; but it goes on to explain that the sermon was a 'continuation of an eloquent discourse delivered on the previous Sunday, of which His Grace the Duke of Argyll was a hearer.' So that the sermon falls into its natural place in a sequence, and one almost feels as if by simply refraining from making any change from the pre-arranged order, the minister rebuked the vulgarity of the 'well-dressed strangers' who had crowded to the church, and so far forgot themselves as to turn round and stare at the occupants of the Castle seat, which is the furthest back in the church, and therefore behind the whole congregation.

In the previous year Dr. Macleod Campbell had become a resident at Rosneath, having given up his house in Glasgow, and bought the pretty villa, Achnashie, 'the field of peace,' in which he spent the last two years of his life. It was a pleasure and interest to him to be a parishioner of the son of his old friend, and from time to time in his letters he makes affectionate reference to him and to his sermons. 'We had a beautiful sermon from Robert Story to-day. I am thankful for the true sympathy with which he enters into any deep sorrow of any of his people, and for the heart he manifests altogether. To-day's sermon was in some measure a funeral sermon for his father's old bellman.' This was John Sinclair, whose death took place in 1871. Some months after Dr. Campbell went to Rosneath a presentation was made to him, in testimony of the respect and affection in which he was held by those who felt how great had been his services to the church which had unworthily cast him out. Mr. Story was one of the committee, which included Dr. Norman Macleod, who made the presentation, Principal Caird and his brother Edward, Dr. Walter Smith, and several other well-known names. Less than a year after, Dr. Campbell died, and Mr. Story was called on to preach

his funeral sermon. Another old friend and neighbour, Mrs. Robertson of Strouel Lodge, had also just passed away. Speaking of both, Mr. Story said :

'There are those here who can recall, with the special clearness of personal recollection, some who have been able to show forth the power of this faith in the life they lived, and in the death they died. It is when we think of such witnesses for the risen and living Christ, that life seems to us, as we try to follow them, better worth living, and death to lose all its bitterness ; for has it not been to them but the entrance to their blessed rest? As we think of them, though they are gone, there is no element of pain in the thought. They were 'lovely and pleasant in their lives' ; they took its good gifts thankfully ; they endured its sorrows patiently ; they kept their faith unshaken ; they bore a consistent witness to their Lord.

'Such were they who, within these few days, have been taken away from us. The one had lived amongst us so long that she was known, more or less intimately, by every one in this place—known especially by the humble and poor for many an act of unostentatious goodness and thoughtful charity . . . The other, who was with us here but two Sundays ago, and who has now joined 'the General Assembly and Church of the First-Born, whose names are written in Heaven,' was one who has long been held in reverence by great numbers of the wise and good far beyond the bounds of our community, and of the Scottish Church. Widely as he was known, his name must always be specially associated with this neighbourhood. It is forty-seven years since he was ordained, a young and ardent evangelist, to be minister of the church of Row. There, during six years of a devoted ministry, he moved amongst his people a 'living epistle' of the Lord Jesus Christ . . . To Dr. Campbell the Gospel was not a system fenced with logic, parcelled out into propositions. It was the revelation of a Divine Father's character and will . . . That God was the Father of all ; that he loved every human soul 'with a love the measure of which was the agony of His own Son' ; that he made no choice among His children, selecting some, rejecting others ; that His Son came into the world, not to win a difficult pardon by shedding His own blood for certain sinners, but to reveal to all God's goodwill towards them, and desire to save them, 'by turning them away from their iniquities,' and to teach them to have a child-like confidence in God—this was the outline of the Gospel he preached, and preached with all the power and persuasiveness of his own living conviction of its truth.

'To many it was the very Word of Life; to some it was a 'rock of offence.' Those who called it 'heresy' went to the Church Courts with their complaints, and were not discouraged when they went. There was but little concord between the 'Moderate' and the 'Evangelical'; but this Gospel, as he preached it, was too full of a fervid faith for the one, and of the declaration of a universal love for the other, and for once they united to do a shameful wrong. After a hurried trial, in which it was not proved that he had contravened its 'standards,' Mr. Campbell was deposed from the office of the holy ministry within the National Church. But there is a wider and a freer Church than Parliaments can establish or priestcraft can rule, and no sentence of man's devising could strip him of his right to minister therein . . . As years rolled on, and as he gave to the world, from time to time, the results of his profound meditation and rare spiritual insight, thoughtful men in all the churches—many of whom had never heard his voice—began to recognise in him one of those teachers whose influence, slowly but surely, affects the religious faith of their day and generation.

'In him all thought, all feeling, were religious. Of him, as of his friend Thomas Erskine, who was taken to his rest before him, you felt that his life was 'hidden with Christ'—its closest fellowships were within the veil, its deepest realities were in the unseen . . . Many men—we should not greatly err, perhaps, if we said too many men—have spent their strength in the construction, or in the defence, of Christian dogma. There are but few who, like Dr. Campbell, have so embodied and expressed in their own life the spirit of Christ's, as to make belief in the life of the great Master easy, and doubt of Him impossible. It is no small addition to the sum of anyone's responsibilities to have known such a man, and witnessed such a life.'

He had also this year to mourn the death of a very dear friend, Mr. Walter Boyd, minister of Skelmorlie. Much pleasant intercourse took place between the two manses, and Mr. Boyd's early death, after a short illness, was a heavy and unexpected blow.

On January 5th he writes in his diary: 'Heard the sad and warning tidings of Walter Boyd's death,' and on the 9th he writes at Skelmorlie: 'At 10.30—poor, dear Walter's funeral. Eheu. Eheu.'

*To Dr. Sprott.*

'I have just been at poor Boyd's funeral, and they have asked me to preach his funeral sermon . . . Boyd is a terrible loss to us. There was nobody on this coast so hearty a friend and so manly a reformer, and I mourn him deeply. He was always so full of vitality it is difficult to realise that he is gone. A bad cold, followed by typhoid and congestion of the lungs, did it.'

The funeral was in Glasgow, but by Mrs. Boyd's wish he conducted a service previously at Skelmorlie, and also preached there on the Sunday following.

These were occasions which he always felt peculiarly trying, but few people ever struck a truer note than he did, or more simply and touchingly reached the hearts of his hearers at such a time.

'Others, probably,' he said, 'would have preached you a better sermon, but none of your late minister's friends could speak of him with a warmer regard and deeper than mine. How hard it is to realise that one so full of intelligence, of affection, of all human vitality, is lifeless now—is no longer for ever among the ways of men . . . A constant happy buoyancy of heart spoke in his looks and tones. 'Anointed with the oil of gladness above thy fellows' is the phrase of the Bible which comes to mind as I think of him. The circle of life in which he moved seems darker and less musical now that he is gone . . . In that great city, whose gates look not all one way, but north and south and east and west, and whose walls are not built in one uniform course, but have the manifold foundations, and are garnished with all manner of precious stones, we may be certain there will dwell every diversity of gift, and grace, and character: the martyr, who has made his way thither through blood and fire; the child, too young and innocent to have known any bitter conflict of good or evil; the hermit, who has lived alone with God; the king, or the statesman, or the reformer who have served Him amidst the crowded and noisy haunts of men; the sad, the downcast, the oppressed in spirit, who have hoped, as it were, against hope, and scarce dared to believe that they too should find abundant entrance; and, just as surely, the glad of heart and joyous of temper, whom no disappointment has been able to dispirit, and no suffering to fill with gloom . . .

'Alas! that all we loved of him should be,
But for our grief, as tho' it had not been.'

Surely our very sorrow, our very feeling that here was a life cut short ere all it might have done was done, ere it had ripened to all the fulness which we might have hoped for it, would tell us that there is further life behind that impenetrable veil which hides from us our loved and lost. Thanks be to God that this hope is not a mere longing of the wistful heart, but has the higher warrant of His word who said, 'I am the resurrection and the life.'

A few months later the Church sustained another heavy blow.

'I have felt profoundly,' he writes in June, 'the loss of our great Norman Macleod. It is an irreparable loss to the Church and country.' Along with many of the younger ministers in the Church like-minded with him, he held Dr. Macleod in warm regard, his fearless attitude in face of much public criticism, and even condemnation, of his words and actions, rendering him a tower of strength to all who shared his liberal views. At the time when he was being violently assailed for the position he took up on the question of Sunday observance, Mr. Story had written him a word of sympathy.

*From Rev. Dr. N. Macleod.*

'One line to thank you sincerely for your 'hail in the gale.' It verily blows hard, but I won't slack reef or tack as long as my spars will stand—

'She has roared thro' a heavier sea afore,
And she'll roar thro' a heavier yet.'

I have had a time of really great trial, but of quiet peace.'

Mr. Story was very often asked to preach in other places, and did so every now and then (taking care that his own pulpit was well supplied in his absence), as he thought it was right that a congregation should occasionally have a change of preaching, and that it was good not only for them but for their minister. That his preaching and his services were valued beyond the limits of his own congregation is witnessed to by many letters from outside friends, and even from perfect strangers, who came perhaps with a preconceived idea of a bald and severe

Scottish service and a dry exposition of Calvinistic theology, and found something so very different that they felt moved to write and express their thankfulness.

The late Sir William Gairdner with his family spent a summer at Row about this time, and used often to come over to church at Rosneath. Before going away he wrote to Mrs. Story :

'I wish before leaving to express the sense we have had of a great privilege and true enjoyment of our Sundays in being able to spend some hours of them in Rosneath Kirk. It has added not a little to the attractions of this summer retreat of ours that we have been in the way of beginning our weeks so profitably, and I trust that Mr. Story's services have been to many besides ourselves a source of pure and happy thoughts and recollections extending far beyond the Sunday.'

The following rather quaint but interesting letter is simply signed 'A Canadian,' and is evidently from an entire stranger :

'I am a stranger in this country, and being on a visit to some friends near Helensburgh last Sunday, I accompanied one of them to your beautiful little church ; and I cannot leave Scotland without expressing my sincere and grateful acknowledgments to you for the rich spiritual treat I experienced whilst listening to the words of paternal love and true Christian piety that fell from your lips on that occasion. I went to your church expecting to hear the dismal and (to me) ever distressing dogmas of Calvin held forth as the teachings of our dear Lord and Saviour, but I left its portals with thanks and gratitude to Almighty God, who had permitted me to hear your consoling words of hope and love. I am just leaving Scotland, and write these few lines in great haste ; but short as my time is, I felt impelled to tell you how much spiritual benefit I enjoyed while listening to you, and how thankful I am to know that a pure and acceptable Christianity is preached from your pulpit.

'May you long be spared to your people, and may you ever have the courage to lead them in the paths of truth and righteousness, and to tell them God our Father is ever a loving and forgiving Parent, and not a revengeful and vindictive one. The beautiful scenery and historic interest of old Scotland have been made still dearer and more beautiful to me, for all time, since listening to your sermon last Sunday.'

It has been said that his preaching, even as quite a young man, was fresh and original, with ever increasing depth of thought and spiritual insight as the years passed on, and that he preached as one who had a message, with the earnestness and the strength of a personal conviction. It was the reality of his own spiritual feeling, and the directness and simplicity of his teaching, that impressed those who listened to him with a sense of something more beautiful and true than they had realised before, that seemed to bring God nearer and make earth more divine. This sense of the Divine Spirit was ever present with him. To one who questioned him about accepting in their entirety certain difficult dogmas generally regarded as essential to the Christian faith, he replied, 'Believe in the Divine': that being to him ever the touchstone whereby to discern the true from the false, the doctrines of God from the commandments of men.

'From God,' he said, 'come those deep instincts of our moral nature, that, if we give due heed to them, will never betray us into taking wrong for right, being in us, as we believe, the proper marks of our distinctive human character, and claiming for us a close affiance with the divine. For these moral instincts are not, as some pretend, the quaint result of the formation of the brain that one day must decay and perish; but are reflections in us of the truth and righteousness of that great spirit from which our spirits have come forth . . . There can be no upward growth in any human spirit that is not possessed with the belief in a spirit greater and higher than itself. There can be no noble unworldly life—the life that is full of aspiration and of sacrifice, except under a spiritual impulse. It was said long ago, 'where there is no vision, the people perish': where men become unconscious of God, and look on their life, in its duties, or enjoyments, or cares, as a life that stands in no immediate spiritual relation to Him, that life, in its highest meaning, begins to perish . . . The example of the great self-sacrifice which was finished on the Cross of Christ—the might of the divine love that was manifested there, are nothing to it. It is contented with itself. Life, in the sense of spiritual progress, of moral triumph over human frailty and sin, is here

impossible . . . The tendency of our age is undoubtedly towards what is called 'materialism,' towards the disbelief of the spiritual element in life, and the glorification of that only which can be seen and handled and weighed in the balance . . . A human life in constant spiritual communion with the divine, and applying in all the duties of its daily intercourse with men the principles imparted to it from on high—that is the ideal of the life that we should lead.'

In May, 1874, Mr. Hodgson writes to him:

'I have read with very great interest and pleasure your sermon just published. It exactly and eloquently expresses what I have thought about the Atonement since ever I was able to think at all upon the subject . . .

'I cannot disguise from myself, however, that you have, as it were, pulled the string of a shower-bath, and brought down upon yourself a torrent of vilification and pious denunciation. Nevertheless, you will find companions and friends many under persecution.'

The sermon mentioned in this letter was written with special reference to the method of presenting the truths of Christianity adopted by Messrs. Moody and Sankey, who this year had made a tour in Scotland, visiting Helensburgh among other places. It was from the text, 'And to Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel.' Mr. Story contended that the two Evangelists, while doing an excellent work in 'arresting the attention of the thoughtless . . . and raising a testimony to the higher life of Christ, amidst the carnality and corruption which mark too much of the life of the world and of the Church,' did not base their teaching on a real apprehension of the spiritual nature of Christian truth, but were 'under the influence of sentiment rather than reason.' The usual hysterical emotion and excitement produced at revival meetings was peculiarly distasteful to him. Religion was with him much too deep and sacred a thing to be allowed to effervesce in mere sentiment; and while giving all due credit to the 'converts' for the honesty of their conviction at the time, he always

felt persuaded that in many cases it would not last, not being founded on a true understanding of the meaning of what they professed.

'No conversion, or spiritual life,' he says, 'can be built on sentiment . . . Nothing can last, or bear the best fruit, which does not rest on, is not rooted in, the deepest soil of Truth. The blood of Christ is preached as the salvation of the sinner, in such a way as to lead the newly awakened penitent to believe that the actual fact of the shedding of the blood of Christ's body is his salvation, and the atoning object, in virtue of which God will pardon and accept him. 'Do you believe in the blood?' is the question. 'Get behind the blood' . . . The idea that Christ is simply our substitute, and that His blood was shed on the Cross, that through His suffering we might escape punishment, has long and generally been entertained; but that does not make it necessarily true . . . It would not satisfy any mind which besides being pious was deeply spiritual; and it does not follow that because a mind is pious it is therefore spiritually enlightened. On the contrary, much earnestness and devotion is often found side by side with the capacity of seeing but a little way, and receiving but a slender portion . . .

'In the Passover, and in the subsequent sacrifices of the law of Moses, the idea predominates of salvation through sacrifice: not only the first idea of Abel—of life being owed to God; but the further idea, which would soon grow out of the first one, of life only fulfilling its true end, attaining to its true position in the sight of God, doing its proper duty by Him, through sacrifice—sacrifice of which the offering of the lamb or other victim was but the type—sacrifice of self, of a life throughout its whole being and history given to God . . . This true meaning of sacrifice was understood by those who could spiritually discern. They understood that the real idea was salvation through sacrifice, not through substitution. They understood that a sacrifice was pleasing in God's sight, not because it was offered as a substitute for the offerer, but because it was offered as a type or emblem of the offerer's giving of himself to God . . . The truth of sacrifice, but dimly figured in the offering of Abel, is perfectly set forth in Christ—who offered Himself a living sacrifice without spot to God—who was not sacrificed by another, but who sacrificed Himself.

'. . . We must remember that to them [the Hebrews] 'the blood' meant the life, for 'the life,' said their law, 'is in the blood'; and that all of them who had any spiritual discernment, and did not interpret the Word of God according to its mere letter, would

understand that when the blood of Christ was spoken of as 'the blood of sprinkling,' or the cleansing blood, that which was meant was not the actual blood shed on the Cross, but the Life of Christ, and that, specially, wherein His spiritual and not His carnal life resided—His spirit, eternal and divine . . . A mere belief in the blood of Christ, apart from a living knowledge of what the blood means; a mere looking to the Cross, without some entering into the spirit of Him who sacrificed Himself there, is not true and fruitful Christian faith. A mere trust in Christ as our substitute, bearing the punishment of sin instead of us, and not as our Head, helping us to die with Him to sin, and to live unto righteousness, is a trust that will mislead. A peace suddenly found in Christ, which does not rest on a fellowship with His spirit, a partaking in His sufferings, and a sacrifice of oneself to God through Him, is a delusion and a snare. Let us beware of misunderstanding what is spoken to us by 'the blood of sprinkling'—of falling short even of the true meaning of the blood shed by Abel, and imagining that salvation for us or for any is to be found save in sacrifice, and that sacrifice not one simply offered in our stead, but one offered for us that we might make it ours, and in its spirit offer ourselves living sacrifices to God, acceptable through Jesus Christ our Lord.'

The sermon, as Mr. Hodgson had foretold, did bring down upon him a shower of 'pious denunciation,' and on December 1st he notes in his diary that at a meeting of the Presbytery of Dunbarton the sermon was 'referred to, but no action taken.'

'Dr. Story had not long been settled as minister of his native parish,' writes Mr. Thomas Bayne, some years his junior at St. Andrews, 'when he began to be recognised as one who was destined to take a distinguished place among the divines of his generation. The divinity students of the day, after the manner peculiar to youthful and ardent investigators, discovered that one who had but lately preceded them along the path they were traversing merited appreciation and honour at their hands, and these, as far as their means would allow, they were not slow in according.

'In the winter of 1865-66 the Missionary Society in St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, included the minister of Rosneath among those who conducted services in their particular interests. The place of meeting was the huge Town Church, for which a more graceful structure has since been substituted, and the visitor was

the officiating clergyman at both morning and evening services. Unfortunately it was a drearily wet and dark day, such as now and again dims the peculiar glories of the ancient city, but this did not prevent the assembling of very large congregations on each occasion. In the evening especially the great building was crowded to its utmost capacity, worshippers filling even 'the believers' seats' in a remote corner of the gallery—seats so called because their occupants had to take most preachers on trust. Everything went well: the preacher's distinct and resonant voice easily reached to all parts of the church. All present felt the strong individuality, the pithy and moving earnestness, and the spiritual intensity illustrated in the preaching, and eminent theologians in the congregation had no hesitation in declaring that the students had found in the advocate of their cause a future leader of the Church.

'The occasion was marked by an incident of a notable and very delightful character. Professor Spencer Baynes, for over twenty years the distinguished occupant of the Chair of Logic at St. Andrews, attended the evening service. He did not belong to the Church of Scotland, but he had been Sir William Hamilton's assistant in Edinburgh when Dr. Story was a student there, and had contracted with him a friendship which lasted through life. Therefore he embraced the opportunity of seeing him (probably for the first time) in the pulpit. He was fond of telling afterwards, in his own inimitable way, what happened when he ventured to look into the vestry before the service began. 'When Story shook hands with me,' he said, 'he gave that penetrating glance which only he can direct towards his interlocutor, and observed, 'You must have been very uncomfortable at home.' 'I feigned,' continued the Professor, 'to understand that he referred to the weather, and made the diplomatic retort that even worse conditions would not have prevented me from seeking to be one of his hearers. Thus we reached a mutual understanding, and the evening under my friend's ministrations gave me both delight and edification.' On the death of Professor Baynes in 1887, Dr. Story, who then edited the *The Scottish Church*, made touching reference to him when speaking in the magazine of Principal Tulloch's posthumous *Sundays at Balmoral*. 'The same evening,' he writes, 'which brought us these latest sermons brought also the tidings of the removal of another who had been one of his nearest friends, Thomas Spencer Baynes. What a rapid and cruel sweep of the sword of the angel of death, desolating poor old St. Andrews! Shairp, Tulloch, his dear wife, and now Baynes—all cut off within two years. It is many a long year since we made acquaintance

with the last of these, then assistant to Sir William Hamilton, and were impressed by his combination of intellectual power and moral earnestness. It is but a few weeks since we had a letter from him, in which he spoke with sadness of the irreparable change wrought in St. Andrews by Tulloch's death.' At the time of the missionary services the two St. Andrews professors were in their prime and at the height of their fame, and they passed away shortly after each other, just as their friend ended his ministry at Rosneath and transferred his services to Glasgow University.'

In writing to express his appreciation of the services in the church at Rosneath, Professor Gairdner had said he hoped to see Mr. Story in Glasgow before long 'in connection with a service in the University Chapel, where such instruction as that of last Sunday would be fully appreciated, and possibly also not a little criticised by persons of the more stereotyped way of thinking.' This came to pass on the 10th of March, 1872, when he stayed with the Edward Cairds and preached for the first time in the College Chapel. Whether the sermon called forth criticism does not appear, but the following remarks made a year or two later by a local journalist give a fair idea of the somewhat suspicious attitude adopted with regard to his preaching by the ordinary mind:

'Dr. Story's sermons bear unmistakable evidence that his theological leanings are towards Broad Churchism; the writings of Robertson, Maurice, and Kingsley, have had no small share in moulding his mind and giving tone to his preaching . . . Mysticism in religion has, however, a strong attraction for many minds, and it may be a question how much of the charm of Dr. Story's preaching consists in the vagueness and elasticity of his theology . . . His sermons, viewed from a literary point of view, are admirable productions, but they are too redolent of the study—they bear the impress of learned leisure . . . It must be admitted that the reverend doctor is a man of exceptional ability. His sermons are eminently suggestive, and studded with fresh views of truth, which afford food for thought. His present position in the Church is somewhat anomalous; and it is to be regretted that a man of so much ability should mar his usefulness by the expression of

views which are not only distasteful to the religious mind of Scotland, but also opposed to the standards of the Church to which he belongs.'

It did not seem to occur to this wise critic that a man, who could present 'fresh views of truth which afford food for thought,' was doing more useful service to the 'religious mind of Scotland' by thus making it bestir itself, than by holding his peace because he knew what he had to say would be distasteful to his hearers. This was a consideration entirely foreign to his nature at all times, and his outspokenness frequently brought him into collision with many excellent people, whose standard was not the same as his own.

About this time occurred the unfortunate exhibition of narrow-mindedness displayed by Bishop Wilson of Glasgow in prohibiting Bishop Ewing from preaching before the University of Glasgow, on the ground that no bishop but himself could preach in his 'diocese.' The majority of his brethren endorsed the Bishop's action, but some, more tolerant, deplored the step he had taken, and protested against it, among them the venerable Dean Ramsay and Bishop Wordsworth. On many future occasions Mr. Story felt bound in loyalty to the rights and position of the National Church likewise to protest against the pretensions of Scottish Episcopacy, to 'suggest to them that there are better things to preach than apostolical succession, and worse sins to extirpate than a belief in Presbyterian parity;' and also to 'recommend Presbytery to assert itself a little more confidently,' and not to accept with too much forbearance the quite false position assigned to it by the Episcopalians, who proclaimed that their Church was 'the one and only Church, its orders the only orders, its sacraments the only sacraments, its ministry the only legitimate and valid ministry in the land.'

In December, 1872, the year after the difficulty about the University sermon had arisen, Mr. Story met Bishop Ewing for the first time at Inveraray, where

they had both been invited to meet the Princess Louise. The Bishop had previously written to him enclosing a subscription to the window being erected in the church at Rosneath to the memory of Dr. Macleod Campbell, and Mr. Story had replied by asking if he would preach the sermon at the unveiling of the window.

*From Bishop Ewing.*

'I should not have been so long in accepting your very tempting invitation, had I been able to send a definite reply. The bishops of our Church are holding a council at Perth, to sit in judgment on a sermon I meant to preach last year in Glasgow, and I cannot say what conclusion they have come to . . . My own impression is—and certainly it is my desire—that I shall be able to preach for you.'

In a letter to his brother written from Inveraray, the Bishop says:

'Mr. Story, of Rosneath, was there, and he renewed his request that I should preach at the reopening of his church. I feel more and more that our little Church here in the north, if we do not allow it to enter into relations with the other Christian bodies of the land, will become a mere *caste* and appanage of the rich, and tend to divide social life in Scotland even more than it has hitherto been divided, a policy as dangerous as it is anti-Christian.'

In the end the Bishop was unable to take part in the service, as he was laid aside by the illness which caused his death. A few days before he died he wrote a long kind letter to Mr. Story, the last he was able to write with his own hand, expressing his regret, and touching on Dr. Campbell's great services to religion. He finished with the words: 'I should have liked well to worship once more in one of the churches of that venerable establishment to which we are indebted for so many of our liberties.' It would have been well, indeed, if more of his brethren had been actuated by the same enlightened and charitable spirit.

In a description of the opening of the General Assembly of 1872, we trace the hand of Story, and quote it here

for the sake of the glimpse it gives of the *personnel* of the Assembly a quarter of a century ago.

'Meantime the hall is gradually filling. The ever bland and pleasantly-humorous countenance of Dr. Cook of Haddington appears above a pair of bands, almost long enough to be made, in the heat of summer, into a pair of white trousers. Principal Tulloch, his brother clerk, also comes in—fresh from the last pages of his forthcoming book on the religious history of the seventeenth century. Both the clerks are this year members of the House—thanks to a resolution adopted last year in spite of much opposition, by which the rule that the clerks should not be eligible as members was rescinded. The respectable mediocrities do not love the unrestricted and frequent presence of first-class ability, which, although of two very different types, the Church at large recognises and is glad to welcome in Drs. Cook and Tulloch. We observe also the unfailing Mr. Campbell Swinton, the sound old Tory Earl of Selkirk, Sheriff Barclay, whose tendency to venerable witticism is gently tolerated for the sake of his personal goodness and long services as an elder; Mr. David Smith, an able specimen of the acute and canny Edinburgh W.S.; and other *habitués* of the Assembly. And, although not visible at present, we are glad to know that a good many 'men of estate' and high position are this year members of the Court; among whom are Lord Seafield, Lord Polwarth, Sir R. Anstruther, Sir W. Gibson Craig, Sir G. Macpherson Grant, Sir William Baillie, Sir William Hope Johnstone, Colonel Mure of Caldwell, and many others of the class of large-acred lairds. It is good to see these men in their right place as elders in the National Church. If their order, in general, knew their own best interests, and had a due sense of their duties, there would be a great many more of them on these benches. In the rough days that may be coming, when the land question is to be in the front, we are much mistaken if the Scottish Episcopal landowners do not make an ugly discovery as to the result of standing entirely aloof from the national religion, and showing no personal respect for the National Church.'

## CHAPTER VIII

### GROWING INFLUENCE

In the summer of 1873 Mr. Story returned for the first time since his marriage to Ireland, to visit his favourite aunt, Mrs. Andrew Dunlop, taking with him his wife and the two small daughters who now completed his family. They stayed for a little at Sutton, making excursions to Howth and Dublin, where he mentions seeing 'a lot of sights which the children liked,' and also to Ravensdale, the home of his father's old friend, Mr. Bellingham; and then he and his wife went down together to Killarney. He always had a warm heart to Ireland and the Irish, and appreciated fully all the charms and all the shortcomings of that most picturesque race. The national peculiarities, he wrote, were exemplified in a striking manner in the hotel at which they stayed.

'There was great comfort, a perfect obligingness and pleasantness of manner, but the most absurd inaccuracy and incompleteness in detail. There were doors that were off one of their hinges, window shutters which, when you closed them, revealed the rough lath and plaster behind, dogs that rambled out and in among the rooms unchecked, hangers-on about the yard, who seemed to do nothing but argue and joke in a loud key all the afternoon. You never could get exact information about anything. The waiter told me my letters would go away before nine in the morning, and when I had sat up late and written a batch and taken it down to the bar I was assured the post did not leave till 5.30 p.m., and, more by token, letters which, I was led to believe, did leave Killarney at that hour on Sunday, were not delivered in Edinburgh till Thursday. Whither they went in the meantime Mr. Mansell may know; I don't.'

On the principle of doing at Rome as the Romans do, he went to the Roman Catholic Church on Sunday.

'It was the third service of the day, and there was no special attraction, the mass being very simply performed, with but little music, and the preacher only one of the curates of the parish; and yet the congregation (a large proportion of which consisted of men), numbered, I am sure, not less than 1200. It was a congregation of all classes, high and low: gentry, who descended from their own carriages; peasants, who trudged up, bemired, from the country lanes; the women simply dressed (with none of the hideous Scottish affectation of 'genteel' clothing); the elderly ones in their long semi-Spanish cloaks and pure white caps; the younger in cloaks and their own abundant and glossy head-dress of rich black hair . . . The sermon was upon anger and revenge—topics but inappropriate to the region. I thought the ancient definition of *ira, furor brevis*, if translated into terse vernacular, would probably have been more intelligible to the Milesian mind than the curate's explanation—'Anger, me dear brethren, is a motion of displeasure, combined with a feeling of vindictiveness.' But he preached a very sound, sensible sermon, of twenty-five minutes long, to a most earnest and attentive congregation, three-fourths of which stood all the time, and did not disturb him with half the amount of coughing and hacking that I have often heard from much more select congregations in much more orthodox churches.'

A pleasant addition to the society at Rosneath about this time was made by the arrival of the family of the late Sir William Brown of Astrop, who rented the castle for some years. He was a keen sailor, and many delightful days were spent on his beautiful yacht the 'Lyra,' sailing about the Clyde and watching the regattas. This was a pleasure also enjoyed with Mr. Robert Thom, who had become owner of Barremman since the death of Mr. Cumming, as well as with Mr. Richardson, and no more welcome holiday than this could possibly be provided for the minister by his parishioners. One day, coming ashore after one of these expeditions, it was a little rough, and the swell of a passing steamer caused the small boat to dance about unpleasantly. One of the party, who was always nervous on the water, became considerably alarmed, and was by no means reassured

when Mr. Macfarlan of Lenzie, who was with them, said in a sepulchral tone, 'We may all be within half an hour of heaven.' 'Oh, Mr. Macfarlan, don't say that,' she exclaimed in much agitation, as if the prospect was far from comforting; a reply which provoked unsympathetic mirth among her companions.

In the winter of this year another link with the past was broken by the death of his father's and his own valued friend, Dr. Wylie of Carluke. Writing of his own father's death in the *Memoir*, Mr. Story says: 'Such offices of friendship as those which consoled these 'first dark days of nothingness,' need no acknowledgment in imperfect words; still I like to record here our gratitude to that friend of him we lost, who was the first to come to the desolate home; who stayed there till after the burial day, and preached the funeral sermon, the Rev. Dr. Wylie.' The same sad office was now required of him by Dr. Wylie's family.

'When a ministry has lasted over fifty-six years,' he said, 'nearly all of those who knew its beginnings must needs be gone. But looking at it as a whole, as those who are aware what Dr. Wylie's life for those fifty-six years was . . . we may say—and that in no spirit of idle eulogy—that few men ever served the Church of Christ, or the Church of Scotland, better than he . . . I am bound especially to mention the cordial aid which he, in more than one instance, extended to his young brethren in the ministry, in promoting plans and objects which they justly deemed likely to increase the usefulness of the Church, and on which men of less intelligent sympathy looked askance. We often in our efforts felt that we were honoured and encouraged by his countenance and sympathy . . . With him has passed away the last survivor of that small but chosen band of men whose spirits God had touched, and who, nearly fifty years ago, speaking the plain language of God's universal fatherhood and of Christ's universal atonement, renewed the religious life of their country, and infused into its creed a spirit of love, light, and freedom, which is quick and powerful yet, and, I trust, will never die out of the Church of Scotland.'

During the last two years much time had been given to the *Life of William Carstares: a Character and Career*

*of the Revolutionary Epoch;* which was finished by the end of the year 1873, and published in the spring. Owing to his connection with Carstares through the Dunlops, Mr. Story had access to family papers and private letters which enabled him, if not to throw more light on the history of the time, at any rate to show more interestingly the less well-known side of Carstares' character, and to fill up the outlines already drawn by others. History, and especially ecclesiastical history, was always to him a congenial field for research.

Shortly before his book came out, a letter from Professor Crawford announced to him the decision of the Senatus of the University of Edinburgh, to confer on him the degree of D.D. at their graduation in April. It was a distinction he valued; and coming, as it did, at a time when many people looked askance at him for his teaching, which was said to be heretical, and for his free criticism of many things in the Church which had hitherto been held to be as the laws of the Medes and Persians, it was hailed with much satisfaction by his friends, who not only congratulated him on an honour fairly won, but also the University on having shown its 'good sense and discrimination' in choosing him for a degree.

*From Mrs. Oliphant.*

'How do you feel in your new elevation? Does it change your appearance, or your sentiments? May one venture to write to you, speak to you, look at you, just the same as ever? I am awed more than I can say. My 'young friend' of old, have you too reached the dignities of middle age? The thought is impressive and solemnising.

'I have not got your book yet, but when it comes will dissect it tenderly in the 'Spectator.' I will try to roar so, that you may say, let her roar again, instead of falling upon me and slaying me as is your wont.

'Excellent and learned doctor, I make you my humblest and most respectful curtsey. Look benignly from those heights of sublime divinity upon an ancient and lowly admirer, who

predicted your Reverence's advancement in the days of your youth, though perhaps not to this solemn climax of honour.

'Humbly, respectfully,

'admiringly, reverentially,

'M.O.W.O.'

Another friend, after offering his congratulations, continues:

'You will now happily settle down into a quiet old fogie, and in calm expectancy of occupying the Moderator's Chair, will no doubt put your overture as to the Baird Trust into a roaring fire.'

These anticipations were not fulfilled. The rôle of 'quiet old fogie' was not for him, nor was he likely to feel that the receiving of the degree was to necessitate his mouth being shut on any vexed question of Church politics.

The remark about the Baird Trust perhaps requires a word of explanation. Shortly before this Mr. James Baird of Cambusdoon had made a munificent donation of £500,000 to the Church of Scotland, or, to be more exact, to a body of Trustees for the benefit of the Church, primarily with the object of assisting to build and endow new churches where these were needed. This in itself was a most generous and laudable act, and was received with gratitude by the Church. But Mr. Baird gave his money under certain conditions, and to Mr. Story and some others, whose views upon theology and church government did not coincide with Mr. Baird's, these conditions seemed an unfortunate encumbrance to his gift. With the main objects of the Trust, and with the schemes for raising endowments, diffusing sound literature, and founding the Baird Lectureship, Mr. Story was quite in sympathy; but, ever jealous for the freedom of the Church and the independence of her clergy, he dreaded the introduction of an outside authority, 'officially unknown to the constituted courts of the Church,' and the suggestion that only those ministers would receive grants whose statistical returns satisfied the Trustees, and whose ortho-

doxy came up to the standard of Mr. Baird's belief. Mr. Story brought forward an overture on the subject in the Presbytery, 'the candid criticism of a candid friend,' and a good deal of strong feeling was aroused by the attitude he took up, and the uncompromising vigour of his protests. His references, in the 'Ballad of the Goodly Ironmaster,' to the 'Confession of Cambusdoon,' and the 'band of statisticians,' were too sarcastic to be agreeable, and were severely criticised.

In later years no one was more ready to acknowledge the real good done by the Baird Trust than the man who had so hotly opposed the idea at its inception. He saw that the fears he had entertained were not realised, that the Trust was wisely and impartially administered, and had been of great service to the Church. Mr. Baird himself was the last person to bear any malice on account of Mr. Story's criticism, and it is a curious fact that the first grant voted by the Trust was in aid of an object in which Mr. Story was interesting himself, and for which he had applied! His appointment many years afterwards as Baird Lecturer showed that the standard of interpretation was a liberal one.

*To the Rev. G. W. Sprott, D.D.*

'Rosneath, 11th April, 1874.

'. . . As to the Church, my feeling is that hitherto amid all variations of party and policy the Church has been one practically in principle and allegiance from the first Assembly till the last; but that now it is for the first time thro' its connivance with Baird abandoning its position and its principles and above all its independence. It is no longer the Church of Scotland. It will become the Church of Baird—and not the Church which I entered and which I have tried to do my duty by. This would be odious in any case; it is doubly so when the bribe for which this abandonment is committed is money. I have had a lot of letters from very unexpected quarters lauding my protest against Baird; but, on the other hand, I have

been disgusted with the attitude taken by some of our own men upon whom I could have relied, as I thought, with certainty. They dread the odium of withstanding Nebuchadnezzar.'

'14th March, 1874.

'Many thanks for your congratulations on my advancement to the unexpected altitude of D.D. Seeing that one of the last doctors is the great and good ——, I do not think that the honour is one to overwhelm.

'. . . I wrote to Milligan and have heard from him about the eldership business. It is absurd to go on arguing the theory of the office further without coming to a definite recommendation; and we should be prepared with this in good time before the Assembly, that no further excuse may be alleged of want of time to consider the report, etc.'

This refers to the work of a committee appointed by the General Assembly, to enquire and report as to the signing of the Confession of Faith by the elders of the Church, the legality of which was questioned, and which was an alleged stumbling block in the way of suitable men being found willing to take office. It was another year, however, before a definite recommendation on the subject was laid before the Assembly.

The manse was let this summer, and the whole family went to England for a holiday, staying with Mrs. Oliphant at Windsor on their way to London.

In London, the entertainment varied from visits to Madame Tussaud's and the Zoological Gardens for the children's benefit, to a complete tour of Westminster Abbey under the guidance of Dean Stanley, and an afternoon listening to the debate on the Patronage Bill in the House of Lords.

One thing he notes and deplores at this time is the growing force of 'sensationalism' in London life. He finds it in the plays, in the art, in the 'advanced ritual which is vexing the souls of powerless prelates. Scenic

and emotional effect in the service, picturesque and startling imagery or appeal in the preaching, everything affecting the sober judgment and reflective reason repressed and put into the background—these are the ensigns of the ritualist. He is in very many cases, I believe, a thoroughly honest and earnest man ; but he is carried along on a great tidal wave which is sweeping over social life at present, and, as I think, washing the strongest fibres out of literature, politics, art, and religion.

'I had the privilege of a seat in a corner of the House of Lords on the night of the Patronage debate. The debate, as you know, was dull, and the oratory of the noble Lords who addressed the House was considerably below the mark of the General Assembly, which, I have no doubt, is at this moment resounding with the nervous accents of Dr. Pirie, or the resonant tones of Dr. Phin. I was struck with the fact that only two Bishops put in an appearance, and neither of them sat out the debate. I thought the Right Reverend Bench ought to have shown the sister establishment (which, despite many rebuffs and much contumely, has always been the faithful political ally of the English Church since 1688), the courtesy of attending when a subject of vital importance to the Scottish Church was under discussion. Besides, had the Bishops no thought of the proverb—*Cum proximus ardet?* What begins in Scotland, as a wise man once remarked to me, ends in England ; and transference of patronage to communicants once effected in the north, may have effects that will reach and flutter Episcopal dovecots even as far south as Canterbury. I have had a good many opportunities of hearing the opinion of liberal-minded Englishmen with regard to this transfer, and it is, as far as I have observed, entirely hostile. 'To invest men with a certain right in virtue of their communicating, is to reproduce the Test Act,' said one of the most liberal and constitutional of English ecclesiastics, in discussing the subject. And it is none the less so

because the right is that of electing a parish minister; for the essence of the parish minister's position is that he is not the pastor of a certain congregation, but the minister of a certain territory, defined by the State, within which he has duties—civil as well as ecclesiastical—assigned to him by the same authority, and in his discharge of which the whole population of that area has a statutory interest.'

This was a point on which Mr. Story felt very strongly. He deprecated the growth of a certain tendency to congregationalism in the Church, which he thought he saw in later years, and warned his students against it.

Salisbury Cathedral he admired immensely. 'I think it is the loveliest church in England,' he says; 'within and without there is no other so graceful, yet so grand—so pure and just in outline and proportion—so satisfying to the religious and æsthetic sense.'

Before turning north again they visited some cousins in the Isle of Wight, about which he writes with a grateful appreciation of its peacefulness—and a quaint reminiscence of the donkey at Carisbrooke.

'Though its glens (chines they call them) and hills are absurd to a Scot, there is a charm about the place; and its climate, its associations, its little old churches and churchyards (in one of which rests John Sterling, and near him William Adam, who wrote the *Old Man's Home* and the *Shadow of the Cross*), its lanes and woods, its inns, have a charm of their own that is irresistible. How soft and calm were the evenings at Carisbrooke . . . Under the branches I hear the gush and dribble of my old friend's watering-pot, as he walks, meditative, among his ferns and waters them. Wordsworth says that in certain moods of feeling he will think 'of the leech-gatherer upon the lonely moor.' When vexed with the vanities of Church and State, and wishing to repose upon a peaceful image of content and calm, I shall recall the figure of the good old gentleman under his cedars and among his ferns as the shadows deepen over Carisbrooke.

'There is a well at Carisbrooke 150 feet deep, from which the water is drawn by a donkey that goes into a wheel, and, by a kind of tread-mill, turns a windlass and pulls up a bucket. I never saw anything finer than the donkey's countenance when waiting to be

told to go in and wind. It conveyed not only sullen loathing of the 'climbing sorrow' of the wheel, but a morose contempt of the spectators who could be interested in a work which it felt to be sordid and degrading, and gave me a higher respect for the asinine intelligence—not to say power of facial expression—than I ever had before. The last donkey, which at a great age had been relieved from the mill, was standing outside with its tail turned towards the building, as if in placid scorn. The penultimate donkey had, when *its* order of release came, thrown itself from the battlements of the castle—'accident,' says the keeper; 'suicide,' I maintain; which is the end I predict for the present incumbent too.'

After some more pleasant visiting he returned to his parish work, and the usual entries are resumed in the diary:

'School Board meeting at 12. In evening at choir.'

'Wrote a whole sermon about Tyndall.'

'To Presbytery, crossing ferry, and cab for train at 10.30. Back at 6. My sermon on 'Blood' referred to, but no action taken.' This was the sermon already mentioned, dealing with the doctrine of the Atonement, and Messrs. Moody and Sankey's treatment of it.

Amid all the busy details of which his daily life was made up he does not omit one sad little entry: 'Pam shot—old, and biting.' This denotes the removal at the age of 14 of one of the beloved Skye terriers, whom the infirmities of age rendered a not altogether safe companion for the children.

In another meeting of Presbytery this autumn Mr. Story called attention to the irregularity of allowing lay preaching in parish churches at canonical hours, a practice he disapproved of, and which some ministers in the Presbytery had permitted, although contrary to the law of the Church. Although quite ready to admit the value of lay ministrations in certain cases, he held strongly that the congregation had a right to expect that at the usual public service on Sunday they were to be ministered to by one duly qualified and recognised by the Church; and that to encourage promiscuous lay preaching

was to diminish the dignity of the clerical profession, and the efficiency and solemnity of the services of the Church. This was a point which came up again for discussion in later years, in connection with the preaching of students, which he also looked on as a mistake, both from the point of view of the congregation and of the student.

In the autumn of 1874 occurred the death of Dr. Cook, Principal Clerk of the General Assembly. The natural sequence of events was that he should be succeeded by the Second Clerk, Principal Tulloch; and as Mr. Story had twice filled Principal Tulloch's place when he was obliged to be absent, it was suggested to him that he should offer himself as a candidate for the second post.

*To Rev. Dr. Sprott.*

'25th September, 1874.

'I was thinking nothing of the Clerkship of Assembly when a friend of mine yesterday strongly urged me to go in for it—the 2nd clerkship that is—on the theory that Tulloch gets the first, and told me he believed I would get a good deal of support. Do you think it would be worth my while? I don't want to be merely beaten—and I don't at all object to run for the office if I have a fair chance. I know eno' about it from having acted twice for Tulloch to know that I could fill it well enough.'

The following frank letter is from a friend to whom he had written asking his advice on the subject:

'Seriously as to your chances of succeeding Tulloch as sub-clerk in the event of his being promoted to the principal clerkship. Since you have asked my 'candid opinion,' I must honestly tell you that I am not at all sanguine of your carrying a majority of votes in an average Assembly. It is needless to blink the fact that you are by no means universally popular, or even a general favourite in an ordinarily composed Assembly. If I am mistaken in this I shall be very glad to be undeceived. From what I have heard and seen, however, in the General Assembly on various occasions, I fear I am not mistaken in saying so. And this want of appreciation of your merits and many excellent qualities has been caused, I think, by your *manner* more than by anything else. But more

particularly when one remembers the terms in which you spoke of them in your *Life of Dr. Robert Lee*, it is unreasonable to expect from the Stevensons, Phins, Nisbets, Macphersons, Stewarts, Blakes, *et id genus omne*, anything but the most determined opposition. I don't know of how many the 'Edinburgh clique' is composed, nor have I any idea who they are likely to put forward, but were I in your place I certainly would not be deterred by any such anticipated opposition from standing for the office.'

Although this advice was considerably mingled with discouragement, he would probably have gone in for the clerkship notwithstanding; but on finding that Dr. Milligan was a candidate he withdrew, not wishing to stand in opposition to him. In the next General Assembly Principal Tulloch succeeded to the senior clerkship, and Dr. Milligan was duly elected to the junior.

The winter and spring of 1874-5 were not very cheerful. In October his mother was laid up with an illness which, though she recovered to a considerable extent, left her very much an invalid for the rest of her life. The children were ill for some weeks in the spring, and two or three deaths occurred among his intimate friends and relations. All these things were 'against him.' He writes in a spirit of depression to a friend who had just lost his wife:

'31st December, 1874.

'I do not know whether any previous ill-health had prepared you to look for this, or whether it has fallen on you suddenly, but in any event it must be a blow terribly hard to bear, and in the bearing of which no help from without can avail. I only write a line to assure you of my deep sympathy, and hope that you may be able to *realise* the certainty of the unseen life on which she whom you have lost has entered, and which, whatever its mode may be, must be one not less but more encircled with manifestations of the infinite and eternal love than this one. This seems to me to have been a sad Christmas time. We have had losses and illness in our own circle, and one has seldom heard of so much disaster and distress in general.'

*To the same.*

'ROSNEATH, 13th April, 1875.

'I was glad to hear from you, and was not surprised that you had not written earlier. You must have passed through very dark valleys by very hard ways, and it is an immense blessing to yourself that you can think and speak of what you have suffered and lost in that passage as you do. One feels thankful not to have been so tried, and doubtful as to how one's faith might stand it. When my little girl was ill with whooping-cough, about six weeks ago, I sometimes felt the dread of what might happen admitting one to a more vivid sympathy with those who had been bereft, but the actual idea of the loss befalling oneself always seemed to baffle all thought of being able to accept it calmly and resignedly. I hope that by and bye you may find Time, which is a great healer of the sharpness of all kinds of wounds, bringing you some solace. I do not know if you have heard of our projected anniversary service in connection with the Society this May. The Society completes its tenth year, and we are to have a good meeting if possible, and a service on the evening of Sunday, 30th May, at which Burns is to preach in St. Giles, and we shall have the prayers read from *Euchologion*. One or two members will take part in the service along with Burns, and try to exhibit the service at its best . . .

'It will, I think, be a pretty good assembly; at least I see several good men returned—Watson, Burns, F. L. Robertson, Tulloch, Cunningham, and others who are inclined to take a rational view of things.'

At the General Assembly we find him speaking on the subject of the proposed admission to the Church of ministers and students from other religious bodies in Scotland. His friend Principal Tulloch supported the motion, which was carried; his own opposition to it was based on technical points of education and ordination, his dislike of any tendency towards lowering

the standard being very strong. He also spoke on the question of the Union of the Presbyterian Churches in Canada, which was brought before the General Assembly by Dr. Cook of Quebec. 'As an old minister of the Canadian Church, having received ordination at its hands,' Dr. Story contended that 'they should not allow the possibility of a union of all the branches of the Christian Church in Canada to pass by with a deliverance couched in terms so cold as those of the deliverance moved by Mr. Muir. The idea of maintaining a separate Church where union was so much to be desired, on a purely theoretical question, such as the Establishment principle in Canada was, seemed to him foolish and unadvisable. He would suggest that the minority in the Synod of Canada must have very grievously misread the lessons of the Scottish Church, if they had not seen written in the records of that Church, he might say in blood, the great evil and folly of adhering to reasons of dissent and causes of separation for a single day after a possible basis of union and reconciliation of differences had come into view.'

*To Rev. Dr. Sprott.*

'2nd June, 1875.

'I did what I could in supporting Kinloch's motion for the continuance of Principal Campbell's Committee, but Phin carried the majority against it, and the Principal must just be content to believe that all has been done that was possible in the circumstances. No report that I have seen has represented, even indifferently, what was said on the point of the 'ordination' of the Congregationalist applicants for admission. I went into the subject distinctly, and pointed out that any recognition of 'Independent ordination' was contrary both to the theory of the Independents themselves and the history and principles of our Church. I was glad to see that two or three younger brethren whom I did not know voted on my side, tho' I lost it.

'Stevenson by way of settling the question made the astounding statement that the few independent ministers who were alleged to have ordained one of the applicants by the 'laying on of hands' were 'virtually a Presbytery.' On this as on many other points the present Assembly, good as it undeniably was, showed an extraordinary indifference to the law and traditions of the Church. The Union business was all in the same irregular direction. The service went off very well, and the book has been since in greater demand than before, and no one has ventured to write against it, even in the *Courant*, as yet.'

Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie writes of him about this time:

'He used to delight in firing off blank but decisive cartridges at the stolid 'circumtabular oligarchy' (of which he in later times became such an ornament). I remember Dr. Phin and Dr. Pirie smarting under his incisive remarks. He was then an occupant of the back benches, with some others, in after kirk life, notables in our Church Courts. Dr. Wallace was then a coadjutor, and Sir Robert Anstruther, Sir Alexander Kinloch, and others, always on his side of liberty and freedom. I had the honour of being connected with Dr. Story, Principal Tulloch, and others in the formation of the Church Service Society, now so great a factor in Church of Scotland life. 'We were seven' then, now numbered by hundreds. I had the luck to second his motion against the Layman's League [many years later], and when we walked out, a minimised minority, he said to me, 'The only Constitutionalists in the Church!'

'He was one of the most interesting men I ever had the pleasure to meet, scholarly, dignified, stern in duty, and pleasant in social life, with his piercing eyes and noble face. I think always of Raphael's picture of Julius II. in his connection.'

On his return home after the Assembly he was laid up with a sharp attack of illness, partly bronchial, which hung about him for some time, and made him feel very miserable. 'I think I was the worse of all the bad air I had to inhale during the Assembly,' he writes to a friend, 'and after my return I suspect I caught a whiff of typhoid miasma from a poor lad who died of it here, and though

I believe the mischief has been taken in time and checked, I am feeling wretchedly out of sorts and unfit for any kind of work or engagement.'

Later he writes again: 'I have been forbidden to preach or work all summer, and am now only allowed to remain at home on condition of great care and moderate work—but I feel a great deal better.'

His kind friends the Andersons carried him off to Lainshaw for a preliminary holiday; after which he paid a round of visits to Parkhill, Dunninald, St. Vigean's, and other places on the east coast, and returned much stronger to Rosneath, to make preparations for a bazaar, which had been the cause of anxious thought for some time. It had been got up to pay for the alterations on the church, and was opened on the first day by Mr. Archibald Orr Ewing, member for the county, whom Dr. Story introduced (and always supported afterwards) as 'a robust Constitutionalist, and a sound Churchman,' and on the second by Principal Tulloch. Luckily the weather was fine, and bazaars were more of a novelty then than they are now, so that when the sum of £600 was realised it was felt that the undertaking had been a great success.

Later in the autumn he spent an interesting and amusing week at Inveraray, having been bidden there as a guest on the occasion of the visit of Queen Victoria to the Duke and Duchess of Argyll. While there he wrote down the following notes for his wife:

'Visit to Inveraray. 20th September, 1875.

'Went to Inveraray. In steamer met Lord Archibald, who is—as always—kind and frank. Lunched with him on board. At Lochgoilhead met with a telegram announcing his wife's illness at Pontresina. He had to turn and go back by the same steamer. Very hard; but his ill-luck secured my being lodged in the castle instead of at the factor's; and I am quartered beside Dr. Macgregor. Macgregor I had met before, but never really known, and making intimate acquaintance with him is one of the pleasantest features of this pleasantest of my visits

to Inveraray. He is a man of genius, and, with that touch of nature which 'makes the whole world kin,' loves a joke and a smoke, and everything and everybody that is worth the loving.

'Quiet evening.

'21st: Making a much more close and kindly acquaintance with the girls of the family than ever I had before. They are delightful girls.

'22nd: The Queen came from Tyndrum about one o'clock; the sight very pretty, volunteers lining the road from the bridge, and the Lochaber axe-men forming a guard of honour at the castle. In the evening she came into the saloon after dinner, and the duke presented me, among the rest. She spoke a few civil words, recalling the time I had preached before her at Crathie. Her manner is extremely gracious, and though such a little woman she is every inch a Queen.

'23rd: In the forenoon I walked with Lady Evelyn, with whom I have had many walks and long and interesting talks.

'After lunch I got to the top of Duniquoich with Macgregor and Donald Macleod, who is here during the day, and sleeps at the factor's, where also the three younger girls are. View fine: day blustery. In the evenings we have a very snug smoking-room downstairs, where Macgregor and I at least always meet Lord Colin and J. F. Campbell (Islay), and have many good talks and stories. The party in the house, besides, includes Lord and Lady Dufferin, Sir J. and Lady Emma M'Neill; Lady Churchill, General Ponsonby and Sir William Jenner, in attendance on the Queen. Lord Dufferin, who latterly had been confined to his room, came once or twice to the smoking-room. He is most charming, simple and kindly—quietly humorous, and evidently so *good* in heart and character, and with so gentle and winning a manner that I have not met for a long time a man in any rank to whom I have felt more attracted—'a noble knight.' He and the others who have orders always wear them at dinner; but only

those that are dining with the Queen go in full Court dress. She selects her own party, generally just one or two.

'24th: Pleasant walk again with my little lady. In the evening to the ball in the pavilion—a very pretty sight. There were about 700, almost all townspeople and tenants. We of the castle party occupied a crimson dais with chairs at the end. The Queen came about 10.30, and occupied the foremost chair, and reels began at once.

'25th: Attended after breakfast the Gaelic lesson given by M'Gregor to the girls, an amusing and lively scene; walked thereafter through the deer park and to the shore with Lady Evelyn, and had a quiet evening; the Queen in the saloon as usual for a little.

'26th: Sunday, and wet all forenoon. M'Gregor had service (no singing) in the dining-room, duly 'rigged for church,' at 11.45, and preached a powerful sermon on the Temptation. His conception of the Devil and his contact with Christ's pure nature was very vividly done. The Queen sat in front, and was very attentive. We had evening prayers, which Macleod (who preached in the morning in the Parish Church) conducted.

'27th: The Thomsons dined this evening, and in the saloon, soon after the Queen came in, Princess Louise, in handing her something, upset a flower-glass and spilt the water, which simple incident sent H.M. into fits of laughter, which seemed increased by the spectacle of Sir William Thomson, in an access of loyalty, wiping up the water with his pocket-handkerchief and then squeezing it into his teacup. The Queen smiled over it till she went away. *Solvuntur risu.*

'28th: Blackie arrived to-night from Oban. In the smoking-room he and M'Pherson, the parish minister, and Islay had a prolonged battle over the Ossianic question, M'Pherson maintaining the existence of poems in Gaelic from which his namesake translated, and Islay maintaining the contrary, Blackie vainly trying to assert

for himself the position of impartial umpire. While the conflict proceeded Lord Colin represented modern science by the calm dissection of a little Mexican monster called an 'axolotl' at the other end of the table. Islay is a very fine fellow, with a good deal of humour, a very happy knack in etching, a large fund of general information, and a thorough knowledge of colloquial Gaelic. He reminds me, though he does not by any means illustrate it, of a definition quoted by Blackie of a learned man: 'One who knows something about everything, and everything about something.' His father left 'Ian' without, as he says, 'the breadth of his foot' in Scotland, and yet he never made a complaint—a good fellow.

'It was on the morning of this day that the Queen planted two memorial trees—one in the garden and the other across the river. The proceedings, someone remarked, exactly resembled the funeral of a canary or the interment of Cock Robin.

'29th: The Queen left this morning at 9.30, which diminished our party, taking away Sir William Jenner, Ponsonby, and Lady Churchill, who were always of our party at dinner. The Dufferins had also left immediately after the Queen—the former departure, Lord D. remarked as he set off, being only 'a rehearsal for the grand event of the day.' The sense of the diminution of our circle and of the impending necessity for our own departure on the morrow threw a certain sombreness over this evening, which was not relieved by Blackie's antics, singing of songs and recitation of his own poetry. Our last smoke was smoked with him, M'Gregor, Islay, Lord Colin, and myself of the party. The room had gathered round it many happy associations during the ten nights of our stay, and one quitted it as one might quit a chamber which had seen *noctes coenæque deum.*

'30th: Off at 10.15 for home by Lochgoilhead, after many kind farewells. Watched the castle fading into distance as we mounted the hill across the loch, and sent it back a heartfelt blessing.'

His health was now practically restored, and he was able to take up all his parish work again, as well as some occasional writing. The evenings in the smoking-room at Inveraray had been productive of much good story-telling, among others, of course, many ghost stories; and some of these he afterwards worked up into a paper for *Good Words*. It was at this time that he wrote the tract on Fast Days, already referred to. About this time he also began to write for the *Glasgow Herald*, to which he soon became a regular contributor, writing especially on matters connected with the Church. Things were looking brighter altogether after all the illness and worry of the past year, and he is able to close his diary with a thankful heart: 'Children and all of us well, thank God, and the year closing for us happily. Lord bless and spare us for the year to come, and may we grow in grace therein.'

The following letters to a young friend beset with doubts and difficulties were written about this time, and may fitly be inserted here:

ROSNEATH, 26th October, 1875.

I want to say something to you about the subject you mention—absolution. Christ, no doubt, said to His disciples, 'Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted,' etc., but it is never even hinted in the New Testament that this power (whatever it meant, I don't enter into that) either was, or was intended to be, transmitted by them to others.

The whole claim of any priesthood, now existing, to give absolution, must depend on this right of transmission being proved; and it cannot be proved. Christ gave other powers to His disciples, as, for example, when He said, 'I give you power to tread on serpents and scorpions and nothing shall by any means hurt you.' The priesthood might as well claim *that* power as the other, but they do not, because they know experience would show that they did not possess it, but they may claim to remit sins and nobody can actually *prove* that the sins are not remitted; but when you find any priest who will handle a scorpion and allow it to bite him in the faith of Christ's promise to His disciples about evil beasts, I shall acknowledge that he may also honestly claim the fulfilment of the other promise about remission of sins. It is easy to understand how Christ should give the power or right of

absolution to His first disciples; but it is impossible to believe they should dare or pretend to transmit it; but men have pretended it was transmitted because they have loved the spiritual power which the belief in absolution confers on them. Christ knew the disciples, and had told them how they were to deal with the Jewish and Heathen world, and for His own purposes saw it was right to address these words to them *only*.

Suppose I had a well known and trusted agent, who knew my mind and all my plans and principles, I might send him to some of my parishioners to whom I could not go personally, and might say to him, 'Go and deal with them as you think best. I shall sanction all you do. Any faults you overlook I shall overlook; any you condemn, I shall punish,' that would be natural and fair; but what should I say if I found that after he had died, or left my service, his son, or the man who had succeeded to the rest of his business, should go to these people and insist that the same authority was continued to him, and try to deal with them accordingly? The authority can only come from me; and no one receiving it from me can hand it on to another. It reverts to me to delegate again if I choose. Don't you see that as soon as you admit the power even of an apostle to transmit authority, because he is an apostle, the authority becomes merely *official*? It was its *moral* character; and can you imagine Christ would attach the power of absolution to any *office*, and allow some wretch like Cardinal Beatoun for instance, to absolve a man from his sins just because he was a Cardinal—a priest rather? The power of 'Absolution' was given by Christ to the apostles because of what they were in themselves—able to use it wisely and truthfully, and not because of the office they held. The ground of it was not official but moral, and that is the only ground of all spiritual authority. As soon as you begin to bow to official authority in the Church you are on the high road to spiritual slavery—to *Rome*, in fact. How can any *man* absolve you from your sins? Must not absolution depend on your own repentance; and if you repent and feel you repent truly, what further assurance of absolution can any man's official word give you? Who can forgive sins but God only? You say, 'It would be a great blessing to know for certain that our sins are forgiven.' Well, do you *not* know it on Christ's own authority? Does He not tell you that as soon as you repent you are forgiven; and would the Pope, or Canon Liddon, or your parish minister, saying, 'I absolve thee,' make the thing any surer to you, or be a greater blessing to you? I can't see that it would. In the only true sense in which anyone can now absolve, I believe I can—or any ordained minister can absolve; but that is only in

the way of *declaring* to you the truth of your absolution. It is not that any man has, or can have, now, the power to influence the absolution in the least.

I hope you will understand this, and not begin, in a natural desire for the relief which the consciousness of forgiveness gives, to look for the assurance of absolution to any human authority. The claim of any such authority is mere priestcraft. Never yield yourself to that. You are responsible to God alone, and you must never let the human come in between you and the divine. It would be easy for me to turn you towards the admission of human authority and the rule of the priesthood, and the use even of confession (and such things are done daily), but if you think over it I believe you will see that I do what is better and truer when I tell you to look to God only, and to make your confession to Him, and ask your absolution from Him only, and never to give anyone the government of your reason and your conscience.

These are your own, and God will deal with you according as you use them. Ah, my dear, the day will come to you, I hope many a year hence after a long and good and happy life, when every human aid will leave you to meet God alone; and you will not mind that then, if you have always, up to that time, looked to Him alone, and gone straight to Him with no help but Christ's.

You must not vex yourself too much if your prayers seem unanswered. The answer may come after a time. You don't reap for a long time after you have sowed; and perhaps you are praying for what God cannot grant unless you do more than pray; for instance, you need not ask for the assurance of forgiveness unless you are trying to be forgiving and kind and forbearing yourself. Why should you think of God only as your *Judge*? Does not Christ Himself always tell us about a *Father*, not a Judge? Why should you not take His own way of it? 'The Father' is the key to God's character, and to all true knowledge of Him; and it is only when we understand that, that we cease to fear, and love becomes possible.

Perhaps you have gathered hard thoughts of God from some person whom you have believed to be good and religious; but much religion is harsh in its character, and you should try to get rid of any such impression, and to think of Him as He is in Christ. 'He that hath seen Me hath seen the *Father*.'

R. H. S.

The Manse,
Rosneath, Oct. 20, 1875.

As next Sunday is the day of the Communion I wish to write you a few lines, just to say that I hope you will find much good

and help in going to the Lord's Table. I wish you could have been here for it Sunday before last, but you must remember the Sacrament itself is always the same wherever or by whomsoever administered, and is Christ's own gift to us in remembrance of Himself. 'This do in remembrance of Me' is His own word about it, and what we ought chiefly to lay to heart; and if we feel that He is with us at the Table and try to call to memory all He did for us the night He was betrayed, we shall not feel dependent on the manner of celebration.

It is the memorial of His sacrifice; and that sacrifice, in the meaning of it which we can best understand, was the sacrifice of self to God. That sacrifice we can copy and repeat—we can consecrate our lives to God, after His example—and every time we take the Sacrament should remind us of this and help us in it.

And we best carry out this idea of consecration, not by tying ourselves down to rules and forms, but by trying to fill our lives with His spirit, and then out of the fulness and freedom of the spirit, all that is good and noble will grow—gentleness, kindness, self-control, power of self-sacrifice for the sake of others, the gentle and pure life of Christ, in short.

Will you accept the little book I enclose. I think you will like what it says about the Communion, beginning at page 171, and especially the contents of Chapter X. under the same head. There is a good deal in the book that differs from our Protestant notions, and seems to them rather extreme; but the beautiful piety and devotion which breathes through it belong to no sect or party, but are marks of the presence of that spirit which lives in all branches of the Church in which there is any life at all.

R. H. S.

ROSNEATH, 27th Feb., 1876.

I can't let you alone after your telling me you have been trying to master the Doctrine of Election, and that you have not succeeded. It was natural that you should try, but it was inevitable that you should fail. I am very glad you find it a *hard* doctrine, and should have been very sorry had you thought that you understood it and found it in the Bible. It is not in the Bible; and we shall not think we find it there unless we read the Bible in bondage to the mere *letter*, and not understanding that the Bible is not itself in its letter 'the word of God,' but only the vehicle of the word of God. We must, in the light of what our own consciences and reasons, aided by God's spirit, teach us, search the Bible for the word, or revelation, of God, but must not think that

we are to accept every word or passage as a part of that word and necessarily infallible; and if here and there we come upon sentences or expressions which seem to us to contradict our strongest convictions and beliefs about God, we are not bound to bow to them and to trample on our own reasonable conviction and belief. It is not the light of the written book, but of the living spirit, that Christ tells us is to lead us into 'all truth.' So that when you find—in *Exodus*, for example—the old Jewish writer saying that God 'hardened Pharaoh's heart,' instead of believing that and thinking that *God made* Pharaoh do what was wrong, we simply conclude that this way of expressing it was in agreement with the writer's feeling that all things—bad or good alike—were part of God's plan, and ascribable to His direct intervention, but was never intended to be used as the ground of the doctrine of Election and Reprobation: and so also when in the New Testament we find St. Paul (in the 9th chapter of *Romans*) quoting this and using it as a point in his argument about the sovereignty of God, it is far easier and more rational and truly reverent to conclude either that Paul was arguing wrong, or that we do not understand his argument, than to believe that we were intended to learn from what he says the doctrine that God, for no reason but His own 'good pleasure,' elects some to life and condemns others to eternal misery. It is much easier to believe that Paul argued wrongly than that God acted wickedly, which He did if He hardened Pharaoh's heart, and then punished him because his heart was hardened. No theological finessing can ever make that right in God which would be bad in man. We are too much under the dominion of the idea of an infallible book, which is little better than the idea of an infallible man or an infallible Church. I do not see that the Bible ever claims to be infallible, or claims to *be* itself the 'word of God.' It claims to *contain* the word of God; but that is different, and it is our business to find out the word of God in the Bible and to cling to it and it only. And if we have been able to form a true idea of God, we shall never let anything we find in the Bible or elsewhere shake that idea.

Suppose I sent you a message through a person I had confidence in and to whom I gave careful directions, and you got the message, but when you got it found in it some point or other opposed to everything you had thought to be my character—unlike anything you had ever heard from myself—and that hurt and shocked your own feelings of right and wrong, would you not rather believe the messenger had made a mistake than that I had changed my character and done what I must know would hurt and shock you?

And much more if you find in what is God's message to you, conveyed through human messengers, some few things said that go against all your convictions about His divine character, and seem to represent Him as arbitrary, cruel, and harsh, is it not more natural to think error has crept into the message through some human infirmity of the messenger, than that God has changed, and that the Father has ceased to be a father and 'the Judge of all the Earth' to do right? At the most the points in the Bible that are used as the basis of the doctrine of Election are few, and some of them obscure, and they have been made much of in proportion to their number by logical theologians, while the whole scope and meaning of the New Testament is on the other side. Christ's whole teaching is against them. 'God is our Father.' 'God is Love.' 'He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father.' 'No man cometh to the Father but by Me.' By, that is, the fellowship of My life and spirit—that is the teaching of Christ. No word of His can ever be twisted into favouring the horrible belief that the great God, whose children we all are, shuts millions of us deliberately up in eternal torment, and *that* not even for any fault of ours, but simply to carry out His own 'decree.' If God be capable of that, He is no God. He is simply an almighty devil, and it would be better to believe in no God at all than in Him.

Of course there must always be mystery about the existence of evil and God's relation to it, His foreknowledge of it, and yet His permission of it; but that mystery is not solved by ascribing to Him a greater evil than any that is done under the sun, the evil of gigantic injustice and cruelty on an infinite and eternal scale. We know and can know nothing about the *decrees* of God, on the idea of which the doctrine of Election proceeds, and therefore we should not try to pry into them. We know enough about the *love* of God to teach us that *it* is the grand and unchangeable reality, in the light of which we should strive to live; and whatever appears to us to contradict the fact that 'God is Love,' and that 'God is Light,' and 'in Him is no darkness at all,' may be assumed to be no part of the truth of God, even though we may find it in the Bible.

I wish I could talk to you about all this rather than write about it; for one thing, it branches out so widely into other subjects that it is impossible to speak about them properly in a letter, and yet not to do it may leave points untouched that you have difficulty about. Remember you must not take my word for anything except in so far as it proves itself true to you when you think over the subject for yourself. Everyone must use his or her own

reason and conscience and the help of the Holy Spirit for himself or herself, and not believe at the bidding of another.

R. H. S.

ROSNEATH, 29th May, 1876.

I was very vexed to hear you speak as you did when I saw you, because you seemed to me to be in a hard and unbelieving and unreceptive state of mind, to which all spiritual progress becomes impossible. Don't you remember those to whom our Lord could teach nothing 'because of the hardness of their hearts'? If you feel perplexed and disappointed about what you think you should believe, and about your own life and conduct, the way out of the perplexity and disappointment is not to get bitter and angry over it, but to try to be gentle and patient under it, and to do better next time. If you have failed in conduct and temper, is that any reason for not trying again to do what is right and to control your temper? If you feel perplexed about your belief, is the way to mend matters to say there is no use trying to reach the truth? The Truth, like everything that is worth having, is not easily reached, but when you are in difficulty and inclined to doubt and disbelieve, remember and practise the rule, 'Whosoever will do His will, will know the doctrine whether it be of God,' which means that in times of intellectual difficulty, when you don't know whether to believe or to doubt, the one resource is to *do* what you feel to be *right*, to be the will of God.

Doing that will help your spiritual understanding. A dutiful adherence to what is right will be followed by a clearer insight into what is true. So, when you have felt puzzled with your doctrine of Election and all the rest of it, instead of getting hard and angry you should have tried all the more earnestly to be dutiful, to subdue your pride, to rule your temper, to be gentle and forbearing, and in that effort you would have found real help, and inner satisfaction. It is the same *hard* state of mind that leads you to give up your prayers and your reading of the Bible. If you believe in a God at all, how can you ever think it best to cut yourself off from all communication with Him? You won't deny that the Bible purports, at least, to be a revelation from Him to you, coming I admit through human channels and not without human alloy, but still containing God's word and will more clearly than any other book; and you acknowledge you are in doubt and difficulty and yet you shut the book that is most likely to be some help to you; and you shut, too, your heart against God by not praying to Him as your father and friend. Is that the way to treat Him, or to do yourself any good? Prayer

may seem to bring no answer for a time; but the state of mind in which, even though unanswered, you persevere in prayer is better and purer and more likely to receive help and light—sooner or later—than that in which you turn away from God and will not pray, will not confess yourself to Him, and submit yourself to Him.

It is the same state of mind that leads you to resolve not to take the Sacrament again. It was not to you the last time what you expected, and so you will not take it again. You think it would be 'humbug' in you to do it. It is not humbug to obey Christ's command, 'This do in remembrance of Me,' as long as you do not feel that you are actually mocking Him in doing it, through disbelief or some wilful sin.

Intellectual difficulties and religious perplexities are no reason for not taking the Sacrament. You should feel almost impelled to take it through a feeling that is above all reach of intellectual difficulty.

Suppose I had done something very great and good for you, given up everything for your sake and in order to put you in the way of happiness and peace in life and in death, and at last suppose that for your sake I had come to die a painful and shameful death, and that just before I went out to suffer death I gave you a little memento and said, 'Look sometimes at that in remembrance of me, and let kind thoughts of me fill your life as much as you can'; and then suppose that you threw this last keepsake of mine away and said to yourself, 'No, I shall not think of him or do anything to recall his memory. It does me no good and I don't believe would help me in any way.' If you did this, do you think you should be acting very fairly or kindly by me or by my memory? Would not the least that you could do for me be to remember my last words and wishes, for *my* sake more than for your own? Is there much real difference between this case and the case of your Saviour who died for you, and whose memorial you calmly tell me you don't intend to preserve and to honour?

Don't let your better nature get so hardened within you. Read your New Testament, pray to God, go to the Communion, try every day to be gentle and patient and kind and good, and not to take your own way, and not in difficulties as to belief to jump at a rapid conclusion, rather than labour and *wait* for the truth; and I am sure you will—not all at once, but by and bye—find that your thoughts are clearer and your faith firmer than now.

I don't say anything about the doctrine of Election, because it is too big a business to go into just now. But I should not fear

it or any other doctrine for you, if I thought you were in a right state of mind, and were even trying to foster the childlike spirit, to which only God will, or can, reveal Himself. In any event I pray God to bless you and guide you, dear, into His truth, some day.

R. H. S.

THE MANSE,
ROSNEATH, 16th August, 1876.

I believe that if we could see the end from the beginning as God does Himself, we should understand that all God's dealings shew His goodness and mercy, yet I should never expect anyone whose feelings were natural and unaffected, to be able so to take that conviction home as to be able to thank God at the sight of the pain and trouble of anyone he or she loved, and to feel thankfulness instead of sorrow. I never could suggest anything so unreal.

Nor did I wish you to think in the selfish way that is too common in popular religion. I wished to suggest to you that as we are all closely bound together and influence each other's lives, that which has befallen another could not but have an influence on your life, for good or evil just as you choose to take it.

As for the general question which you put—What can be the good of sending such misery?—neither you nor I can answer it. But are there not far worse things in the world than outward misery such as ill-health and suffering, even than bereavement and loss of those we love? Is not a heart full of selfishness a worse misery than a body full of pain? And may not the patience and power of endurance, and of forgetting self, that sorrow and trial are often seen to work out in a character, be worth the sorrow and the trial? Can you imagine a higher character than Christ's, and was not His made 'perfect through suffering'? Suffering, like all else in life, falls into its right place and finds its reason and meaning to those who believe in a Father who deals with His children in love: to those who refuse that belief it must be a dreary and meaningless business, I grant. I wish I could think of you as coming to some of the light of that central truth. Surely the time will come when the love He has put within you will flow towards Himself. I hope and pray that it may, and that He may Himself lead you into His own truth and peace, and then you will need no help from any human source.

R. H. S.

# FAITH AND REASON

THE MANSE,
ROSNEATH, 11th June, 1876.

No one could reasonably ask you to believe anything in the region of religious truth without your 'seeing the reason.' But what I tried to put before you was that you were not likely to see any reason so long as you were in a hard and sceptical frame of mind and looking on truth with *suspicion*. I don't want you to look at it with credulity or superstition; but neither do I wish you to approach it in a suspicious and doubting state of mind. You say you want 'proof' of the fact of God having a will which He wishes us to fulfil. But how is that to be proved to you as long as you refuse to try to fulfil the will? It is like a starving man refusing to eat until he has 'proof' that food will nourish him. If he eats he will find the proof in himself; so will you, if you try to do God's will, find the evidence that there is a divine will and that it is the life of a human creature to fulfil it. You do not know what is God's will in itself, but you know that what is right is according to that will, you can try to do what is right, and in that effort you will learn that what is right is divine, and that only through faith in and union with the divine is the human perfected. I don't ask you to do right because it is God's will, but to do God's will because *it* is right, and when you are in doubt as to what is God's will, to do what your conscience bids you, and your doubt will disappear. You will not tell me that you have no conscience, and that you are not aware of a conflict in yourself between what is good and what is evil, between the desire to please yourself and care for nobody, and the suggestions of the better spirit of self-sacrifice and self-control. As long as you are conscious of that you cannot sink down into the materialism which would disconnect the idea of right and wrong, of purity and impurity, from all source in a Being higher than ourselves, of whose perfect goodness and purity our conscience is but the echo.

I can't bear to hear you speaking of Christ's death being 'a mystery.' If you thought earnestly over it you would see light in it. Do not think of that death in the formal Calvinistic way as the price paid for the elect's escape from punishment. In that sense it would be a mystery no doubt. Think of it as the last act of the divine life of self-sacrifice, necessary to complete and perfect that life, the last pledge of a love for man that was stronger than life, the last appeal of the perfectly true and pure and loving to our loyalty and memory of Him; and it surely is not so mysterious as not to have in it something that would check your evil and help your good, if only you laid it to heart.

Try to be humble and forbearing and good; read your Bible, and don't give over prayer.

I should tell you to read *Ecce Homo*, for I think, in some respects, it would help you and do you good, but it is a book about which there are different opinions, and perhaps your parents would not like you to read it; but if you think they would not object, I should say read it.

But whatever you do, I pray God that you may come to believe in Him more fully and to give yourself to Him, and so sooner or later to fulfil the divine ideal of your life.

R. H. S.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE CONFESSION

Dr. Story had already, as we have seen, made the acquaintance of Dean Stanley, an acquaintance which quickly ripened into a warm friendship; and when the Dean came down to St. Andrews in the spring of 1875, to deliver his address as Lord Rector, Dr. Story was among those who gathered there to do him honour. They had walks and talks on the links with Boyd and Tulloch, in the intervals between more serious social functions, lunch at St. Mary's, dinner with the Purdies, a reception, and all the usual festivities got up to entertain a distinguished guest; and which afforded pleasant opportunities to the other visitor for reviving old friendships, and making new ones.

In 1877 he again met Dean Stanley at St. Andrews; and in June, when on a visit to London, he went to hear him preach at Westminster, and in the evening attended the service with him to hear Canon Vaughan. He writes to a friend:

'I worshipped in Westminster Abbey on Sunday night, and walked in procession next to the Dean, and sat between him and Farrar among the Canons. An awful spectacle—if the High Church had known who or what I was.'

Happily Stanley had none of the ecclesiastical narrowness which looks upon a minister of a sister Church as an alien; and he not only made his Presbyterian brethren welcome at Westminster, but was ready and

willing to take part in their services at home. That same summer he came down to Rosneath accompanied by his devoted friend, Canon Pearson, and paid a memorable visit to the manse, preaching on Sunday in the Parish church. He made a strange contrast to his host, as he stood in his favourite position on the hearth warming his coat-tails before the fire; and great was the astonishment of the children that 'the Dean,' whose name they were accustomed to hear spoken with affectionate reverence, should turn out to be such a tiny man. He had a beautifully refined and intellectual face, and his appearance could by no possibility be felt insignificant, in spite of the smallness of his stature.

His absence of mind and indifference to details of dress and appearance were proverbial; and the story is very characteristic which is told of his coming down to dinner at some house where he was staying, with one side of his collar unfastened and flapping uncomfortably over his coat. His hostess gently drew his attention to the fact. 'Ah yes,' he replied pleasantly, 'I couldn't manage to fasten it before I came down. But I don't mind. Do you?'

By the burning of Inveraray Castle early in the autumn the Duke of Argyll's family were suddenly turned out of house and home. This led to their spending a large part of the winter at Rosneath, and to a renewal of the friendship with the young daughters of the house which had begun so happily during the visit to Inveraray two years before. They came often to the manse, a bright and lively little group, eager to discuss all things with the minister, whose 'walks and talks' with them were a mutual pleasure. Lady Frances Campbell in particular (now Lady Frances Balfour) became from that time his most frequent and faithful correspondent, and one whose loyal friendship was only strengthened by the passing of the years. The death of the Duchess, not many months later, brought them again together, as he did what he could to help them in their sorrow. She had died in

London, and the funeral took place from Rosneath to Kilmun. On the Sunday after he preached her funeral sermon at Rosneath, where he had known her from his childhood as one of his father's most attached friends, and a staunch supporter of the Parish church; one who, as he said, 'found amongst us her first happy Scottish home, and who, followed by her husband and her children, was carried hence to her last resting-place; one whose memory, as we recall it, teaches us how all, in places howsoever different, may be united in the simplicity and steadfastness of one common faith and hope, and how far above all distinction of rank or lineage is the possession of a character in which the aims are high, the principles unselfish, the standard noble, the affections faithful and pure.'

For the first time Dr. Story held a service this year on Christmas day, an 'innovation' which became a settled custom, and was always appreciated. It was very often followed by a Christmas tree in the school for the school children, a pretty sight, and one that gave immense pleasure.

'We have had great doings here this Christmas,' he writes to Dr. MacGregor, 'a largely attended Christmas service, a splendid Christmas tree, and last night a Christmas 'soiree'—no less—at which as at all these festivities our valuable young friends at the castle took a hearty part.'

One of the young friends at the castle remembers her impression of the service. It began at three o'clock in the winter's afternoon, the church getting dark in the gloaming, and only two candles giving light in the pulpit. The first hymn was 'Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,' always a favourite. She noted his reading most of the prayers, among them the collect for the third Sunday in Advent, and the prayer, 'for all Thy servants departed this life,' etc.

The day always ended with a dinner at the manse, to which as many as possible of the neighbours who happened

not to have a family party of their own were bidden, and spent a festive evening.

It had long been the custom to have a service on New Year's day. This was held at 11 o'clock, and immediately after it all the boys and girls belonging to the Sunday school came up to the manse; where they received prizes from the minister, and were then sent away happy with an orange and a large piece of cake. It was rather a solemn occasion, as the children were much more shy in cold daylight than they were among the twinkling lights of the Christmas tree; but many of them cherished the memory of those days in after years, and carefully preserved the books they had been given.

In 1878 appeared the little volume entitled *Saint Modan of Rosneath: a Fragment of Scottish Hagiology*, from which we have already quoted. The information concerning the saint was indeed fragmentary, but it was skilfully pieced together, and made a picturesque study of a rather shadowy figure in our early ecclesiastical history. The same year was published *Creed and Conduct*, a collection of sermons, nearly all of which had been preached originally to his own congregation, and which he had on different occasions been asked to print. Two of them, one on Revelation and that on the 'Blood of Sprinkling,' had already been the subject of comment and criticism; and in a good many quarters the book was received with suspicion and antagonism, although in general it was hailed with satisfaction as a welcome indication of the wider and freer spiritual feeling which was beginning to gain ground in the Church.

'Following Macleod, Campbell, and Erskine,' says one writer, 'he manfully endeavours to make religion more real and more enjoyable, by presenting us with a God so lovable and so just. His creed is very simple, but it is thus the more possible to bring it to bear upon our daily conduct in the market-place, in the home, or in the chamber of our individual heart. With him 'religion is that, in human belief and conduct, which bears

witness to a spiritual world and a moral order.' 'Revelation is simply that divine knowledge which, by any means, God imparts to man. It is the lifting, at any part, of the veil that hides His face. It is the giving of spiritual light . . . Whatever discloses to us something of God, otherwise hidden, is revelation.' Conscience is the highest authority to those who wish to recognize an authority, and who are in earnest in their desire and effort to learn God's will, and to act according to it. And the word of God is the great enlightener of the conscience. We are to judge of the Divine by the human; our only method of judging is to judge of what God is by what man is. We are to clothe God with all the attributes in perfection which we love to see in an exemplary human father. The authority which Christ has over us is the authority of the Divine goodness, and self-sacrificing desire to save and bless us. Dr. Story is one of the few religious teachers who, with reverence for the best opinions of the devout of past generations, can manfully look facts in the face and judge for himself. 'No more,' he says, 'in religious, than in other matters, are we bound to accept a doctrine because others, or ever so many others, have held it . . . Nothing is in reality more atheistic and tends more directly to breed atheism in honest minds, than those rigid and self-confident dogmas, which presume to set a bound about the universal Father's good-will towards His children; which refer all His doings to an absolute and arbitrary will, and not to a righteous law; which, while professing to honour Him, ascribe to Him a less than human mercifulness and a more than human vengefulness; which invest Him with all the attributes that engender fear, and rob Him of all that call forth faith and love.' The love of God is Dr. Story's great central theme. Man's duty is to consider life as an education; for thus only can we understand the meaning of life, and its relation to the divine will of our heavenly Father . . .'

The publication of these sermons, as well as the writing and teaching of such men as Principal Tulloch, Principal Caird, Dr. Cunningham, Dr. Menzies, and others, showed plainly that a spirit of free enquiry and candid judgment was rapidly spreading among the younger Churchmen of the day; while the prosecution of Professor Robertson Smith of the Free Church for his bold criticism of the generally accepted tradition respecting the origin of the Pentateuch, gave sinister

evidence of the difficulties it would have to encounter. In spite of opposition, however, the feeling gained ground that the Church could not stand still, or remain for ever content with the traditions handed down from early times; but being the acknowledged depository of truth, must interpret the truth according to the light vouchsafed to it, a light which should burn ever purer and clearer 'unto the perfect day.' It was felt that the relation of the Church to her Confession had altered, that it was to most earnest-minded men impossible to accept in their entirety many of the doctrines set forth therein; and that some relief should be afforded to those, both ministers and elders, who, though anxious to remain loyal sons of the Church of Scotland, felt a difficulty in accepting office, as long as they were required to declare their belief in the Confession of Faith as it stood.

The question of a relaxation of the formula of subscription to the Confession had been raised many years before by Dr. Bisset, who was Moderator of the General Assembly in 1861, and by Dr. Robert Lee. In 1864 a committee had been appointed to inquire and report as to the condition of the eldership throughout the Church, and this inquiry revealed the strange fact that in 109 parishes there were no elders at all. In only one parish was it alleged that having to sign the subscription prevented members of the church from accepting the office of elder, but it was well known that many of the best and most suitable men had been kept back by their scruples on this point. A petition, signed by twenty-six elders of the Church at Paisley, was laid before the Assembly of 1865, praying the house to remove the injunction compelling elders to sign the Confession before their ordination. The Assembly of 1865, as we have seen in connection with the debate on innovations, was a reactionary Assembly, and promptly negatived the proposal that the question as to whether the subscription by elders was required by law should be taken into consideration. The

Paisley elders, however, with their numbers reinforced, returned to the charge in their own Presbytery; but their petition met with no better fate there than in the Assembly, although their protest elicited much sympathy throughout the country. Principal Tulloch, in his address to his students at the opening of the session 1865-6, urged the necessity of studying the Confession, and predicted that a 'period of change was at hand which the existing formula of subscription would not survive.'

An agitation was now raised by the supporters of orthodoxy, the Dissenting Churches being particularly zealous in their denunciation of the laxity and heterodoxy of the Establishment; and the General Assembly of 1866, under the guidance of Dr. Phin, minister of Galashiels, and Dr. Pirie, afterwards Principal of the University of Aberdeen, the two most notable representatives in their day of the conservative party in the Church, received with enthusiasm a petition in favour of 'inviolably maintaining the Westminster Confession of Faith as the doctrinal standard of the Church,' and resolutely set its face against all inquiry.

A few years later the Assembly appointed a committee to draw up a report on the formula for subscription by elders, and in 1875 their recommendation that the formula should be somewhat relaxed was definitely laid before the house. An overture in terms of the report was drawn up and sent down to Presbyteries, and was approved by a large majority of the inferior courts. But when the reports came up before the Assembly of 1876 the question was again shelved, and matters were left as before.

Dr. Story, in bringing an overture on the subject before the Presbytery of Dunbarton in 1877, complained of this action of the General Assembly as being reactionary and inconsistent, the Church having practically committed itself by its past actions to granting some measure of relaxation in the formula for elders. His desire now was that the Assembly should have an

opportunity of reconsidering its decision. The General Assembly, however, when the overture came up before it, along with several from other Presbyteries, showed no desire to reconsider its decision; but, as the report says, 'refused the laity the small measure of relief proposed by Dr. Story, which would have pledged the elders merely to a general assent to the doctrines of the Confession, and not to every minute statement therein contained.'

Speaking in support of the overture committed to his charge by his own Presbytery, Dr. Story dealt briefly with the legal aspect of the question, pointing out that previous to the Revolution Settlement there was no subscription on the part of elders. Subscription was a post-Revolution arrangement altogether, and there was no Parliamentary sanction for it. The only Acts bearing on the subscription by elders were Acts of the General Assembly, the first being the Act of 1690. This required that 'ministers and elders received into communion with us in Church government' should subscribe simply their approbation of the Confession of Faith, and was intended to meet the case of ministers of the old Episcopal Establishment coming over into communion with the Church. With regard to elders signing the formula at ordination, there was no evidence that that was the law; for although it had crept irregularly into the practice of the Church courts, it had never received the sanction of the Church.

What was now proposed in the overture was that the Church should go back to the Act of 1690, which required the elder simply to sign his approbation of the Confession of Faith. Long and anxious consideration had preceded the introduction of the overture; and the committee appointed to consider the formula and to lay before the Assembly a possible substitute for it, consisted of members, as Dr. Story said, 'fitted to command the universal confidence of the Church,' some of whom could not 'by the wildest flight of a morbid imagination be supposed to be in any way inclined to reckless change. I suppose,' he added, 'no one would

call Dr. Mitchell of St. Andrews a dangerous revolutionary; no one would apply a like epithet to the minister of St. George's, Edinburgh.'

In the formula which they proposed there was no departure from the law of the Church, and it had the advantage of putting the elder's subscription on a less complicated footing. There were many among the best friends of the Church who were ready to enter it, but who found themselves unable to accept the immense body of divinity which met them at the threshold. Dr. Story maintained that the Church had no right to ignore the fact; that it was a matter she was competent to deal with, and should deal with without any consideration of its effect on others who stood by and prophesied evil from every change. All the changes that had taken place, the introduction of the Hymnal, the improvement in methods of worship, had been spoken against as the 'thin end of the wedge'; but 'the Church,' Dr. Story said, 'is stronger and healthier to-day, not in spite of these changes, but in a large measure because of them, and stands better with the intelligence and devotional feeling of the country than she did fifteen years ago. If the Church adopts this resolution she will do what is due to herself by releasing her office-bearers from what they feel to be an unnecessary, and suppose to be an illegal enactment; and place their allegiance to her on the footing of an intellectual assent and spiritual sympathy, rather than on the footing of a mere technical concurrence in certain terms of a legal compact.'

Dr. Story's motion was seconded by an elder, Mr. Kinloch of Gilmerton, and supported by Sir Robert Anstruther, Sir James Fergusson, Dr. Cameron Lees, Dr. Sprott, Principal Tulloch, and Professor Milligan. He seemed to have the sympathy of the house on his side; but the weight of Lord Balfour, Lord Polwarth, Dr. Pirie, Dr. Scott and Dr. Charteris was thrown into the opposite scale, and the counsels of caution

and prudence prevailed. The debate, it was said, was attractive and brilliant, the decision was wise and safe. And so the formula was sacrificed; but not altogether in vain. For the debate, which by itself made the Assembly of 1877 a memorable one, and which by its sustained interest and ability had commanded the attention of a crowded house for nearly seven hours, had done more than anything else to put the whole question before both Church and country in its true light, and to enable every man to form his own unbiassed judgment on its merits. It had been discussed from every possible point of view, and could never henceforward be regarded as anything less than what Dr. Milligan called it, a question of 'momentous import.'

Although Dr. Story was still doomed to find himself in a minority, it was not now the 'enormous minority' of his earlier days. He had won recognition for himself by his fearless advocacy of all that tended towards the widening and liberalizing of the Church's standpoint in matters of doctrine and government, by his ability and force of character, by his honesty and out-spokenness. He had opponents, many and bitter, partly owing, no doubt, to the power of sarcasm and of ready retort which he used with telling and often disconcerting effect. But however widely his opponents differed from him, and however strongly they resented his attacks, they could never fail to acknowledge that he was absolutely straight in whatever he said or did. No policy of compromise, no counsel of caution appealed to him for a moment, if he thought it the duty of the Church to adopt a new and perhaps unpopular line of action. The Church should take the lead, he felt, in the region of thought as well as in that of practical religion; she should not lag behind, and follow only when it seemed safe to do so. These and similar arguments he pressed home unsparingly, and they were not always welcome to the fathers of the Church. In debate he was recognised as almost unrivalled, a ready and effective speaker, quick to take up

and deal with a point in argument, generally cool, and not easily disturbed by the opposition which his attitude frequently provoked. He was intolerant of the policy of compromise so often counselled by the older men. This led not seldom to the interchange of 'sharp words and wits' between them; and at this time notably with Dr. Phin and Dr. Pirie, in the latter of whom, in particular, he had a foeman worthy of his steel, the Principal being not only a man of keen intellect but a racy speaker. This public skirmishing, however, which was often very clever and amusing, in no way hindered their private relations from being perfectly friendly. The only thing he could not overlook or forgive in an adversary was any suspicion of double dealing, or of tampering, in a time-serving spirit, with the highest interests of the Church.

He had now come to be regarded as one of the ablest representatives of what may be called the Broad Church party, of which Principal Tulloch was the acknowledged chief; and a growing party in the Church looked to him as a leader of liberal thought. His steadfast determination in bringing forward the question of the relaxation of the formula year after year in the face of much discouragement and obloquy, while it caused many to look upon him with hostility and even with dislike, won for him the regard of those who believed in freedom of discussion and the facing of truth.

Speaking at the opening of a new church in Helensburgh, he thus vindicates his position:

'The very breath of intellectual life is freedom, freedom to search, to inquire, to advance, to discover, and declare whatever it believes to be the truth. If inquiry in every other region of truth is free, and in theology is fettered, then the inevitable result is that while all other sciences progress, theology stands still; while all others grow in influence over thoughtful minds, theology dwindles; while all others attract to their service the eager, the earnest, the able, the lovers of truth, theology repels them. If this be so, then the spiritual life of the Church will pine. It will grow unhealthy, stinted, unnatural; it will glide into superstition; it will harden into fanaticism. Now, the question is—Does the Confession of

Faith tend to abridge the intellectual freedom of those who accept it? The common charge against it is that it does; that it is so minute, so particular, so rigid, so absolute, that it has become a bondage. It may be so, or it may not. But if it is felt to be so (and many, undeniably, feel that it is), we ought to recollect the end for which that creed was devised and imposed. It was to secure the truth, to guard against error, to provide what was thought, when it was written, to be the very best doctrinal food for the Church. If, in the changes which come with time, it no longer serves this end; if it no longer is a safeguard of the truth, but rather a barrier in the way of its development—if it darkens counsel and cumbers doctrine—why should it be still kept in its place of paramount authority?

'We wish our Church to live and extend—to be indeed perpetual. Does any sane man, regarding with a reflective eye the present 'signs of the times,' really believe that the existing relations of the Church to the Confession can be perpetual, or can even outlast the life of this generation? But what are we to do with it, then? Are we to try to transform the old creed into the likeness of a new one? The attempt, wherever it is made, will fail. Like all other creeds, the Confession is the record of the living faith of those who framed it. It is the expression and natural outcome of the convictions of its own age. It cannot be modified so as to become the natural expression of the convictions of an age long subsequent. Patching the old bottles will not make them any fitter for holding the new wine. The Confession should be left alone, a venerable historical monument, built too firmly into the foundations of our Church to be hammered at and meddled with. But the Church's relation to it should be altered. A man who comes forward to devote himself to the ministry of the Church should no longer be required to declare with all solemnity that he accepts every word of that aged document as the confession of his own personal belief. Let the Church declare—as she is free to do—that she regards the signature of the Confession of Faith at present required from her office-bearers as simply guaranteeing a general adherence to it, as containing 'the sum and substance' of the reformed doctrine (in which sense its adoption was at the first ratified by the Legislature), and she will lift a burden from many a man's mind and conscience, she will draw to her service those who love that Church best which comes nearest to the ideal of that Jerusalem which is above, and which, says the Apostle, is 'free'; and inasmuch as she is free, is the 'mother of us all.' The declaration of this wider freedom would sanction no laxity of belief or of practice. It would enlarge and

liberate the free spirit and the sensitive conscience. The eager and the earnest feel these restrictions to be galling fetters which are but a protection and safeguard to the sluggard. The delicate conscience is stung by the scruple which the coarser and harder has never felt. The Church will run no risk from the free mind and the tender conscience. She runs a grave risk when she counts among her clergy the morally dull and the intellectually torpid. There are those who regard the proposal of any change (such as this) in that which has been, with alarm and dislike—perhaps from timidity, perhaps from a natural sentiment of affection for that which has proved to them a channel of religious influence, or which is 'beloved for the fathers' sakes.' And it is our duty towards these, while not shrinking from pleading for what we think is right, to do what we can to prove to them that we seek change in no spirit of idle innovation, and in no impatience of any lawful restraint. It is our duty to make it plain that we desire no relaxing of the divine laws of right and wrong, of truth and falsehood; to show that God's righteousness is dear to us—that to us Christ's name is a strong tower, that we hold fast the hope of the eternal life, that we trust in the guidance and the comfort of the Holy Ghost, that we have no thought of letting go any one of the great facts of the 'faith once delivered to the saints.''

The advancing tide of liberalism in the Church, while it alarmed the cautious and unprogressive in her own ranks, was hailed by her enemies as a legitimate ground of criticism and attack. The Church was assailed on all hands as latitudinarian, unorthodox, and unfit to occupy the position of National Church. From her pulpits 'deadly error' was uttered, it was asserted that she was 'afraid to face the duty of dealing with the heresy' taught by her ministers and professors, and the cry of Disestablishment was loudly raised. It had been hoped by many in the Church that the repeal of the Patronage Act would help to conciliate the Dissenters, by removing one of the original grievances which led to their forsaking the Church of their fathers; and though this vision had proved illusory, there were still some who talked hopefully from time to time of union between those whose differences appeared on the surface to be so slight, and who had undoubtedly so much in common. The Free Church

had, however, by this time departed from the principles of the Disruption leaders, and become almost more strictly Voluntary than the United Presbyterians themselves. To the Church as a State Church they were therefore both now actively hostile, and in 1877 they began to call upon the Legislature for the unconditional Disestablishment of the National Church. This agitation, more or less political, was carried on during the next year, with a view to influencing the general election when it came. The following review of the situation is taken from an article written by Dr. Story in the beginning of 1879:

'For some years the policy of the Church, pursued, we believe, with honesty of intention, though perhaps with deficient tact and skill, has been to remove the causes of estrangement, and to open a way for union with these two [the Free and the U.P. Churches]. It has become, however, progressively apparent that the wayward children will not be reconciled, and that the ruling majorities in Free Assembly and U.P. Synod have practically adopted the Voluntary principle, to the extent of agreeing to reject even the proposal of terms of reunion, and to demand absolutely the Disestablishment of the Church. This policy has been during the last twelve months unreservedly avowed by the leaders, and the majorities that follow them in both the dissenting Churches; and the cry of unconditional Disestablishment has been raised with much zeal and reiteration. Aided by the funds and agents of the English Liberation Society, local agitators and orators, in almost every part of the country, have conducted a crusade against the Establishment. The result has not answered their expectations. The ministers have been zealous, but the laity have been apathetic. Possibly some may have grown tired of ecclesiastical squabbles . . . Some may have considered the case against the Church not clearly made out; but there is no question but that the agitation was to a great extent a failure.

'At the same time no one can pretend to deny that of late the conception of Disestablishment has become somewhat familiar to the public mind, which is growing at once rather heedless of the differentiæ of rival Churches, and accustomed to the phrases and ideas of the dogmatic Voluntaryism, and the desire to 'free' (as it is called) Churches from State connection which are at work in Scotland, and still more actively in England.'

## LIVERPOOL

In the summer of 1878 Dr. Story was invited to go to Liverpool, and be present at the ordination of a new minister to the Scots Church there, St. Andrew's, Rodney Street. He took part in the service, and was a guest afterwards at a luncheon, at which he replied to the toast of the Church of Scotland.

*To his Wife.*

'I have been kept so long at this banquet that I have little time before post and dinner. I got to Liverpool yesterday at 8.45, and was met at the station by emissaries of the congregation with the news that Sir A. Barclay Walker was too ill either to receive me or to preside at luncheon to-day, so I was taken to a Mr. Aikman's, in Falkner Square, a very nice part of the town. This morning I called on the Greigs, then to ordination, at which I assisted, and which lasted from 11.30 to 1.20, then to luncheon; sat between chairman and Major Greig, very great spread, very good company, one man, Aspinall the coroner, the most amusing speaker I ever heard. I made a speech of about half-an-hour, great enthusiasm, glasses rattled to pieces, hip, hip, hurrah. 'Have had the pleasure of listening to the most eloquent speech I ever heard in my life,' said old Brocklebank when he subsequently got on his legs; merchant prince, endower of hospitals, all that sort of thing. He is to show me over the docks to-morrow, and Greig[1] is to do anything I wish and that the whole police force can accomplish.'

In the speech, after referring to the friendly feelings with which the Church of Scotland had always regarded the Church of England, and regretting that they were not now so fully reciprocated as in the days 'when John Knox, a Scottish minister, was also chaplain to the English King, and when Archbishop Grindle received

[1] His friend Major Greig was Chief Constable of Liverpool.

a minister into his diocese on the ground that he had been ordained according to the laudable and proper forms of the Church of Scotland,' he went on to deal with the present state of affairs in the Church.

He spoke mainly on the subject then uppermost in his thoughts, the agitation for Disestablishment, refuting the arguments brought forward in support of it, and defending the position of the National Church. What had been left to them in trust, he said, they would never give up to those who sought to spoil the Church of their fathers. 'We shall not be bullied into infamous surrender, or cajoled into cowardly compromise.' He repudiated scornfully the taunt that it was on account of the 'loaves and fishes' that the clergy were so zealous for the Church.

'We stand by the Church of Scotland,' he said, 'not for the sake of its loaves and fishes, which we could get more abundantly elsewhere, but because she is a Church which in our affectionate memory is bound up with all that is noble, true, independent, and upward in our country's history, because she has been, since the first days of the Reformation until now, the friend and promoter of all that has been for the good and for the liberties of the people of Scotland, because she is the Church of our fathers, and in many of us there flows the blood of those who have suffered for her good, because she is the Church within whose pale we were born, endeared to us by all the memories of the past, and by a hundred hopes for the future.'

## CHAPTER X

### OUTSIDE INTERESTS

The winter of 1879-80 was partly spent abroad for the sake of his health. He was laid up in October with a severe illness, the result of an inflamed throat, aggravated by his sailing over to Greenock to keep an engagement on a stormy day when he had missed the ordinary steamer. After many weeks the doctors ordered him to spend the winter in the south, and by the kindness of his parishioners and friends, who thus generously testified to the warmth of their regard for their minister, he and Mrs. Story were enabled to go first for a few weeks to Bournemouth, and then on to the Riviera. They visited nearly every place of interest, and thoroughly enjoyed it all, meeting many friends at Cannes and Mentone, which were their longest resting-places. He writes to one of his daughters describing the journey and some of their foreign fellow-travellers.

'One of them amused me very much at Folkestone. He had a big bundle of rugs to carry down to the steamer from the train, and he asked one of the guards to do it. The guard, who had other work to attend to, said quite civilly, 'Really, sir, I cannot,' upon which the foreign gentleman, in a tone of furious indignation, cried, 'You *cannot*! What is you?' To this problem the guard attempted no answer.

'Paris was looking very dirty and muddy. The poor old Tuileries, where when I was last in Paris I saw young Prince Louis Napoleon walking on the terrace watched by

the crowd, is all burnt down; so is a large part of the Courts of Law, where we went to renew our recollections of the Sainte Chapelle.'

'Mentone, 10th Feb.

'Yesterday we took a drive up a beautiful glen behind Mentone, and we saw a number of orange groves that had been bitten by the frost two months ago, and where the oranges were lying rotting on the ground, £4000 worth, our driver said, quite spoiled. We saw also laid down by the side of the olive yards large bales of rags, which are the best manure for olives. Most of the old breeks in Europe come to Italy to manure the olives. There is very little water in the rivers just now, and what little there is, is always beset by the washerwomen, who wash the clothes in the beds of the rivers wherever they find a hole with water enough in it, and then they beat the clothes with a 'beetle' on a big stone, which breaks all the shirt buttons. They then starch the tails of the shirts very stiffly, and their work is done.'

He got home just in time to vote at the general election which was then exciting the country. In politics he was a Liberal, and when Home Rule divided the party he became a Liberal Unionist. He always held, however, that Church came before party; and when the question of Disestablishment was made a plank in the Liberal platform, he was insistent in urging that Liberal Churchmen should stand together, and make their position on this point quite plain.

'*I* have not changed my politics,' he wrote to a friend about this time, 'but the Liberal party has chosen to ally itself with destructive Radicalism, and, without ceasing to be a Liberal, one can refuse to be a Gladstonian . . . There is now a new point of departure for a moderate Liberal party in Scotland—Liberalism minus Disestablishment.'

The condition of the Church in the Highlands was at this time unsatisfactory in many ways, and a Commission had been appointed to inquire into it, and by visiting

the various Presbyteries to do what was possible to help both ministers and congregations in their difficulties. The Disruption had been very thorough in the Highlands, and in some parishes practically the whole congregation had 'gone out' with their minister, and those who had remained faithful to the Parish Church found their position sometimes extremely trying, owing to the bitter feeling which had been stirred up. Besides this, the islands and outlying districts were much more isolated than they are now; when things went wrong there was no one near to give a little friendly help or counsel. The people were perhaps apathetic, the minister became discouraged, and so things were allowed to slide, and went from bad to worse, until it became imperative that something should be done to put them on a better footing.

In 1877 Dr. Story for the first time accompanied Principal Tulloch on one of these visitations, the first of many journeys to the Western Highlands, undertaken originally for Church business and then for pleasure, which led to his gaining many staunch friends among the warm-hearted Celts. At first some of the individuals interviewed in the course of their inquiries by the Commission were rather restive under what they looked on as interference with their rights, and many humorous incidents took place in the endeavour to collect evidence; the difficulty of extracting a definite answer to a plain question being sometimes insuperable.

On one occasion one of the witnesses spoke only Gaelic, and an interpreter had to be employed. A question was put, the answer to which was so lengthy that at last the chairman asked impatiently: 'Well, what does he say?' 'Oh,' replied the interpreter dispassionately, 'he says *yess*'; a reply which the Commissioners felt was most inadequate, and they were left with the uncomfortable certainty that a great deal more had been said than the interpreter thought was good for them to hear.

He was considerably shocked by what he found. 'Churches with dilapidated walls, decayed timbers, and

mud floors; parishes with no kirk-session, and these not a few; congregations some of which do not exceed a dozen, many of which barely average a score . . . occasionally left without any Sunday's service for weeks together.' The landlords were for the most part absentees or Episcopalians, or had let their places to shooting tenants, who took little or no interest in the religious condition of the people, but were very ready to criticise unfavourably the Church and the clergy. Altogether he felt that things could not be put right in the Church in the Highlands unless the Church in the Lowlands took the matter seriously to heart, and he personally devoted henceforth much time and sympathy to the cause of these struggling congregations, and did his best to interest in them others who were able to give help of a practical kind.

One of the West Highland congregations in which Dr. Story had taken a special interest was that at Ballachulish; where there was a considerable population gathered round the slate quarries in Glencoe, and where a new church had been urgently needed. The means had now been provided for this, a site had been granted by Lady Beresford, and in September he went up as deputy from the Highland Committee to take part in the ceremony of laying the foundation stone by the Duke of Argyll, and proposed the duke's health at the inevitable luncheon which followed. As usual on his visits to Ballachulish, Dr. Story stayed with Dr. Donald Campbell, then lessee of the slate quarries, who with his wife took an active part in promoting the welfare of the Church in Glencoe. These visits also led to his forming a warm friendship with the late Dr. Stewart of Nether Lochaber, minister of the parish of Onich, on the opposite side of the loch; better known by the name of the larger district, under which title he published many charming and learned papers on the natural history and folk-lore of the neighbourhood. He was a man of a most attractive personality, large-hearted and wise, blessed with a cheerful

optimism which had carried him over many a hard struggle, and gained for him numerous friends. His buoyant spirits and breezy manner made him a general favourite, and he was the life and soul of all the little expeditions organised for the entertainment of the guests from the south. He was full of fun, and had an inexhaustible store of anecdotes, which he told capitally, his blue eyes sparkling, and his merry laugh compelling all who heard to join in it. His writings had made his name known far and wide, and it was an unaffected pleasure to him when the University of St. Andrews conferred on him the degree of LL.D., the only recognition his many merits ever received.

The Church of Scotland had some difficulties to contend with in this district; and about this time a great deal of ill-feeling was raised by the action of the Episcopalians with regard to the parish schools. Lochaber is one of the few places in Scotland where there is an indigenous Episcopalian population, and in one or two parishes they had their own church schools for their own children, but which were also in receipt of a government grant. Under the wise rule of Bishop Ewing this led to no trouble, but under his successor a system of active proselytising was carried on, in order to persuade parents, who in many cases belonged to the Established Church, to send their children to the Episcopal schools. All sorts of inducements were held out to the children to go to these schools, where they were not only taught the doctrines of the Episcopal Church, but where the general education was inferior to the parish school. In his visits to the district Dr. Story had become acquainted with the facts, and gave voice to the complaints of the people in various letters and articles in the newspapers; besides publishing a small tract called *The Truth about the Auld Kirk*, in reply to a pamphlet containing *Facts* about the Episcopal Church in Scotland, which he felt to be very incorrect and misleading. This outburst of proselytising fervour roused his indignation. He always

resented strongly the arrogance of the assumption on the part of the Scottish Episcopal Church that it was the true and only *Church* in the land, bound to undertake active 'mission' work among an unenlightened people, otherwise unprovided with Christian ordinances; and he expressed with energy his views on the intolerance of its attitude. His position in this matter was often misunderstood, and his utterances denounced as wanting in charity and forbearance. Bishop Wordsworth, in particular, who cherished visions of a general union of all the divided Churches in Scotland, was grieved at what he thought a lack of understanding on Dr. Story's part of the true position. But the latter, while he had the greatest respect for the personal character and good intentions of the 'amiable prelate,' could not shut his eyes to the utter futility of talking of union, as long as the Episcopal Church refused absolutely to recognise the validity of any orders but her own. To deny the validity of Presbyterian orders would be to give away the whole position of the National Church as a Church; and he felt it not only useless but dishonest to encourage the Bishop or anyone else in imagining for a moment that this position could be given up. It was for this reason also that he so frequently withstood in public and private the use by the Episcopal clergy in Scotland of territorial titles and designations under which they could neither be received at Court (the supreme standard of precedence) nor recognised by the law. The use of these titles was meaningless, unless as an additional count in the claim to be the only true Church in Scotland; and to concede them without protest was, in his opinion, equivalent to taking a step in the direction of tamely acquiescing in that claim.

'By all means,' he says in the tract referred to, 'examine, as well as you can, the history and claims of every Church in the country; but don't be led away from simple and honest Protestantism and Presbyterianism by idle pretensions and misrepresentations. Above all, remember that the claim to be a successor of the Apostles does not make a man one; and that that Church

is the most truly Apostolical which preaches Christ most purely, which shows most of His spirit of faith and charity, and which interposes least of ecclesiastical machinery and mediation between the human creature and the Great High Priest.'

The following letter was written about this time to a friend whose son, owing to difficulties with his congregation, had, in a bitterness of spirit which happily passed away, contemplated leaving the Church of his fathers and joining the Church of England.

'I have read the extract you enclosed with great surprise. I do not wonder at your son resenting such treatment as is there narrated. I had heard nothing of it before, beyond the fact that things were unsatisfactory.

'As to his wish to enter the English Church, I am afraid I can hardly give impartial advice, and that on two grounds: (1) I dislike, with a strong dislike, a minister's son leaving the Church of his fathers, for another in which his father's 'orders' are regarded as invalid. (2) I regard the Anglican Church as rapidly ceasing to belong to the great body of the Reformed. Its most active and influential and numerous party is distinctly Romanising. Their tenets lead logically direct to Rome, and their ritual proclaims obtrusively their belief in the dogma of the real Presence, for the denial of which Ridley and Latimer were burned alive. The superstitious mummery I have seen during four Sundays in England in ordinary churches equals anything to be found in R.C. churches. I therefore cannot but feel that a man leaving our Church for the Anglican is deliberately going in the face of reason, of all our reformed traditions and beliefs, of intelligent interpretation of Scripture, to ally himself with forces that are reactionary and irrational, and that ultimately must result in a miserable development of superstition on the one hand, and atheism on the other. I hope your son may see some other way out of his difficulty—in which I deeply sympathise with him.'

It may not be inappropriate here to quote part of a letter to a friend who had written to him on the subject of baptism, Presbyterian or Anglican:

'As you are exercised on the subject I send you an old sermon of mine on it. It is old, but the question is not one which admits of progressive opinion. Like Baptism itself, the true interpretation of baptism abides. I have preached it two or

three times, and may do so again. I have a notion it is based a good deal on a sermon of Robertson of Brighton's, but I don't remember. My objection to the Anglican baptismal service is: 1. It teaches plainly Baptismal Regeneration. 2. It is sectarian instead of Catholic, inasmuch as it engages the child to be afterwards taught a special catechism, and confirmed by a bishop. Baptism is admission to the Catholic Church, not to a special branch of it. 3. It lays all the duties of the parents on sponsors who are other than the parents. I think you would do best to have the child baptised by a Presbyterian, but the point is not vital, one way or the other . . . I dislike the Anglican service, but no service can alter the original meaning and intention of baptism, which is to admit to the Church Catholic—not to a section of it—and a wise parent will in person look after her child even though the service has laid the duty on others who won't . . . Don't let her grow up a fanatic, or a 'worldly-holy.''

Writing later on the same subject he says:

'W.'s teaching on baptism is hopelessly bad, and betrays the Sacramentarian delusion which he is a slave to. 'The future of the unbaptised child is one of the secret things of God'—that is to say, their salvation is a chance only; and the points he makes about the 'danger' and injury of postponing baptism show that he regards the chance as a dubious one. How any sane man can persuade himself that the eternal destiny of a human creature is or can be affected by its being sprinkled with or dipped into water by a 'priest' is to me a mystery. The theology which so binds spiritual results to an outward form is the merest materialism, hardly above the Jewish superstition about circumcision. Don't you take up with such degrading nonsense. Be *good*, and unfettered by this sort of pretension.'

Dr. Story always made use of the Supplement to the parish magazine, *Life and Work*, to inform his people on all matters concerning the Church. The Disestablishment issue was put plainly before them in its pages, the activities of the Church at home and abroad were explained, and their interest in missions and in the general life of the Church quickened. But he did not confine himself to Church affairs, and at the time when a visitation of cholera appeared not improbable, he expounded in the magazine the best means of averting it

or of meeting it if it came. 'We should,' he said, 'with a calm trust in God's goodness, and no dread of any visitation that is His, do what we can to shield ourselves against this scourge.' Warning the people above all against panic, he proceeded to quote the practical measures recommended by the *British Medical Journal*, knowing that even if the cholera did not come, the rules of health were profitable to learn.

All the parish interests were touched upon, but emphasis was always laid on the necessity of sharing in the wider interests of the whole Church, the 'body' of which each congregation was a 'member,' by contributing to the different schemes, working for the missions, and showing an intelligent understanding of what was going on beyond the bounds of the parish.

He urged upon parents the duty of sending children to the Sunday school, and seeing that they learned their lessons at home, and he exhorted the children to be diligent in their studies and to cultivate courteous manners. He believed with Tennyson that:

> 'Manners are not idle, but the fruit
> Of loyal nature, and of noble mind,'

and he deplored in the rising generation the growth of a roughness in manner, and a lack of consideration for others, of which selfishness was the real root.

In 1881 when the Government census was taken, he gives some interesting details from earlier statistics. At the end of the eighteenth century the population of the parish was about 630, and included 48 farmers, 96 herring fishers, 7 'wabsters,' 5 tailors, 4 shoemakers, 6 joiners, 3 blacksmiths, and 1 mason. Owing to the suppression of small holdings the number of farmers was now reduced to 13 or 14. 'The herring fishers have all but disappeared. The 'wabsters' are unknown. The cheerful clang of the shuttle is a sound that the rising generation never hears; the spinning-wheel, which prepared the material for the web, and which figured

so often in the art and song of days gone by, is hardly ever seen. Probably the cessation of the local supply of cloth accounts for the extinction of the local tailors. The number of shoemakers, joiners, and blacksmiths was decidedly larger in proportion to the population then than now.'

In the same number of the magazine he advocates the observance of Good Friday and Easter Sunday. 'Surely no two days in the year,' he says, 'deserve more remembrance; the one in sorrowful recollection of the Saviour's suffering and death; the other in joyful commemoration of His glorious resurrection. We should like to see the Holy Communion—the Feast of Thanksgiving—always celebrated on Easter Day, with Good Friday preparatorily kept as a day of prayer and humiliation. In the meantime there are some difficulties in the way of this arrangement, which perhaps may by and bye disappear.'

All parochial events were chronicled here, and when the time came for him to leave Rosneath, he bade farewell to his people in the magazine with words of wise counsel as to how they should proceed to fill his place. He explained the rules of procedure, and besought them not to invite a 'leet' of candidates to preach. He exhorted them to act harmoniously in all the preliminaries of the election; that when, after careful inquiry, their choice was made, their offer might be a cordial and unanimous one,—advice which all congregations might do well to lay to heart, both for their own sake and the sake of the minister whom they bring among them.

*To his Daughter.*

'ROSNEATH, Sunday.

'. . . The Cairds and Caroline are here till to-morrow. The latter was to have gone yesterday, but was prevented by the storm which came on in the afternoon and raged all night. I telegraphed to Baird not to cross and took the

service myself [Pre-Communion]. The congregation numbered eighteen, the collection sixpence. Mr. Hamilton got over at five, when it was calmer for a time, but at night it was terrific, and has done horrid damage. The plane tree before old Miss Campbell's is blown down into my moke-house—the larch opposite my dressing-room window is down, and a whole lot of the laurels are blown over. The gateway into the garden with the honeysuckle on it is smashed—and taking advantage of this opening Hutcheson has levanted and is nowhere to be found. We greatly fear he has made for the shore and been thence blown into space. This is the most distressing incident of all, and is much lamented. There is just a hope that he may yet turn up, but James has been down at the pier and all round, and can hear or see nothing of our poor bird.'

'Hutcheson' was a partially-tamed seagull, brought when young from the island of Canna, and nicknamed 'David Hutcheson,' after the pioneer of the Highland steamboat service.

*To his Daughter.*

'Rosneath, 20th February, 1881.

'I sent you a *Glasgow News* with an account of an ordination at Cardross at which I assisted on Thursday. That evening Dr. Dodds gave his lecture on America in the school here. There was a good attendance, and it was a very interesting and entertaining lecture. On Friday Dr. Dodds went away, and I went into Edinburgh to the dinner of the Royal Academy, which was given in the large central hall of the Picture Galleries. The tables were set round the sides of the hall and the centre was clear—and every now and then during dinner the pipers of the 79th from the castle came in in full blast and marched round and round the centre—making the most awful row. The walls were all covered with the pictures of the exhibition. There were a lot of speeches, and I made one replying for the Guests, which everybody was

much pleased with—so they said. I sat beside Mr. Gourlay Steel, who is a wonderful painter of animals. By and bye you must try your hand on that kind of art—beginning with Toby, or perhaps Peter [the pig]—and going on to the young cow—who is a remarkably handsome beast, and worth painting . . . My poor boy [Toby, the dog] was in a most dejected state when I came home—had been spending his days chiefly in the coal hole—and looked as if life was a wasting burden to him—but he is much more cheerful, and seems to find a mental stimulus in my society. There are no end of snowdrops ; and crocuses beginning, also some hyacinths. I hope there will be no more snow.'

*To Lady Frances Balfour.*

'Glasgow, [3rd March, 1881].

'I am staying here in the College with the Edward Cairds till to-morrow, having to give a lecture to-night on the Atonement—with my treatment of which I am not content. We had a pleasant dinner party last night, a lot of professors and clever men. One of them, Dr. Dykes, who is to preach in the College Chapel to-day, and who has rather a large head, on driving out to dinner found that his cabman was alarmingly drunk, and thrust his head out of the window to remonstrate, on which the inebriate addressed him : 'Tak ye in yer muckle heid, Dykes, or prepare to be in eternity in twa minutes.'

'I think Froude utterly unjustifiable in printing *all* poor old Carlyle's scribblings, lots of which I don't suppose Carlyle ever thought of being published—and which are in part evidently little else than soliloquies, written down in moods of sorrow and pre-occupation. There is a good deal of ill-nature, however, that one is sorry to see in the mind of so great a prophet—but then he was frightfully dyspeptic—and that accounts for much.'

In the General Assembly this year an overture was brought forward drawing attention to the volume of *Scotch Sermons* recently published, and in particular to

one on 'Christian Righteousness' by Dr. Story, which was said to assail and contravene the Protestant and Confessional doctrine of justification. The matter, however, went no further.

A discussion took place with regard to a course of lectures on Pastoral Theology, which Dr. Cunningham had been appointed to deliver in the four Universities; but which the authorities in the University of Aberdeen had managed to frustrate, presumably owing to Dr. Cunningham's sermons in the same volume. Dr. Story spoke in support of Dr. Cunningham, and upheld the advantage of some fresh teaching.

'Young men,' he said, 'are not hot-house plants, to be nourished and cherished only by one or two gardeners. They are young men, who will soon have to go out into the world to face all its difficulties and problems, and should be reared in the free and open air of liberal discussion. In the words of the motto above the chair of my master, Sir William Hamilton: "Truth is like a torch; the more 'tis shook it shines."'

He paid another visit to London in the early summer of 1881, and saw Dean Stanley for the last time.

*To his Daughter.*

'About five I stept along through the rain to the Deanery, where I found the Dean, a little prostrated by having preached twice in the Abbey. He and Lady Fanny Baillie, his sister-in-law, insisted I should stay to dinner, which was to be at 5.45, and go to service at seven in the nave. I stayed, and had a great deal of agreeable conversation with the Dean. The Bishop of Bedford, who was to preach the sermon, joined us by and bye; not a full-blown bishop, but what is called a suffragan. The Dean made me walk in with the suffragan and himself, and as I could not find my hat, gave me his trencher to walk through the cloisters with. When we were coming out the verger tried to take it from me, under the impression that I had stolen it from the Dean, but I resisted the verger and

he fled from me. After a cup of tea I came away, after the service, and drove home through frightfully wet streets, and am now writing to you between ten and eleven by way of finish . . .

'What we shall do to-morrow will depend on the weather. E.'s views agree pretty much with my own as to the amount of exertion which it is desirable to take in the matter of sight-seeing and visiting. Your mother tells me to go and see the midgets; but I wish you to let her know that no inducement would make me look at the little wretches. They would *haunt* me afterwards. I hate monstrosities.'

Only a few weeks later Stanley died. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and his affection and respect for the Church of Scotland was shown by his having left directions that one of her ministers should be a pall-bearer.

*To Lady Frances Balfour.*

'20th July, 1881.

'You may well believe that I lament the Dean. I got a great blow when I opened the paper yesterday morning and saw the news, though I half expected it. I got a bad impression of his health in London the other day. He seemed somehow rather worn, I thought. How glad I am I spent that Sunday evening with him, and the Thursday also—my last evening in London. He spoke then of his coming to Scotland in the autumn. There will never be another Dean like him, and never one who will make Westminster to us Scotchmen what it has been to us, so that we felt to it almost as if to a Mother Church. I should think I am the last Scotch parson who would ever walk in with a Dean of Westminster to service in the Abbey and sit beside him there. Dear noble little man, how good and bright and simple he was with it all . . . God bless you. Think of the growing cloud of witnesses that watch your way, and *he* among them now.'

*To the same [from London].*

'26th July.

'I had to leave Rosneath after morning service on Sunday, and drive to Glasgow, and take the rail there, arriving here at eight. The funeral took fully an hour and a half, during almost all of which I was standing, so after that, and my previous journey, you may imagine I was pretty tired last night. I saw the Duke in the crowd at the Abbey, but being in the procession I could not move out of it to speak to anyone. Being in that position, of course, prevented me seeing much of the general effect; but it must have been very striking—a dense crowd, and the choristers, clergy, and coffin slowly wending through it to bursts of grand music. The Dean had left orders that a minister of the Church of Scotland was to be a pall-bearer. I had no doubt my being there would be according to his own mind, and so I thought it right to go. Forster, who was the first man I met whom I knew, at the Deanery when I went in said, 'It was very like him wishing to have you here' . . . I do not know how his loss is to be repaired. In fact it never can.'

'Nowhere,' he writes, 'will the death of Dean Stanley excite a feeling of more profound regret than in Scotland. Perhaps it would not be too much to say that he was more universally appreciated in our country than in his own. He never visited the north without taking some opportunity of testifying to the sincerity with which he received and reciprocated our esteem and friendship. Whenever he could he occupied the pulpit of the parish church where he was visiting for the time. Many here will remember his visit to Glasgow in order to preach the annual sermon for the Sons of the Clergy—as the son of an English bishop identifying himself with the welfare of the children of the manse.

'To Scotch ministers visiting London the Deanery opened a friendly and hospitable door; and the personally conducted tour of the Abbey was often a cordial offer of the Dean's, of course eagerly accepted. Alas, alas! when shall we look upon his like again? . . . That door is shut; that voice is hushed; that kind hand is still. The bright vivacity, the generous sympathy, the

liberal thought, the Catholic tolerance, the wide charity, the social charm, the versatility so quick, the memory so richly stored and so ready to communicate, the earnest piety and chastened experience, the high ideal, the pure life—these are all withdrawn from the sum of our living possessions. They live in our loving remembrance until a day, in which he believed, shall dawn, and the shadows flee away.'

Later in the same year he lost his old friend and neighbour at the Clachan House, Mr. John Campbell of Peaton, who for forty-six years had been an elder in the Parish church; of whom he said that never again was he likely to find 'a friend so true, a heart so pure, a character more simple and refined, a Christian life more absolutely kept unspotted from the world.' He and his sister, Miss Caroline Campbell, were the oldest friends Dr. Story had in Rosneath, and no friends could be more warm-hearted and loyal. They were hospitable in the real Highland sense of the word, and the breaking up of their home meant the closing of a door that was ever open to him and his, and where he always knew he would be welcomed as one of themselves. 'Mr. John,' as he was always called, was one of the most guileless of men, almost too simple-natured for this matter-of-fact world; he was endeared to everyone by his kindly ways, and even by the little eccentricities which made up his character, and caused him to be greatly missed.

*To Lady Frances Balfour.*

'Poor Caroline Campbell is leaving her house this week—selling off the furniture and shutting up the house that ever since I was a small child I knew I could enter at any hour of the day or watch of the night with the certainty of an unfailing welcome. The cold world now-a-days does not grow such friends as she and Mr. John have been . . .

'I do not know what *your* sentiments may be about the present development of Mr. Gladstone's heroic policy; but fortunately my sentiments are those of a disgust too

profound to write about the exciting state of matters, so we shall not quarrel on this head.'

*To the same.*

'I had a very pleasant time in the 'south country.' At Dumfries I reopened St. Michael's Church—a very old foundation, though much knocked about, and now very well restored. Great crowds—I begin to think I am a popular preacher. I stood in the room Burns died in, and visited his grave, and the room in the inn, kept intact, in which Prince Charlie held his levée on his retreat from Derby. Saw Sweetheart Abbey—a dear old ruin; went down to the Hill, on the Bay of Wigtown; made a pilgrimage to Whithorn, where St. Ninian, the first Scottish evangelist, first preached the gospel more than 1200 years ago—as of course you know. Saw the 'Martyrs' Monument' and the scene of the drowning at Wigtown, and in my heart cursed Scotch Episcopacy and all its works. Was invited by Sir John Hay to pay him a visit and stay over Sunday, but had to forego and come home to my own flock, to whom I preached to-day on 'We all do fade as a leaf'—a sound word, that made me think of the dear little Dean, and almost weep in the pulpit. 'That leaf that reddens to its fall is but a summer old, yet it has outlived much that was dear to me.''

The passing away from Rosneath of the Clachan Campbells meant the breaking of a strong bond with the past; and when in the autumn of the next year Dr. Story's mother died, it seemed as if the last link was broken that bound him to the Rosneath of his youth, and to the generation that had known and loved his father and Dr. Macleod Campbell, Mr. Erskine of Linlathen, and Edward Irving. Her death was a very real sorrow to him, for never was there a more devoted son, never a more wise and loving mother, and in all their lives they had hardly been separated. A friend wrote to him after

her death: 'She always seemed to me to be a perfect type of motherhood, one to whom one could go in any trouble sure of sympathy and help.' Mr. Dunn of Cardross preached on the Sunday after her funeral, and in some of his words about her one can see how large a share of his character her son inherited from her:

'She came of a sturdy strong-willed race on both sides of the house. For quickness, sharpness, vivacity, and tenacity of spirit, tempered with womanly tenderness and softness, she was specially distinguished. What she believed to be the truth and the side of truth she espoused with all her heart and without a doubt; she never forsook a friend; through all veils and disguises she detected the true man and the cheat; in pungency of speech and writing few equalled her, very few in telling an anecdote of Scotch humour or pathos.' Before Mr. Story's engagement to her he had been staying in England, and Edward Irving had been bent on his paying his addresses to another lady, who would, he believed, be a helpmate for his friend, because, he said, 'She knows more of the mystery of the Papacy than any woman in England, except my wife.' Why this should have made her a specially desirable wife for the minister of Rosneath does not appear, though Irving seemed to think the argument unanswerable. The lady his friend chose may not have had this particular qualification, but she had many others more satisfactory in ordinary life; and was, as her son has said of her, 'set' to her husband 'like perfect music unto noble words.'

In May, 1884, the University of Edinburgh celebrated its ter-centenary with great pomp and ceremony. Men of all nationalities, distinguished in science, literature, and theology, gathered to do her honour, and formed a truly 'illustrious assemblage.' The proceedings began with a service in St. Giles' Cathedral, for which Dr. Story was asked to write a suitable hymn, which he did; and he attended most of the functions in connection with the celebration.

## TERCENTENARY HYMN

*To his Daughter.*

'The life of a galley slave is a mere joke to mine just now. Yesterday I had to be up at the Parliament House at 10, though the service did not begin till 11; service and getting out of church, etc., lasted till 1; then came to the Club for lunch; got some letters written and called on Mrs. Lee; to dinner at Muirhead's; then to reception at College; then to *Ball.* In the afternoon yesterday called on Mr. Lowell, who has been very pleasant. To-day the graduation business began at 11, but we had to be in position shortly after 10. It lasted till 1. Lunched here [University Club]; went to reception in Advocates' Library; have now just come down at 5, and have to be in the Drill Hall for dinner by 6.15, so have not much time. I have had a good many compliments paid to the hymn.'

It may be of interest to give the hymn here:

### HYMN.

Within our Father's house of prayer,
  Our fathers' God, we raise
To Thee Almighty and all wise,
  Our psalm of praise.

We bless Thy holy name that they
  Of old, were led by Thee,
To love Thy word, and seek the truth
  That maketh free;

To choose the life of sovereign aim,
  And high desire, that turns
From worldly meed of wealth and fame,
  And wisdom learns.

The goodly heritage they left
  Is ours by Thy decree;
And ours to make it goodlier still,
  And worthier Thee.

Help us to understand Thy works;
  Thy mighty laws reveal;
Give us the soul to sympathise,
  The hand to heal;

The unselfish thought, the patient mind
That reverently inquires;
The heart from carnal grossness cleansed
By heavenly fires.

Let Thy great Spirit with Thy light
Illume our onward way,
And shine until we reach the realm
Of perfect day;

Where we,—toil, grief, and conflict o'er—
Before the eternal throne,
Thy glory shall behold, and know
As we are known.

*To Lady F. Balfour.*

'I spent a quiet forenoon, and found afterwards that I had lost a very good thing by not going to the meeting that was held at which Lowell, Pasteur, Virchow and others again spoke. Lavaleye's speech struck me, as reported, as very good. I got over to the Drill Hall at last to the Symposium about 10.30, and found about 1500 students filling the area where the diners sat at the banquet—smoke in clouds, and drink in plenty. I and the other guests were on the platform—old Stafford in the chair. There were songs and impromptu speeches. Nicolson was roared at for a song, and like a maniac he began a ferociously military Highland regiment sort of chant with a chorus, rehearsing all the battles of the Peninsula. At last when he was getting to Quatre Bras and Waterloo it seemed to occur to him that it was scarcely an international lyric and suitable for French friends, and he suddenly shut up. The students began to call on me in a very ominous way too, but I couldn't sing, and didn't intend to speak, so I did not respond. I begin to think that I must be a rather good-looking person. Lowell told Tulloch confidentially that he was very much struck with my personal advantages, and at the Symposium Muirhead came round to me to insist that I should go with him

to be introduced to Perrot, a Parisian delegate who had expressed a strong desire to make my acquaintance on the basis of the impression my appearance had produced on his mind. I might become vain, but for my own higher standard of taste keeping me right. I didn't get to bed till after two last night, and I fled from Edinburgh by the nine train this morning. It has been a fatiguing week, but one to be long remembered, and it will live in history.'

What struck him as particularly interesting in the congress was

'The unity of sentiment which pervaded it, and which seemed to knit together letters, science, and theology into one brotherhood. In point of fact it would be difficult to say whether the men of science or the men of letters exhibited the more perfect mastery of literary and oratorical style, or by which of them the subject of religion was approached with a more respectful mien; while the theologians displayed a breadth of sympathy with liberal culture, and an unconsciousness of special dogmatisms, which were as rare as they were instructive and exemplary. The heartiness with which the Bishop of Durham, the greatest scholar on the Anglican bench, extolled the progress and achievements of a University which he described as 'Presbyterian to the core,' was a refreshing contrast to the jealous narrowness of which we have specimens nearer home; while the warmth with which Dr. Beets, the stately delegate of Utrecht, recalled the old religious bond between Holland and Scotland, and as a 'Presbyterian Dutchman,' rejoiced over the vigour and vitality of his co-religionists on this side of the North Sea, was devoid of a single grain of sectarian exclusiveness.'

The keynote of this liberal tone was, he says, struck by Professor Flint in his inaugural sermon, and maintained in their several speeches by Helmholtz, Virchow, Pasteur, and Lavaleye; while Count Saffi, the illustrious scholar, publicist, and statesman declared that 'the grand, the noble, the inspiring feature which struck me chiefly in this celebration was the harmony, the union, the intimate union, between religion, patriotism, and science, which has presided over all the proceedings.'

The opportunity afforded by the celebration for meeting with Lowell was one of its pleasant features. Dr. Story had a great admiration for his character and his writings; and had been disappointed when Mr. Lowell felt obliged a few months before to refuse his nomination as Lord Rector of St. Andrews University, for reasons connected with his position as Ambassador. Dr. Story thought it a pity that etiquette should step in to prevent his accepting, especially as the United States Ambassadors were often chosen from the ranks of their scholars and authors. 'Motley,' he said, 'would never have been Ambassador but for his *Dutch Republic* and *United Netherlands*; nor would Mr. Bret Harte have known the 'comforts of the Sautmarket' had he not previously been the historian of Red Gulch and Roaring Camp, and sung of Truthful James and the scientific society upon the Stanislaus.' Many of Lowell's writings, he thought, had features of a distinctly Scottish cast. 'The general tone and humorous adaptation of local dialect to the purposes of an incisive satire in the *Biglow Papers*, for instance, have a much stronger affinity to the tone and workmanship of Burns than to those of any English author. The frank brotherhood, the homely sense, the inextinguishable love of freedom, and belief that 'a man's a man for a' that' which inspire so much of Lowell's poetry, are common to him and Burns.' For these and other reasons it seemed as if Mr. Lowell would have been a most suitable and sympathetic Lord Rector for a Scottish University.

A celebration of a very different character which he attended in the same year, was the meeting of the Pan-Presbyterian Council in Belfast; but here also he reports the general tone of the Council as 'liberal, zealous, and tolerant,' which perhaps was almost more than was to be expected in 'Protestant Ulster,' where religious feeling of any kind was apt from force of circumstances to run to extremes.

## PAN-PRESBYTERS AT BELFAST

*To his Daughter.*

'I have sent a Belfast paper to-day and yesterday in which you will see all the news of the Council and can read my speeches. I made another to-day, and afterwards was approached by eight Americans who solemnly introduced each other, shook hands all round, and 'beg to thank you, *Sir*, for what you said'—a very queer lot.'

Americans, he said, formed the predominant element in the Council, and were its most active, lively, and interested members. 'Their vigour, originality, and humour are inexhaustible. Perhaps too free play is given to the latter quality; but if in a sermon, speech, or discourse of any kind the greatest crime be dulness, every excuse is allowable for a liveliness which renders its commission impossible. Among the more distinguished American divines who are present are Drs. Schaff and Hodge, both well known on either side of the Atlantic as Biblical critics and commentators. Presidents for the time being are elected at each sederunt of the Council, and the despatch, lucidity, and good humour with which the Americans chosen for that post on Tuesday and Wednesday forenoon got through the business, elicited unqualified approbation. The most interesting appearance yet made by any member of Council has been that of Dr. Matheson, of Inellan. Unable, from his affliction of total blindness, to read the paper on *Evolution* which stood in his name, Dr. Matheson asked and obtained leave to expound the gist of it verbally; and for much more than the usually allotted time he held the Council in delighted attention to one of the most lucid and eloquent philosophical expositions we ever heard. Dr. Matheson sat down amidst a tempest of applause again and again renewed.'

In the following anonymous verses the Pan-Presbyters are treated from a less ceremonious and respectful point of view:

## THE VOYAGE OF THE *ALLIGATOR*.

### 23RD JUNE, 1884.

It was a cloudy evening,
All in the month of June;
And all the Greenock fiddlers
Were fiddling out of tune;
Along the quays the *gamins*
Vended their evening sheet,
And there the basket girls proclaimed
The orange cheap and sweet.
The stout ship *Alligator*
Was swinging at the pier:
Beyond all ships this vessel
To good John Burns is dear.
Rich is its hold with cargo,
With tourists crammed its deck;
No screw on Clyde can beat it,
When racing neck to neck.
Above the roofs of Greenock
We hear a whistle squeal—
The skipper steps upon the bridge,
The pilot grasps the wheel;
Then like an Alpine avalanche
Adown a glen let drive,
In one tumultuous tumbling host
The passengers arrive.
The wave-worn skipper trembled,
The pilot held his breath,
Down to the very cabin-boy,
The crew waxed pale as death:
For never had they carried
So strange a freight before,
And who they were and what they sought
Their hearts misgave them sore.
There stepped aboard grave Mitchell
Of old St. Andrews town;
And after him came Marshall Lang
Of Western renown;
And Gentles from the Abbey,
And Brown, the good U.P.,
And one might hear the whisper hoarse
Of genial William Lee.

And there was brilliant Matheson,
And many a broad D.D.
Behind the massive funnel
Old Hutton blew his cloud,
And saw within its cloudland
The Auld Kirk disendowed.
Beside him nestled Calderwood,
And snuggled grey old Cairns;
And Taylor-Innes's gig-lamps
Alarmed the steerage bairns.
Across the wild Atlantic
Had come Schaff, Hodge, and Briggs,
And Junkins, and M'Cosh, and more
Of Yankee names and rigs;
MacMillan from Australia,
That ousted Charles Strong;
And many a man of pith beside
Whom to rehearse were long.
And yet amidst that company—
Thus fetched from far and near—
One missed some welcome faces,
Some voices sweet to hear.
Where was our pleasant Burns? and
Where was A. K. H. B.?
And where was valiant Archie Scott,
Whom men call the Trustee?
And where was gracious Tulloch?
And Charteris, where was he?
Why came not Rainy to this tryst—
Nor little Lindésay?
Nor Robertson, nor Walter Smith,
The learned and the gay?
'Twere vain to ask:—beneath its throng
The *Alligator* heaves,
The engines snort, the bell resounds,
The dark'ning quay she leaves.
'For Belfast! ho! for Belfast!'
A hundred throats sing out,—
'Long live our noble Council,'
A hundred voices shout.
'Now who are ye?' we question,
Beneath the darkening sky.
'We? we are the Pan-Presbyters,'
Is chanted in reply.

'Since last we held our Council
The years have counted three;
And now we meet in fair Belfast,
And merry men are we.'
We asked no more: the night crept on—
The billows round us roar,—
The voices sink to silence,
The figures to the floor.
All thought and sound are gulphed in one
Pan-Presbyterian snore.

*To Lady Frances Balfour.*

'Tomdoun, August, 1884.

'. . . From the Richardsons I went down in a yacht to Ardrishaig, thence to Shirvan—a very nice house and very pleasant people. Next day I opened the bazaar (which has realised £500 more than their utmost hopes). Next day I officiated as chaplain at the laying of the foundation-stone by Charles Dalrymple, M.P. You would have died of laughing had you seen the *procession* —Sir Charles, Quintin Wright, and I, in full Masonic fig, and preceded by the most wonderfully got-up local functionaries, proceeding through the long street of Lochgilphead amid the respectful admiration of the natives. That evening, having picked up my family at Ardrishaig, we reached Banavie, and on Friday Invergarry, where we stayed till Monday. Mrs. Ellice is looking much better than I expected to find her. We had a delightful visit . . . She is so kind and good. She drove us up here on Monday, and here we are, getting on fairly well, but, I must say, finding the accommodation rather tight and the ways of the household rather trying. Among the peculiarities is an absence of the most elementary conception of the meaning of time. They begin to bring in breakfast about nine, and go on till near ten, rambling in now with scones, now eggs, then perhaps trout, by and bye bacon, a jug of milk, hot water towards the end, and the first morning, when we had finished, a dish of enormous mutton chops (sternly prohibited for the future).

'I have been twice out fishing, yesterday on 'Sir Arthur's presairved watter,' as the old ghillie reverentially emphasised, and had very fair sport; but threshing the water all day for a few trout is a pastime which soon palls on my patient temper. I have been solemnly warned against again employing the said ghillie, on account of habits of inveterate intoxication, which, out of deference I presume to my professional character, he had contrived hitherto to keep in check while in attendance on me. We are going to lunch at Ardochy to-morrow. They are our nearest neighbours, three miles off; next is Mrs. Ellice, ten miles on the one side, and the Basses, twelve on the other. As you may conclude, we do not see many visitors, which indeed is one of the charms of the spot. The little church, which Mrs. Ellice has rebuilt and made very nice, has an airy and pretty vestry overlooking the valley, and in it I do my writing. This letter, written there, ought to carry with it more than my usual tone of ecclesiastical calm and peace.'

The ghillie here referred to, a most entertaining old person, was not quite successful in keeping his convivial habits in check till the end of the visit, and on one occasion at least so far forgot himself as to cause Dr. Story to remark that he had never before known a *boat* to stagger!

## CHAPTER XI

### CHURCH DEFENCE

The Disestablishment agitation had all these years been carried perseveringly on, and the question was becoming acute. The Church began to feel that it was time for her to take some steps to defend and vindicate her position, and to counteract the misleading statements which were being diligently circulated as to her 'decaying condition,' the 'galling fetters of her bondage to Cæsar' (which was the euphuistic term used to denote her State connection), and the general desire of the people that she should cease to trouble the land. The General Assembly of 1882 therefore appointed a committee 'to watch any questions or measures affecting the interests of the Church,' and to take such steps as might be advisable.

A few months later was formed the Church Defence Association, which did useful work during the next three years by printing and circulating tracts containing trustworthy information concerning the Church and its relation to the State and to the people, and by organising a series of meetings all over the country, which were remarkably successful in testifying to the affection of the mass of the people for their National Church. Dr. Story threw himself heart and soul into this movement, and with tongue and pen did much to strengthen the position of the Church, by his unsparing exposure of the weak points in the arguments of the Disestablishment agitators, and his scathing denunciations of the tactics they adopted, and the misrepresentations they propagated. His language was

strong no doubt, sometimes bitter, but this agitation for the destruction of the Church of his fathers was as iron entering into his soul. To him the Church was inalterably bound up with the life of the nation in the highest sense of the word. The history, the laws, the liberties of Scotland could never be dissociated from the Church. It was impossible to contemplate this great inheritance being thrown away at the bidding of those who had deliberately cut themselves off from it, and to serve the ends of a political party.

'This,' he said, 'we hold to be the true position of the National Church—that it is the Church set apart by God's providence for the nation, to labour for the nation's highest good; to be the bond of union between high and low, rich and poor; to be the reclaimer of the ignorant, the refuge of the poor, the almoner of the rich, the friend of all; not seeking its own ends, but the good of all; not looking at things from its own point of view, but trying, with a large and generous wisdom, to regard all questions in the light of the general welfare of the people committed to its charge. That is the position and duty of the National Church . . . Even in these days of change, no evil overthrow will befall the Church as long as it is true to its Master, its Head; it will not lose its national name and property and prerogative until it has first forfeited its national character; it will not be cast down to struggle in a wretched conflict for noisy popularity and ecclesiastical power until it has, by its own irreverent usages, or illiberal narrowness, or timorous policy, sectarianised itself. No Church has ever fallen under any persecution or assault from outward enemies that had a pure and free and healthy life within itself. No endowment, no State aid, or royal favour, can keep a Church from falling whose life is worldly and ignoble, whose leaders are unwise, whose light is darkness.'

In addition to articles in the *Glasgow Herald*, many of which came from his pen at this time, he wrote an admirable set of 'Cracks aboot the Kirk,' in the form of a dialogue between 'Daddie Lauder,' a stoop of the 'Auld Kirk,' and his two young neighbours, who want information about 'Cæsar and the Covenant, and Moderate backslidin's,' and various other questions which Daddie expounds in rich and racy Scotch for their edification.

As the prospect of a general election came nearer, the Disestablishment campaign was resumed with renewed energy, and in 1885 Mr. Dick Peddie introduced into Parliament a Bill, which, however, was doomed to failure.

The most striking result of its appearance was 'the flood of hostile petitions which was let loose on the House of Commons. Never within living memory has Scotland made such a demonstration. Within about three weeks petitions signed by nearly three-quarters of a million of persons of legal age were poured into the House of Commons against the Bill, while those in its favour could not muster two thousand names. The blatant assertion that the 'immense majority of the people of Scotland' wanted the Church abolished collapsed at once . . . Hitherto the Assembly had held pretty much aloof from the Disestablishment agitation; but this year it adopted a somewhat more definite policy. There was ample reason for this. Mr. Peddie's Bill was on the table of the House of Commons, and the Government of the Queen, whose first oath on succeeding to the Crown is an oath to uphold the Church of Scotland as by law established, had not thought fit to give the slightest indication of their intentions regarding it . . . In these circumstances, the Assembly thought it only proper to declare the Church's position—and with some emphasis—to be one of perfect goodwill towards the Nonconforming Presbyterians, and readiness to work out any feasible policy of conciliation on their behalf—but also to be a position of resolute maintenance of her present patrimony, constitution, and establishment.'[1]

This declaration strengthened the hands of the Church Liberals, who maintained the position that if the Church was to be disestablished the question must be put fairly before the people of Scotland as a separate issue, and not mixed up with such a question as that of Home Rule—on which party feeling had already run so high. This had indeed been promised by Mr. Gladstone and other candidates for popular favour, who saw fit later to eat their words when they thought, mistakenly as it turned out, that that uncertain tide had begun to flow the other way.

In the Assembly some notable speeches were made that year, and those in particular delivered by Principal

[1] Article by Dr. Story.

Tulloch and Dr. Story will remain long in the memories of those who heard them. The Assembly was stirred to its depths, as no man felt sure what evil fate might not befall before another year had passed; and Principal Tulloch's appeal on behalf of the principle of national religion—'Moderator, we must stand somewhere—we stand *here*'—evoked a tempest of enthusiasm such as the Assembly has seldom seen equalled before or since. Dr. Story's speech, on its different lines, roused a hardly less strong feeling. His incisive dissection of the adversaries' arguments, and his sarcastic exposure of their weak points, together with his clear definition of the Church's position, and his passionate earnestness in her defence, appealed to the logical sense of the Assembly as well as to its sentiment.

'In no sense,' he said, 'is the Church of Scotland a sect. It is a national branch of the reformed Catholic Church, just as the Church of England is such, just as the Church of Holland is such, just as the National Reformed Church of France is such. It is the mother Church, and the actual Church, of the unquestionable majority of the Protestant population of this country . . . The Church of Scotland is one of the estates of the realm of Scotland; and the only party with which it is entitled to deal, or that is entitled to deal with it, is the government of the Queen responsible to the other estates of the realm. It is not to be made the plaything of the sciolist and dilettante, or the stalking-horse of the sectarian and the demagogue.

'We hear a great deal said about the privileges of the clergy, and about the rights of the people who are outside the Church; but we hear extremely little said about the rights of the people who are within the Church, except the statement renewed and renewed again, that it is a duty resting on the other Christian people of Scotland to instruct the Church people in the high privilege and primary duty of paying for their own ordinances. . . . I would ask, where is the great necessity for instructing Church-people in the principles of Voluntaryism, and of inducing them to surrender for secular purposes the teind or tithe which goes to support the ordinances of religion? In a historical sense we cannot apply the tithe to anything but the support of the ordinances of religion. It is not a civil institution. The land is burdened with a certain amount of tithe, in consideration of

which, and as an equivalent for which, the country, the landowners, and their people have the ordinances of religion maintained for them. If these ordinances of religion are no longer to be paid for out of the tithe and upheld as an equivalent for the tithe, we have no right to demand the tithe, or to devote it to educate poor children or provide for lunatics, or any other laudable philanthropic object. The claim lapses with the abandonment of the original design.

'But even supposing this were not the case, we could not entertain, on any basis whatever, the invitation to renounce the Church's patrimony. It is not ours to renounce. It is the people's and the Lord's. We stand to it in the attitude of custodiers who have received it from our fathers, and are bound by the most sacred obligations to hand it on to our children. Any man who looks upon the patrimony of the Church in any other light, and who thinks it is something to be divided among all the sectaries of Scotland, or to be bartered for this or the other political advantage or privilege, is a traitor to the Church . . .

'In the face of much obloquy the Church has maintained for the last forty years a noble forbearance, and the country knows that, although it may suit the sectarian to deny it. It has required some self-control to maintain that forbearance; for there must be many, and I am one of them, who sometimes have felt within us the stirrings of the natural man. I have sometimes been tempted to desire that we could go back for a little to the days of the Covenanters, and on the bare hillside meet the traducers of our mother Church, foot to foot and hand to hand. But I remember we serve a Master who has said, 'My kingdom is not of this world, else would My servants fight.' And we must be true to our fidelity to Him . . .

'I read somewhere the other day the sentence—'The Church of Scotland will die hard.' I thought at the time the words might have been more kindly and respectfully chosen; but I have no doubt, like many other things in controversy, they were employed without full consideration of what they seemed to suggest or imply. I therefore wish to meet their prognostication with truer words, drawn from a purer source, and containing, as I believe, a more certain prophecy—'The Church of Scotland, God being her helper, shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.'

The months before the election were filled with engagements to speak at Church Defence meetings all over the country. These were inaugurated, so to speak, by a

great meeting in Glasgow in October, organised and addressed by laymen, at which the speakers were the Duke of Argyll, Lord Wemyss, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Professor Ramsay, and others of various shades of opinion, but all united in upholding the National Church. Among other places Dr. Story spoke at Paisley, Castle Douglas, North Berwick, Stirling, as well as in many parts of Dunbartonshire; and one of the most enthusiastic and crowded meetings he addressed was at Kilmarnock, the stronghold of Mr. Dick Peddie. His speech there is still remembered for its stirring effect.

*To his Daughter.*

'LAINSHAW, Wednesday Night.

'I have just returned from the meeting at Kilmarnock. Four thousand people in an immense hall, all bursting with enthusiasm. I was much cheered—spoke for about thirty-five minutes or more. I go on to-morrow to Munches, and speak at Castle Douglas.'

*To Lady Frances Balfour.*

'How are you getting on in London? Down here the fight is waxing fast and furious, and old Gladstone's shuffling speech on the Church question has rather added fuel to the fire than allayed it. I have been speaking at frequent meetings—my last being Stirling and Coupar-Angus. I have four for this week—one of them at North Berwick, where I am afraid it is too late to do any good . . . In this parish I believe Orr Ewing will be safe, but I don't know how it will go in the county at large with its lots of manufacturing and operative voters . . . The mere preliminaries of the healing measure of Disestablishment seem to have created more ill-will and discord than have been seen for years.'

The majority of the people had made their voice to be heard so unmistakeably in support of the National Church, that when the general election came off its results were largely favourable to the Establishment, and with the

defeat of the Gladstonian party the Disestablishment question was allowed to remain in abeyance for a time.

It is pleasant to turn from these vexed questions to a little ceremony which took place at Rosneath in May of that same year, in celebration of Dr. Story's semi-jubilee as minister of the parish. His parishioners marked the occasion by making him a presentation of £500 and a piece of plate; and many kind things were said about their appreciation of him and his work. One of them wrote: 'It is, I think, never the exact amount of these testimonials of appreciation and respect which the receivers feel, it is the recognition of the labours of love they have given, and that I think all who have ever lived near Dr. and Mrs. Story must feel and appreciate.' In replying Dr. Story said how to him it was in many ways

> 'a very interesting and touching occasion to be asked to meet his parishioners, and to receive such a mark of their kindness and goodwill on the occasion of his completing twenty-five years as minister of the parish. It was a pretty large slice out of any man's life, and out of the history of any parish . . . There was no one there who could know so well as he knew himself how unworthy in many respects the ministry which he had exercised there had been. But he was not the less grateful for the kindness and goodwill of which that day was the expression, not the less grateful for the gift they had bestowed upon him, and for the form which that gift had taken . . .
>
> Something had been said in much too strong terms, he thought, about his habits in regard to visiting his parishioners, especially when they were sick. He really did not think anyone should claim credit for doing what was a duty. He simply wished to say that he regarded it one of the greatest privileges of the position of a Parish minister, as distinguished from the position of the minister of any mere congregation of a sectarian character, that it was his business, if he looked upon his duty in the true light, to put himself at the disposal of his parishioners, making no distinction between them in any case whatever of trouble or distress.'

It will readily be allowed by all who knew his life in Rosneath, that this was an ideal he amply fulfilled.

One who belonged to the Free Church congregation at Rosneath, and who is now himself a minister of the United Free Church, writing of him after his death said :

'Everyone in the parish of Rosneath remembers with pleasure a side of the character of Dr. Story which somehow was not so well-known outside of the parish—his really loving sympathetic heart. He was loved by all, and most beloved for his unaffected tenderness in time of trouble or sorrow. I am old enough to remember his father and mother well, and from both father and mother, as well as from Dr. Story, I received much kindness in my student days, and in after-years when Dr. Story came to Glasgow he did not forget me.'

About this time he lost a great friend by the death of Sheriff Anderson. Mr. Anderson had held the office of Sheriff-Substitute of Ayrshire for several years, and though he had lately retired he continued to live at Lainshaw, and many happy days had Dr. Story spent in that ever hospitable and cheerful home. The two men had many ideas and tastes in common. Mr. Anderson was a man of a particularly attractive personality, full of sympathy and interest, and devoted to country life. He and his family had long been among Dr. Story's most intimate friends, and he felt his loss deeply.

Later in the same year there passed away still another friend of old days, the Rev. William Dunn, for nearly fifty years minister of Cardross. He was a man greatly beloved ; a clergyman of the old school, and with high ideals of the duties of a Parish minister, 'the servant of all, for Christ's sake.' His was a familiar figure at Rosneath, where he frequently came over to assist at the Communion. In the pulpit he always maintained the old tradition of wearing gloves, and without his stiff grey kid gloves Mr. Dunn was never known to preach. He had a peculiar way also of wringing his hands together while preaching ; which occasioned the remark of an old woman who was met on her way to

church, that she was 'jist gaun tae see what Mr. Dunn 'll squeeze oot o' his thoombs the day!'

'His preaching was of a high order, full of originality, with much evangelical richness of illustration and Scriptural reference, and quaint turns of thought and expression that reminded one of the searching and unconventional style of the divines of an earlier day. And his prayers, too, were always impressive and appropriate vehicles of devotion—spoken generally with homely and touching cadences in the voice, that linger in one's ears like echoes of music long familiar but fallen silent.'[1]

*To Lady Frances Balfour.*

'CARDROSS, Sunday night.

'I am here entirely alone—a new experience to me. I came here last night in order to preach to-day the funeral sermon of my good old friend Dunn. He was a great friend of my father's, and my earliest recollections are associated with him, and my childish days at Keppoch, my grandfather's place, when we used to drive a long way to church at Cardross, and have a sort of picnic for us children afterwards, which we appreciated much more than the service. That is some forty-five years ago; and it was sad to look down at the old pew and think of the scattering of the old friends and kindred, and of good old Dunn now gone too. He was greatly loved and respected. The church was all hung with black, and crowded with people, who were all in black too. It was an impressive kind of spectacle.'

*To the same.*

'ROSNEATH, 25th January, 1886.

'I wish you were here just now for some tobogganing. It is quite a new feature of life in this nook. The snow was so deep and well frozen that I determined to utilize the slope near our little gate as you go down to the castle, and made John Maclean build a toboggan to my plan, which he did—too heavily I

[1] Funeral sermon by Dr. Story.

thought for easy going. However Elma and I carried it up to the top of the slope, and I put her in and instructed her how to sit, and then let the vehicle go, and before I could fetch my breath Elma was plunging wildly into the hedge below. It went magnificently and has been in constant use. I only wish we had half a mile of slope. The only drawback is the carrying it up again; but there is no rose without a thorn, and I have abridged this trouble by having a pulley and cord to hitch it up after the descent . . . I am pretty busy just now, having the writing of my Lee Lecture on hand, and the Magazine, etc. etc.'

'Don't get into debt,' he exhorts a young friend recently married. 'He is a freeman whom the Bank makes free, and all are slaves besides. Always have a balance there, should it be only a sixpence. He who has sixpence is, says Carlyle, sovereign over all men to the extent of sixpence. I wish you and I were both richer, but the right people don't get the money.'

*To Lady Frances Balfour.*

'12th February.

'. . . I am pretty busy—visiting through my parish as usual at this season, two days this week of from twelve to after five each—and am trying to push on my Lee Lecture, which I am anxious to finish. I am in great anxiety about Tulloch. The news is a shade better to-day, but yesterday there seemed no hope. He is at Torquay, at Ramsay, the 'Pursebearer's' . . . Even if he survives he will never be the same man again. His loss to the Church will be incalculable, and to me the removal of Tulloch will alter the world very sadly. He is the closest friend I have left in it. The thought of losing him makes one feel as if the old life were really losing its elements . . . I have to preach in Dundee on the 21st, so I expect to be away from home till about the 26th . . . The tobogganing has come to an end, and we have really

whiffs of spring in the air, snowdrops out, and in sheltered corners even a primrose may be seen.'

The very day after this letter was written, Principal Tulloch died; a day of mourning for all Scotland, and not least for the friend at Rosneath to whom his sympathy and friendship had meant so much, and who felt indeed bereft. Since the days when Mrs. Oliphant first appeared at Rosneath, and they were all young and light-hearted together, till later times of trouble and illness, 'the Principal' (and by no other name was he ever known there) had been a loved and frequent visitor at the manse. There was never a question affecting the doctrine or government of the Church to be brought forward, that Tulloch and Story did not discuss together in all its bearings. Their sympathies and ideals were the same, and divergencies of opinion were but slight. To lose that large-hearted sympathy, that wise and generous counsel, and that genial comradeship, was indeed to feel as if life was shaken to its foundations. He writes to Mrs. Oliphant: 'I have no one left who is in any degree to me what Tulloch was—a great and incurable blank in life both private and public.'

The Principal had not been in good health for some time, but had visited Rosneath in October, preached on the Sunday, and taken part in a Church Defence meeting in the village the next night, almost his last public appearance. Soon after he became much worse, and went in hope of improvement to Torquay, which had done him good on a former occasion. But this time the hope was not to be fulfilled. He sank gradually, and passed away on the 13th of February.

*To Lady Frances Balfour.*

'St. Andrews, 19th February.

'I came over here yesterday, and we buried poor Tulloch in the afternoon; a very impressive funeral, and the universal expression of regret very touching

. . . St. Andrews will never be much to me again now that Tulloch is gone.'

By the death of Principal Tulloch the Senior Clerkship of the General Assembly was left vacant, and on Professor Milligan succeeding to it, Dr. Story was by a large majority elected to the Junior office. His appointment was all but universally approved of; the general feeling being that one who had already done good service for the Church, and who in the Disestablishment crisis had proved so tireless a champion, was entitled to this recognition, while the two occasions on which he had acted as Principal Tulloch's substitute had proved his fitness for the work. From this it may be seen how greatly his position had changed within the last ten years, and how the influence of his strong personality had gradually made itself felt throughout the Church. He could not but be conscious of this himself, and he writes to a friend:

'It seems strange to me occasionally to see the change that in one respect at least has taken place in regard to me, and to observe that now-a-days people don't object to consult with me about the Kirk, and to use my pen and my tongue when it suits them, who not so long ago looked on me pretty much as a heretic at all points. I don't know that this betokens any change for the better in me, and I know myself too well and have too exact an estimate of myself to care a copper for it, but it amuses me all the same.'

The Lee Lecture, to which reference is made in some of these letters, was the first of the series instituted in memory of Dr. Robert Lee, and was delivered in St. Giles' Cathedral in April. The subject was the 'Reformed Ritual in Scotland.'

*From Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D.*

'Greenock, 24th July, 1886.

'My dear Dr. Story,—Accept my best thanks for your very kind remembrance of me in sending a presentation copy of

your recent lecture. I have read every word of it with great delight and with entire sympathy. It admirably embodies ideas which I have often tried to express in my own way, and to impress on all whom I could in any way influence. I ventured on one occasion to read a long and somewhat elaborate paper before the students and professors of the Free College, Glasgow, advocating the combination of a liturgical with our present method of free prayer, as my ideal of what a Presbyterian Church service should be. My views were received by all present with hearty accordance; the only person who dissented and preferred the present method being, strange to say, Dr. Walter Smith, whom I expected would be most in sympathy with such a movement. This shows that there is a prepared soil in all the Churches, in which such seed as you sow so efficiently will spring up and yield a very abundant harvest; and also how far we have left behind the prejudices which did so much to embitter the last years of a man so good and great as the late Dr. Robert Lee. I do not despair of seeing even in the Free Church some day, such a union of the Episcopalian and the Presbyterian method of conducting the devotional services of the sanctuary as will conserve and improve what is best in both. To your efforts and those associated with you in your Church we are mainly indebted for preparing the way. As you say, such a result is infinitely more worthy the consideration of the Church than the questions about government and administration, which at present distract and exhaust its energies. Again thanking you warmly for the great pleasure you have given me, and with kindest regards,

'I am, yours very faithfully,

'HUGH MACMILLAN.'

This summer he again visited the West Highlands as a member of the Commission, starting from Dingwall, where his cousin was the wife of the excellent Parish minister, the Rev. Ronald M'Alister.

*To his Wife.*

'PORTREE, Sunday.

'. . . The M'Alisters were extremely hospitable. I left them at 10.20 yesterday morning—the day looking very well, but before I got to Strome Ferry it had begun to rain, and the steamer part of the journey was anything but pleasant. Luckily there were few people, and the

sea quite smooth ; but the hills more or less covered with mist, and not much to be seen. Got to Portree at 6, where Milligan had arrived an hour before, and Darroch was waiting to drive us out here, nearly three miles from the town, where he has a very good manse. I am to preach to-day at Portree at 11 and 7 ; and Milligan is off, 7 miles, to preach at the hotel at Sligachan. The day is dull and drizzling, and I must say the climate of Skye seems to me filthy. We hope to cross to Uist on Wednesday by steamer from Dunvegan. I expect Lees to join us on Tuesday evening, and I hope Black[1] also.'

'Monday.

'Darroch is taking us off early to a long drive in the direction of Braes and Sconser, the scenes of some of the crofter battles and rows . . . Yesterday was another dull, drizzling day, not cold, but dismal. We drove out and in twice to church. The church is not a bad one, and I had congregations of about 100, which was considered wonderful for Portree. There are 700 people in the town and four churches, which is four times too many . . . We have come back from our drive—over a desolate country with hideous hovels and poor patches of cultivation. The distant views are fine, but Skye seems to me over-rated. To reach striking points, such as the Quiraing, Coolins, or Coruisk, you have to travel over bad roads through dismal wildernesses. The day has been fine, but a sharp north wind blowing and rather cold.'

'27th July.

'. . . The view from this house is very fine. At the back you see the Coolins when it is clear ; in front is a bay between this and Portree, and above the line of the hills at the back of Portree is the Storr, a high needle of a rock, in the style, though smaller, of the Old Man of Hoy. Portree is not unlike Tobermory in position, and has the same amount of fishing smell and loafing inhabitant . . . Lees and Black have arrived, and the

[1] A. D. M. Black, Esq., W.S.

weather is improving. We have settled to go by Dunvegan and Hebridean, and start per carriage at 7 a.m., sailing when the steamer arrives.'

The slight doubt expressed in these last words was amply justified, and that his description of how they waited for the steamer holds good to this day all travellers among the Western Isles will readily admit. Who does not feel for the four forlorn and agitated Commissioners scanning the ocean in vain for a sail?

'We were depending on the Hebridean for our passage to the farther side, and her owners had assured us she would be in Dunvegan Loch this day at noon. In the faith of this assurance we had started from Portree at 7.30, and were approaching our destination a little before mid-day. We might have known ere now that time is of little account in these islands. Hour after hour passed as we sauntered about the loch-side, went to feast our eyes upon the stern and lordly pile of 'Dunvegan high,' still held by the Macleod; took an excellent luncheon in the clean and comfortable little hotel by the water-side; hunted in vain for the agent of the missing vessel; and at last found out the Post Office, and telegraphed to Oban to ask if she had been there yet. After a couple of hours we got our answer—'Hebridean left this morning 1.30, going Skye,' which threw us into harrowing uncertainty, for she was advertised to go to Barra, and if she had come direct from Oban to Skye should have been in the loch long ago—that is to say, if 'this morning' meant a.m.—but what if it meant p.m.? It might do so in the Highlands and Islands. Who could tell? We asked the policeman, and we asked the hotel-keeper, and each had a different opinion. As a last resource we telegraphed to Barra, and, just before the office closed, received the answer that the Hebridean had not been there that day. We were making up our minds to a night at Dunvegan, when a gentleman drove up who assured us he had seen the steamer with his own eyes, a few miles off, discharging goods for the Talisker distillery,

and that we might reckon on her appearance by and bye. Accordingly, about 11 p.m.—eleven hours after time—we heard her whistle and saw her lights, and hurrying down to the little pier, got on board and found very snug quarters.'

*To his Daughter.*

'. . . I have been very fortunate in having clean quarters everywhere, and no beasts of prey. Black, Milligan, Lees, and I drove to Dunvegan, and at 11 p.m. the Hebridean . . . arrived and we got on board, the captain undertaking to go out of his course and land us at Loch Maddy instead of Loch Eport, so that we had only to walk across some rocks to the hotel instead of ten miles on foot or in a cart—if we could get one. The morning was wretched, and the landing in a small boat would have sent M. into convulsions. However, we got ashore at 6 a.m., and into the hotel, which we were told was 'fŭll of ministers and la'yers'—the latter being the Procurator and Mr. Innes—the former the Presbytery of Uist along with Donald Macleod, Dr. Cameron, and Mr. Blair. We began work at 10, and by 5 o'clock had everything over . . . At 5 the Commission, I in the chair, Black croupier, entertained the Presbytery and a neighbouring laird to dinner, and at 8 we got on board the Clansman' . . .

'One day at Loch Maddy,' he writes elsewhere, 'was quite enough. We left that night in the Clansman. The good ship was crowded; and in her saloon, towards the small hours, the spectators might have observed learned officials of the Church crouched in obscure corners courting a little sleep; two clerks of Assembly reposing upon a table a-piece, and one doctor of divinity prone upon the floor. A couple of H.M.'s chaplains, who were of the party, had, with their usual address, secured berths, whose superior comfort was attested by their gentle and continuous snores.'

The night was somewhat rough, and the members of

the Commission were not all good sailors. One of them—a layman, be it said—with admirable forethought, had taken with him a flask of a venerable liqueur, with which, soon after they started, he had solaced his distressed comrades. The tale is told that as the night wore on, and the good ship plunged uneasily across the Minch, the head of one of the 'learned officials' appeared between the curtains that had veiled his repose, and a voice inquired softly: 'Have you any more of that excellent cordial? I find it exceedingly restorative!'

The work of the 'Committee in aid of the Highlands and Islands' had at first been by no means popular in those districts with which it felt itself called on to deal. Dr. Story's reference to the Highlands as a 'mission-field' to call forth the energies and the sympathy of the Church in the Lowlands, had been fiercely repudiated by the eccentric Mr. M'Caig of Muckairn and others. But after a time the Committee was able to report that its work was 'gaining the confidence, not only of the Church at large, but more particularly of the Highland parishes'; and at last it was very generally acknowledged that the help given in the way of providing services for mission stations, and assisting with grants for the repair of church buildings, had been most practical, and that the visits of the Commission had been the means of doing much good, and bringing about a better feeling throughout the Church. Dr. Story, who had at one time been spoken of by an irate member of one of the 'visited' Presbyteries as 'that awful man Story,' came to be described as 'exceedingly popular in the West Highlands!' and what he had done for the Church there was referred to in the most grateful terms.

At the time of this visit the crofter agitation was still going on, and the results of the disorder and bad feeling engendered were very evident. Popular feeling, it was easy to see, was all on the side of the breakers of the law. They had some talk with a man in whose parish a minister had lately been elected, who was believed to be

full of the crofter spirit; but the man averred angrily that 'as soon as he was in, he turned round and stood on his rights, and became an aristocrat like the rest of them.' On being asked to explain, it turned out that the minister had objected to having his apples stolen, and had sought the 'protection of the law when a carter, insisting on a right-of-way through his glebe, smashed his gate and padlock, and drove his cart across the clerical fields.' And this the people denounced as 'standing on his rights and becoming an aristocrat.' 'He ought to have *sympathy* with the people,' the grumbler said.

The whole moral feeling was very low. Religion was little better than superstition. 'The people sit at home Sunday after Sunday, and then turn out in hundreds to attend 'the Sacraments,' at which the mass of them looks on, while a small and select company partakes. In some districts the children grow up without baptism, and not all, when grown up, seek and receive it . . . The different ecclesiastical bodies are divided from each other by a jealous rivalry. Co-operation in any good words or works is never dreamed of. 'My first object,' wrote a 'missionary' in an outlying district to a friend, who read us his letter in all good faith, 'is to win souls to Christ. My second is to smash ——.' We shall not print the name of the rival communion, but the sentiment we found perfectly common.'

He did not form a hopeful opinion of the future of the croft, or of the success of the allotment scheme. To the cry of the crofter—'We want more land'—he says:

'Along with the land they would need the capital to stock it, and the gift of energy and skill to work it. Except for grazing, and growing turnips and potatoes, the land is of little use. If grain ripens it is seldom possible to get it housed in safety. Skye imports grain, the climate being too damp and uncertain to ensure a local supply. Vegetable gardening, for which the soil is well adapted, is hardly practised. The paltry 'yards' about the crofters' huts are full of weeds. A few potatoes and cabbages seem the height of their horticultural ambition.

'We do not believe in any allotment of larger holdings relieving the poverty and depression of the crofter; but the experiment might be worth making. It ought, however, to be made, not by an individual landlord, but by the Government or a public company. Let the one or the other acquire a tract of land in Skye or some other Hebridean island; let it be given out to a community of crofters in portions satisfactory to themselves, and at rents agreed upon by arbiters mutually chosen; let, if need be, capital for stocking be advanced at a reasonable rate of interest; let all local factors and middlemen be kept out of the way, and nobody interfere but an agent, who shall draw the rents. Let this be tried for, say, five years. It would be a fair experiment; but if by the end of that time the tenants were not grumbling at their bargain, and loafing about in incipient agitation and revolt against the 'la',' we should be much and most agreeably surprised.'

Some enthusiasts suggested that poultry farming would be a profitable trade for the crofters in Islay to engage in; and Dr. Story was fond of quoting the scornful reply of one of the local magnates, that 'if every man, woman, and child in the island of Islay did nothing but lay eggs from one year's end to the other,' there would not be sufficient profit to keep them alive!

A quite unexpected honour which came to Dr. Story this summer was his appointment as Chaplain to the Queen, in succession to Principal Caird, who had resigned. He had already been called to Balmoral several times to preach before the Queen, a visit which he always found interesting and pleasant; but it was an additional satisfaction to go as Her Majesty's Chaplain, and he was gratified by this mark of her appreciation. When summoned this autumn, he asked permission to take with him for Her Majesty's inspection the thumbscrews with which Principal Carstares had been tortured, in order to extract from him information about the Rye House Plot, in which he was wrongly supposed to be implicated. William of Orange had subsequently allowed Carstares to try the thumbkins on his royal hand, and when Carstares did so with some energy the king ex-

claimed, 'Stop, stop! another turn of the screw and I would confess anything.'

*To his Wife.*

'BALMORAL, 12th Sept., 1886.

'It is seven o'clock and I have time to write before dinner and shall tell you my doings. I left Aberdeen yesterday at four, and got to Ballater just before six, found the carriage waiting, and reached Balmoral by seven, a dull and ugly evening. Was offered tea but declined it, and was shown at once to my room, a small but very comfortable one with a good fire on. Shortly after Campbell the minister came up and sat a while, then a man brought word that I was to dine with the Queen, and at 8.45 I went down to the drawing-room, where were Lady Churchill, whom I knew, and two maids of honour, whom I didn't. Presently old Iddesleigh came in, and Major Edwardes, whom I know, and one or two others, and we waited till 9.10, when the Queen was announced, and we trooped into the dining-room, where she was just taking her seat. I sat between Lady Churchill and Miss Fitzroy and said grace. After dinner she spoke in the drawing-room, first to Lord Iddesleigh and his secretary, Barrington, and then came up to me and spoke for a good while, beginning about Tulloch and going on to all sorts of subjects. We then had some music from one of the maids of honour, and after that H.M. and Princess Beatrice, who also came and spoke to me, went away, and the party gradually dispersed.

'Breakfast was 9.30 this morning—all the household. The Queen resolved not to go to church, so service was at 10.45 in the house. I preached from Isaiah xxxiii. 17, then was driven down to the church and preached there . . . After lunch to-day I got word that the Queen would see me at four o'clock, and at 4.20 I was sent for and taken up to a little sort of writing-room, where she came in, and we had a perfectly private interview of nearly half-an-hour, she talking with much animation,

much interested in the thumbkins which I exhibited, and into which she inserted a forefinger to try what it was like. She then went away to see the Duchess of Albany at Birkhall, and I walked down to the manse to call on the Campbells . . .'

The Queen was so much interested in the thumbscrews, that, in the saloon after dinner she bade him fetch them again, that they might be seen by the Princess Beatrice and the members of the Court.

## CHAPTER XII

### THE CHURCH HISTORY CHAIR

It is curious that the year 1886 should have brought to Dr. Story three different appointments, the Clerkship, the Chaplaincy, and, finally, the Chair of Church History in the University of Glasgow. On two or three occasions he had been asked to leave Rosneath for another charge, but had always felt the ties that bound him to his own parish too strong to be lightly broken ; and as long as his mother lived he wished to remain near her if possible. He had said that the only thing that would really tempt him to leave was a University Chair. By the death of his friend Professor William Lee, the Church History Chair in Glasgow fell vacant in September, and it was suggested to him that he should become a candidate. He did so, not without misgivings as to how he was to 'get through leaving Rosneath,' should he be successful ; and on the 9th of November his appointment was officially announced.

'The more I think,' he writes to a friend, 'the more I feel that I have done right—but the idea of the final wrench from here is painful. What will the reality be?'

The parting was, however, postponed for a few months, as owing to the lateness of the appointment it was not possible for him to be ready to begin his work at the opening of the session, nor was it possible to provide for a successor at Rosneath. Principal Caird and Professor Stewart arranged to conduct the classes for a month, and for the rest of the winter he travelled to and from Glasgow

almost daily, in order to carry on the work both of the Chair and of the parish without disorganisation ; a considerable tax on his strength, seeing that he had two lectures daily to prepare, and had had so little time to get them ready beforehand. He was formally inducted on the 25th of November, and on the 9th of December, exactly a month after his appointment, he delivered his opening lecture. That his historical outlook was comprehensive appears in the following passage :

'Anyone who should climb the College Tower, and look downward to Dunbarton Rock, and upward past the Campsie Fells, sees unrolled before him a record of Roman, of Celtic, of Scottish History, which it might take him years fully to decipher and to interpret,—a history to which the old stronghold of the Britons, and the uneffaced lines of the Roman conqueror, and the sacred well of the early saint, and the minster of the mediæval bishop, and the domains of Elderslie, and the slopes of Langside, and the river as it flows down from Bothwell Brig, and the desecrated site of the College in the High Street where James Watt experimented and Adam Smith taught—and the modern shipyards and the clouds of smoke that hide the light of Heaven—to which each and all of these contribute passages. Some of them even he who runs may read ; some will yield their meaning only after patient and careful study.'

He received a cordial welcome from his colleagues and from his students ; and he never had cause to regret the step he had taken, much as it cost him to break his long association with Rosneath. The work was congenial, the students responsive to his teaching, and he took the deepest interest not only in their progress in the class and the University, but in their general development and after career. It was always a genuine pleasure to him when any of them came back to see him afterwards, as many of them did, either to tell him of their work, or to ask his ever ready advice or help in a difficulty. A few weeks after his induction a mutiny occurred in the Senior Class,

the students disapproving of some change in procedure which he had introduced; but on the next meeting of the class the crisis, as he says, 'closed amicably.' The good understanding arrived at was never afterwards disturbed; the students being the first to appreciate the professor's dignity and love of order.

Apart from his work the life was a singularly pleasant one. The College society in those days (and it may be said with no disparagement of other days to come) was particularly brilliant and notable; and its nucleus was in the Professors' Court, where to a man he found his colleagues loyal and generous friends. So many have been the changes wrought since then by death and by retirement, that it may be not uninteresting to name the twelve who were his neighbours in 1887: Principal Caird, Lord Kelvin, Dr. Dickson, Mr. Jack, Sir William Gairdner, Dr. Robertson, Mr. Ramsay, Sir Richard Jebb, Mr. Veitch, Mr. Moody Stuart, Dr. Cleland, and Mr. Edward Caird, afterwards Master of Balliol,—a goodly company, to know whom was indeed a 'liberal education.' Twenty years later only two out of the thirteen were left in the Court, and seven had passed within the veil.

Beyond the College, and in frequent and ever more friendly communication with it, was the society of the city, with its boundless hospitality and its wide and varied interests. To the new-comer Glasgow is proverbially friendly; and it made no exception now in the case of one who could hardly be called a stranger, having been a dweller in the west country all his life. He threw himself heartily into the interests of the city of his adoption, and was always ready to do his part as a good citizen should when called upon.

The remaining few weeks of his time at Rosneath were spent in visiting the parish for the last time; bidding the farewells which are always painful, and in his case particularly so, he having grown up from childhood among those familiar surroundings, whose memories were bound up with all that was tenderest in his nature. He preached

his farewell sermon on the 5th of June, from the text: 'The Lord said unto Joshua, Get thee up; wherefore liest thou thus upon thy face?' At the close of the sermon he said:

'Casting about in my own mind for a subject on which it might be suitable that I should speak to you to-day, it seemed to me I could not do better than simply take the one which came in the ordinary course of our reading of the Old Testament, and which, when we look into it, teaches us the spirit in which all the changes and disciplines of life ought to be met. As you know, a change is impending here, of which, to tell the truth, I cannot speak. The thought that the tie which has connected you and me for so many years is now broken, and that I shall never again stand here as minister of this parish, touches me too deeply to be spoken about, all the more that I know it is not a matter of indifference to you—to some of you a matter of much concern and regret. For much unvarying friendship, for many acts of kindness renewed to the very last, I have to thank you. For many faults and failings in the past seven-and-twenty years I have to crave your pardon. For whatever has been true in my teaching here I ask your abiding remembrance. Do not forget those great verities of our most holy faith which I have tried to set forth as indeed the good news of God—the good news of a divine fatherhood that embraces all mankind in the love which passes human understanding: of a divine forgiveness that blots out all our sins: of a divine righteousness which demands that we should be righteous too, and cannot be deceived by any observance of the letter while the Spirit is neglected, by any religious profession without honest practice and sincere character: of a divine will that seeks the salvation of every human soul. And all this summed up and recalled to us in the life and words and works of the eternal Son of God, who lived and died that He might teach us to *know the Father*, and to cleanse our hearts and minds of bondage and fear by believing in His love. After all, it matters little what is the outward history or destiny of this or of any church, if its members bear living witness to these truths. Believing that witness, it is in its place a pillar and ground of the truth. It is faithful to the Master. It abides in the light of Him who said, 'He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love.' There are those who, walking in the slavery of fear and the bondage of human systems, cannot understand this; but there are always

some—one here and another there—who have been able to lay hold of it, and to whom it is the light of life. Let me hope that no change that may await this church—come how it will—shall ever find another or a lesser gospel preached within these walls, or no answering witness borne to it in some lives—be they ever so few—purified and ennobled by child-like love of God, and self-forgetful goodwill to men.

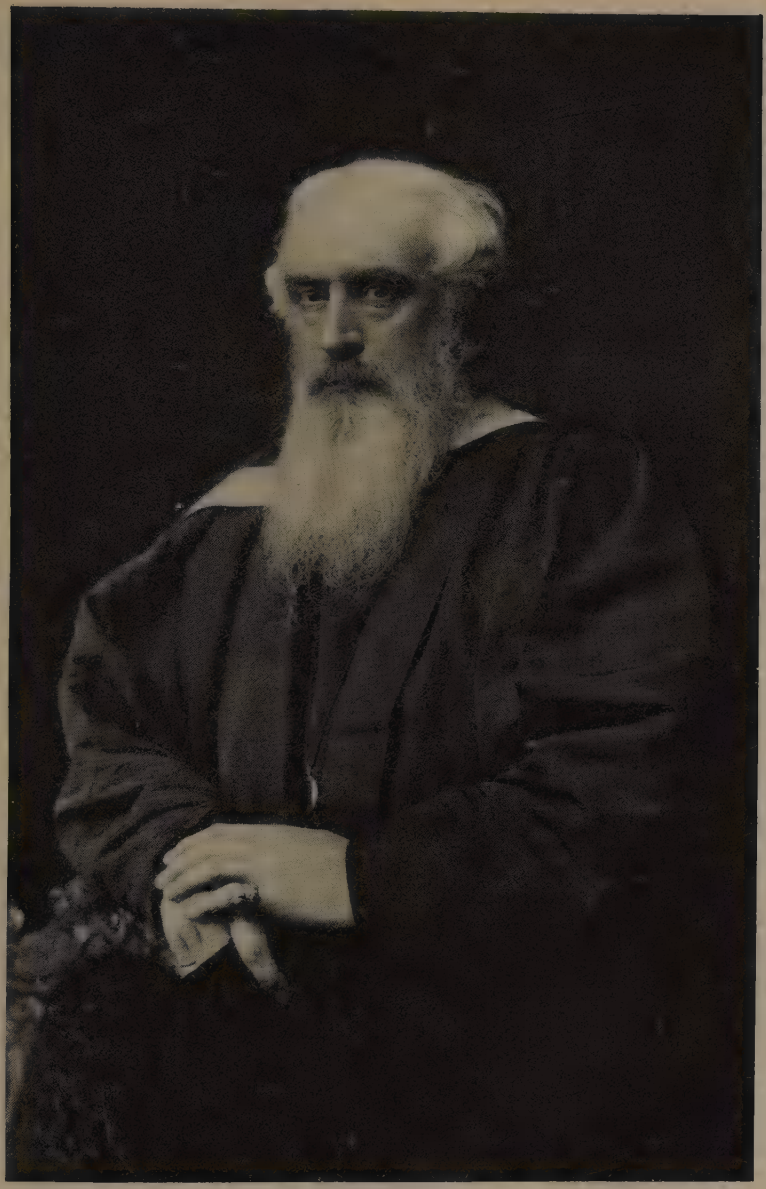
'The years that have passed over us have seen many a mournful change. How many have been taken from us! the beloved, the unforgotten! They have brought, too, much happiness, and many a good and perfect gift. May the coming years be yet fuller to you of outward prosperity and inward peace. Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together. Maintain the beauty of God's house, and the reverence and seemliness of its services. Keep His commandments, and be always mindful of His poor. With this I say farewell. When in the days to come you assemble here for worship, think sometimes, not unkindly, of one whose thoughts on the Lord's Day at the hours of prayer will never be far from this dear and familiar place. I commend you all unto God and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among them which are sanctified, and to whom be all glory in the Church, world without end.'

'The parting was a trial for the people as well as the pastor,' writes Mr. Thomas Bayne, then living in Helensburgh. 'They had grown to regard Dr. Story as inevitable, and identified with themselves and all their interests, and it seemed therefore something suggestive of the disturbance of a law of Nature that he should depart. They knew that he was a Church leader and were proud of a distinction that conferred a measure of reflected glory on themselves, but they were not prepared for a recognition of eminence which should culminate to their own detriment . . . They were aware that from Sunday to Sunday they were privileged in their preacher above most of the parishes in Scotland . . . As both the published sermons and many of memorable quality never given to the Press testify, he could handle dogma adequately and with large and moving suggestiveness, and he was conspicuous among the Churchmen of his time for his ability in discussing the spiritual import of current questions. Such a text, for example, as 'The Kingdom of God is within you' prompted him to subtle, analytic treatment—relevant throughout, and eminently sane, logical, and impressive—some of it, no doubt, for a section of his hearers, being not particularly 'easy to follow.' On the other hand, he might have to speak of questions like

Patronage or Disestablishment, on which statesmen and leader-writers in newspapers held opinions which he found it necessary to support or traverse, and then he invariably secured undivided attention. The average worshipper was impressed by the breadth, the incisiveness, and the luminous quality of his practical expositions. It was this combination of the theological expert and the quick, stimulating critic that ensured for him not only his unique position as a Parish minister, but his prominence as a leader in the Church Courts.

'The members of Dunbarton Presbytery, while fully recognising the honour implied in the selection of one of themselves for an academic post, felt at the same time a keen sense of personal loss in parting with one whose wise counsel they had so long enjoyed and whose voice in the higher Courts of the Church had represented their views with signal distinction. Expression to the feelings prompted by the situation was given at a complimentary dinner in his honour, in the Grand Hotel, Glasgow, on 14th June, 1887. The Presbytery which entertained their late member was fully represented, while Principal Caird and others came from the University, and the city and district sent not only numerous clerical celebrities, but also various laymen from among Dr. Story's personal friends and admirers. The toast of the evening was happily entrusted to Mr. Lindsay, the genial Parish minister of Helensburgh, who had been a co-Presbyter of Dr. Story's father, and had continued the same relation with the guest of the evening throughout the period of the Rosneath ministry. Mr. Lindsay did admirable justice to the task allotted him, and concluded in these terms:

'In closing I may be allowed to say that we of the Presbytery of Dunbarton will very much miss the presence and counsel of our friend Dr. Story. While we all regret he is no longer one of our number, we rejoice that he has been appointed to the Chair of Ecclesiastical History, where we are confident he will be instrumental in infusing his students with his own enthusiastic spirit and love of learning, and that he will be the means of training up a race of preachers of the Gospel who will do credit to his teaching, and become in time earnest, devoted, and efficient ministers of the National Church. On the roll of the University of Glasgow there have been many names of world-wide reputation, and perhaps none more so than those borne by several of the present day, some of whom I see around this table. But I would add that the recent contribution of the Presbytery of Dunbarton to that venerable seat of learning will add materially to the lustre of its many illustrious names . . .'



PROFESSOR STORY 1887

'In his reply, Dr. Story spoke with deep feeling of the wrench that was inevitable when he finally parted from his parish and the Presbytery, and took occasion to show that in his attitude on ecclesiastical questions he had not always been 'on the wrong side.' He alluded to his experience in the General Assembly over certain burning topics, such as Sabbath observance, the Irish Church and its missions, matters of ritual law in their own Church, and 'the more liberal interpretation of the dogmatic standards'—controversial themes regarding which he had been bitterly opposed by some and grievously misunderstood by others—and he said it was comforting to be able to reflect that the verdict of time had shown that in the opinions he expressed he 'had not been altogether wrong.' Making a special reference to the Disestablishment proposals, he said:

'. . . The Church of Scotland is going to hold its own among all varying currents, and resist the assault from whichever side it comes. And I trust, regarding the Church in this historical point of view as the Church of our fathers, we shall do our best to hand it down, so that it shall be the Church of many generations of our children and our children's children.'

'Such devotion to the Church and her best interests as that indicated here, found ample illustration in the speaker's practice, and was noticeable in his regard for subordinate matters as well as for the grand constitutional principles . . . Before he was appointed to his Chair he had undertaken to deliver in Helensburgh one of a course of lectures in connection with a Church of Scotland Society of which his friend, Mr. Lindsay, was the President. This engagement, falling to be fulfilled soon after the removal to Glasgow, he might have quite reasonably cancelled in consideration of his new duties with all they implied, but this was not his way. The lecture was duly delivered, and the lecturer became for the ensuing night the guest of the Society's President. A few friends were asked to pass a social hour with the celibate host and his visitor, and one of these, somewhat daring, ventured to remark towards the close of the evening that their comforts would have been enhanced if it had been permissible to smoke! Now Mr. Lindsay was an inveterate anti-smoker; and had been known to deliver strong counterblasts against tobacco. The challenge brought the gracious entertainer to his feet, and with the exclamation, 'Hold on!' he went swiftly from the room. 'You have moved him deeply,' was the quiet comment of the resident guest, delivered with a twinkle of the eye that indicated appreciation of the crisis, but in a tone suggesting doubt as to

the issue. Presently the strain was removed in a most unexpected fashion. Returning with a handful of cigars, the host clearly had the company at his mercy. 'You thought,' he said, 'that you had baffled me, but here you are. You will smoke these on your homeward way, and I know you will find them good, for I had them of an expert.' This was the signal for departure, and everything seemed satisfactory till the central member of the gathering said, 'You have provided for the convenience of these gentlemen, but how do you dispose of me?' 'You may smoke on my doorstep,' was the laconic and characteristic response. It was a dark, rainy night, and the last the retiring guests saw of him in whose honour they had assembled was the glow of the lighted cigar in the doorway of the hospitable manse. All this illustrates in Dr. Story the good-nature, the genial affability, and the keen appreciation of a relevant and innocuous pleasantry that won for him the confidence, as well as the respect and admiration, of his friends.'

1887 was the year of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, and the General Assembly had appointed a deputation, of whom Dr. Story was one, to present an address to Her Majesty. He went up to London to be present at the great service attended by the Queen in Westminster Abbey, and some days later accompanied the Church of Scotland deputation to Windsor, where they had an audience of the Queen, and presented the address.

Later in the year he went to St. Andrews for a few weeks of golf before beginning the winter session; seeing, of course, a great deal of 'A. K.,' with whom he visited Tulloch's grave, and talked over old days and 'former joys.' Part of the time was also given to discussions on the Formula with some of the professors, and especially with Principal Cunningham, who had succeeded Tulloch at St. Mary's.

By the beginning of November he was finally and happily settled down at the College, with his books fairly arranged, and all the household gods in their place. When the beloved terrier had been brought up from Rosneath the family circle was complete.

## THE NEW PROFESSOR

*To Lady Frances Balfour.*

'2nd November, 1887.

'Our return will be interesting, as it will be accompanied by Tobit. He comes into residence here now for the first time. I need not say how anxiously I anticipate the—for him—serious change.

'There is a story afloat that a gentleman taking a walk at Rosneath met an old fellow on the road, and said, 'And so Dr. Story has left you. You'll miss him much.' 'Aye,' was the reply. 'Wha'll fill his place? He was baith God and Deil here.' I am inclined to think it legendary.'

Not long after this he writes sorrowfully of the death of one of his 'oldest and dearest friends, Stewart Wright, minister of Blantyre'; one of the three friends, of whom he was now himself the sole survivor, who spent 'one bright summer 'semester' at Heidelberg' together in their student days.

The classes began on the 8th of November, and in the following week the Rectorial Election came off, the first with which he had anything to do; always an occasion of much excitement and disorder, the contest being now-a-days, unfortunately, turned into a purely political fight. In 1887 the two candidates were the Earl of Lytton and the Earl of Rosebery. The 'nations' being equal, Lord Lytton was returned by the casting vote of the Chancellor.

This was in every way a busy winter. Having been a daily traveller during the winter before, Dr. Story had been unable to take much part in the life either of the College or of the town. Now it seemed as if he had to make up for lost time, and the calls upon him were many and various. He had to be initiated into the business of the University, in as far as it concerned him; and neither in the Church nor in the University was he given to shirking his fair share of the necessary work that had to be done beyond the class-room. He was frequently called on to preach for his clerical brethren in Glasgow

and the neighbourhood, both those of his own and of other persuasions. And though he very seldom refused such a request, he felt it an increasing tax as years went on to be expected to be quite willing to preach on Sunday after having lectured for two hours a day all the week. Meetings of charitable and educational bodies are in Glasgow frequent and formidable, and the promoters of them seize joyfully the opportunity of providing a new speaker. Thus his leisure hours became imperceptibly filled up ; and even after he had ceased to be a new speaker, the continued requests for speeches, lectures, sermons, and the opening of bazaars, made the months of the winter session a very exacting time, and caused the *leisure* hours to dwindle almost to the vanishing point.

Besides all these public engagements there were many social duties to fulfil. The College was very sociable in those days, and the new professor and his wife did not fail to respond to what was expected of them in this direction. They deemed it a duty no less than a pleasure (and dinner parties were not altogether an unmixed pleasure to the Professor), to reciprocate in some measure the unvarying hospitality and kindness which they met with from both 'town and gown.' The personal acquaintance of the students was made by means of a series of lunch parties each session, followed up by one or two evening 'At Homes.' Simple and informal they were, but amusing and pleasant in their own way, and affording the opportunity of some natural intercourse between the professors and their students. An evening at Professor Veitch's comes back vividly to mind, when a student, reciting the dagger scene from 'Macbeth' with much dramatic gesture, backed suddenly towards the fireplace, where Mr. Veitch, taken unawares, was obliged to cling to the chimney-piece in order to avoid being swept into the fire—while the student, quite unconscious, finished his recitation.

The winter's work over, he paid a short visit to England, returning in time for the graduation, and for

the opening by the Prince and Princess of Wales of the International Exhibition which was held in Glasgow in the summer of 1888, and which brought many visitors to be entertained and shown what was worth seeing. A good part of the summer was spent in this way, as not only did private friends come, but various societies elected to hold their meetings in Glasgow on account of the Exhibition. One of these was the British Medical Association, which met in the College and was entertained there by a reception and a garden-party. In August the Queen came to Glasgow to visit the Exhibition, and two days later she honoured the College by driving through the grounds, not, however, stopping to receive an address.

After the Assembly, at which Dr. Story had taken part in the debates on the Formula and on the Universities' Bill, he had enjoyed a few weeks' rest at Whiting Bay, preaching on the Sundays, and amusing himself during the week by driving, walking, and fishing, a favourite pastime, and in this instance a profitable one.

While at Whiting Bay he had heard a good deal about a recent election at Ayr, in which the Unionist cause had suffered, it was said, owing to the want of organisation. He writes to a political friend:

'Popular speaking and popular literature carry the democracy. The Gladstonians recognised this and acted on it much more energetically than the Unionists. At each of their meetings every man who went in had his hands stuffed full of telling anti-Unionist leaflets, etc., to take home and read. There was nothing of the kind on the other side, and consequently all sorts of lies and perversions of fact obtained undisputed currency. Unless these things are carefully attended to the same sort of disaster is quite likely to occur again. The melancholy fact, however, is, that the democracy is evidently quite incapable of forming an opinion and sticking to it. Government in this country will become a series of demoralizing efforts to pander to the mob.'

The following letter from Mrs. Oliphant refers to a

review of her *Life of Principal Tulloch* which he wrote in autumn for Blackwood's Magazine:

'I was just about to write to you when I got your letter, to thank you for the review in Blackwood which can be nobody's but yours. Of course it is more than a review—it is your independent stone to the cairn. I like it much better than anything else that has been said on the subject—which is not wonderful perhaps. But without any comparison I like it exceedingly . . . I am very glad to hear that you are liking your new work and sphere. It is very natural you should, for it must be more inspiriting work . . . and in the College you will have all the advantages of a great town without much, I suppose, of any special disadvantages belonging to Glasgow. It cannot be murkier than London at the worst.'

One of the advantages of Glasgow was the opportunity afforded of meeting with interesting people who came there from time to time on various missions. The first event of the winter session that year was the Installation as Lord Rector of the Earl of Lytton, who came down for this in November and delivered his Rectorial Address. Soon after Professor Max Müller arrived, having been appointed to deliver the first set of Gifford Lectures in Glasgow. He and his wife were both agreeable people, and sociably inclined. The lectures were largely attended, and were not too abstruse for general comprehension; and, when the first course was finished, Max Müller was asked to return and give a second series, which he did, his tenure of the lectureship thus extending over four years. Other 'distinguished strangers' whose acquaintance was made that winter were Mr. Phelps, Mr. Chamberlain, and Canon Ainger, whom he met at Professor Jack's house, and who interested him greatly.

In giving the introductory lecture at the opening of the Divinity Hall, Dr. Story took for his subject the 'Relation of the Church to its Statutory Creed.' He urged upon the students the necessity of studying the historical development of the Church, of her creeds and confessions, of their causes and results, that they might not come with 'uninstructed minds' to take

a share in the Church's deliberations on this important subject. At the same time, he warned them to be faithful to reason and conscience, which were the supreme authorities, containing 'the true revelation of God to man.'

'He that is faithful,' he added, 'to what these say to him is in the way to become a better theologian than the most diligent student of the creeds whose mind, while he studies, is depressed with the incubus of system and tradition. Never in any of your studies let your minds be so depressed. Hold fast by your mental freedom . . . As you study, you will find in the teaching of the past much that will help you in the share you may by and bye be called to take in directing the policy of the future. So prepare yourselves to take that share, wisely, earnestly, piously, that your life and work may tend to edify the Church, and that she may be the stronger, purer, freer, godlier, for your ministry.'

His ideal for the ministry was a high one, based on the example of his father's life, and he ever impressed on his students the honour and privilege of their calling to be Parish ministers. He held strongly the view that the minister should be the friend as well as the overseer of his flock, 'the servant of all for Christ's sake,' whether Church members or not. He had no sympathy whatever with the attitude of those ministers who said that visiting was not a necessary part of their duty. To him it was as essential a part as preaching. He knew from personal experience and observation how valuable a thing is personal influence, and how much a minister's influence with his people is lessened if his knowledge of them is confined to seeing them from the pulpit only.

He was particularly anxious that the standard of training for the ministry should be kept at a high level; and was never in favour of making entrance too easy for those who had not followed a recognized course. For the same reason he was strongly opposed to the system of allowing students to preach. The duty of the student, he said, was to study, and not to go about acquiring the art of preaching. The practice injured the student, by

encouraging him to cultivate a declamatory style, to which congregations were apt to give more weight than to the evidence of Christian thought and the expression of spiritual feeling. This, he felt, did lasting harm to the student, who unconsciously lowered his standard, and followed, instead of moulding, the public taste. He set himself always against anything that savoured of bidding for popular favour. It was part of the privilege of being a Parish minister that he should stand unmoved by any such considerations, and should witness before his people to the truth that was in him.

In the Assembly of the previous year the question of the relaxation of the Formula of subscription for elders had been revived by Dr. Gloag, in support of an overture from the Presbytery of Selkirk. Though the Assembly was not prepared at once to adopt the suggestion, there was no doubt the mind of the Church was more ready to entertain it in consequence of all that had gone before ; and in 1889 the long worked-for end was attained, and a measure of relief granted to the elders of the Church.

When Dr. Story was appointed to the Church History Chair, the question which was occupying the attention of the University, and of all those interested in University Reform, was the passing of the Universities' Bill. His interest in it had naturally been centred mainly in the clause dealing with the Theological Faculty, and the connection between the Church and the University. In 1883 a discussion took place in the General Assembly on the merits of the Bill which was then before the House of Commons, with special regard to the proposed abolition of tests for the Theological Chairs, and the exclusion of the Faculty from a share in the Parliamentary grant. Dr. Story spoke in favour of the tests being abolished, and proposed a motion, which was seconded by Principal Tulloch ; welcoming the Universities' Bill, in so far as it embraced a provision for the better administration and endowment of Scottish Universities, but expressing the hope, if the tests were removed, that the Theological

Chairs should not be excluded from any increased endowment that might be granted to the Universities, and that security should be provided that men of Christian character and of scholarship be appointed to the Chairs. He maintained that Theology should be taught as a science ; and said the necessity for that was shown in the very alarming proposition made by a previous speaker that all theology was true. If the tests were removed the area of selection would be extended, and it must be admitted that there were as good and able men outside the Church as within it. Perfect freedom of choice had always been an element in the constitution of great Universities at the highest and most flourishing points of their history. The suggestion made, that if the test were removed a man might be appointed who would hold by no religious truth whatever, was impossible. The very name of the Theological Chair implied that the man believed in a God. It was just as impossible to make such an appointment as to appoint a man to a chair of physical science who did not believe in the law of gravitation, or to the chair of rhetoric a man who was deaf and dumb.

'The Universities,' he said, 'should reflect the highest thought and culture of the country, and they must advance with the life of the age. If the tests were removed, and if the chairs were properly endowed, the result would be that we should have the highest and best theological education that was to be had. If the Theological Hall was made the same as the Medical School in respect to the quality of its education, we should have the same result.'

For many years discussion on all the different provisions of the Bill was carried on, many alterations being made, which were not all for the better. The difficulties in the way in effecting changes with regard to the Theological Chairs led to so many complications that no change was made at all, as regarded either tests or Parliamentary grant ; and when the Bill finally passed in 1889, the Theological Faculty was left as it was.

Writing critically about some of the new provisions

which did not commend themselves to him, Dr. Story said:

'The professoriate of a Scottish University is really the centre and heart of the institution. If it loses influence and prestige, the University will lose them too. Hitherto the important chairs (in Edinburgh and Glasgow, at least) have been objects of ambition to the very best men in their respective departments of literature and science. They have been so because the tenure of office has been secure; the emoluments have been large; the work has not been overwhelming; the professor has known he was to be a member of a learned fraternity that would protect his interests as its own, and under whose jurisdiction he would find it honourable and pleasant to do his work. If all this is to be changed; if the tenure of office is to be at the will of a popular Court; if the emoluments are to be cut and carved at this Court's discretion; if new courses of study and methods of management are to be laid down by theorists, to whose behests he must conform; if the body he belongs to is no longer to possess a dignified independence, but is to be watched over and meddled with by experimentalists, the professor of the future may not be quite the kind of man he has been in the good old days. He may, possibly, realise more fully the popular idea of a public servant, 'doing a good day's work for a good day's wage,' and giving his employers a fair return for their outlay on him; but he may not, in culture, in character, in social weight, in public fame, in the power of influencing ingenuous youth, keep up the time-honoured traditions of the Scottish Universities.'

*To his Daughter.*

'32 Addison Road, 7th May, 1889.

'. . . This morning I started early for the Courts, and was met there by Finlay, M.P., who got me a first-rate seat at the end of the Bench and just opposite Parnell, who was under examination all the time, and who looks a hungry and seditious conspirator if ever a man did. I left at luncheon time and got my lunch at the Club, then called on Mr. Craik at Dover House—went with him to the House of Commons—met the Lord Advocate, Badenach Nicholson and one or two more, and got into the Peers' Gallery to hear the debate on the Navy, which was deadly dull. So after half an hour of it I left and

went up to Argyll Lodge, where I saw the Duke and had a talk with him, and then came home to dinner.

'I lunch to-morrow with Lord Balfour, and go with him to the Synod—dine at the Wolmers'—lunch on Thursday with Alexander [Dunlop] at his Club, and dine on Friday with J. A. Campbell at the Glasgow University Club dinner at the Holborn Restaurant.

'Lord Lytton says Professor Nichol is going to resign, which I hope is not true.'

The month of July this year was spent at Loch Awe, where he had been asked to conduct the service in the beautiful little church erected by Mr. Walter Campbell. It was a pleasant time, and he thoroughly enjoyed the various expeditions by which the Loch was explored, as well as the visits to Inverawe and Dunstaffnage, romantic and picturesque both in story and in appearance, and to Mr. Campbell and his sister in their island retreat at Inischonain. They were able to tell him all the weird tales and legends of the district, tales of second-sight which were not too hard to believe to one brought up on the edge of the Highlands, as well as the authentic incidents of a history quite as picturesque as the legends.

He also this year paid the first of many happy visits to Dunbar, where he took a house for the month of September. The experiment was so successful from every point of view that it was frequently repeated, both in autumn and in winter; and a month of golf at Dunbar before returning to the winter's work became for many years a settled custom. He liked the little windy town, which was then much less built over than now, the links suited his game, he had friends in the neighbourhood, and made many more during his visits. One of the kindest and most hospitable was the minister of the parish, the late Rev. Robert Buchanan, a man of a singularly kindly, generous disposition, the friend of all his people, and a most entertaining companion, full of a shrewdly humorous observation of men and things, and with endless anecdotes of his experiences. Many amusing matches

took place in those sunny autumn days, and many thrilling moments were spent in negotiating the hole beyond the 'Duchess's Burn,' where the links were at their narrowest, bounded by the shore on the one hand and by the high wall of Broxmouth Park on the other. The late Dowager Duchess of Roxburgh was then living at Broxmouth, and making her acquaintance was one of the pleasures of Dunbar. She was a most stately and delightful woman, and it was easy to understand how the Queen had valued her friendship. She allowed Dr. Story the use of a private key to the grounds, which was pleasant in itself, and included the additional privilege of being able to go in and look for lost balls!

One of the stories which Mr. Buchanan was frequently called on to relate, and which Dr. Story often delighted to repeat afterwards, referred to a nervous neighbour with whom he had driven to a meeting of Presbytery or some such function. Their driver they knew was somewhat addicted to the bottle, and on their coming out ready to start in the evening, they discovered that he had been spending the time most obviously in refreshing himself. They got in, however, with many injunctions to him to drive carefully, and set out for home. They had not gone far, when the driving became so erratic that, in order to allay his companion's fears, Mr. Buchanan went out and sat beside the driver. They continued, in spite of this, to steer so devious a course that Mr. Lindsay (as we shall call him) kept putting his head out of the window and imploring them to be careful; till at last the driver, getting exasperated, and by this time quite regardless of persons, looked down at him, calling out angrily, 'Haud yer tongue, ye auld deevil. I can drive as weel as ye can preach!' And then turning confidentially to Mr. Buchanan, he added in a conciliatory tone, 'A terrible fykey man, Maister Lindsay!'

A great friend of Dr. Story's, who was for several years his favourite and most faithful companion in his golf matches, was the late Mr. Thomas Fergusson. He had

a keen sense of humour, and no one appreciated Mr. Buchanan's stories more than he did. He and his daughters became frequent visitors to Dunbar in the summer and autumn ; and after a few years it became a custom to spend a few days there about New Year time, the party generally including two or three other friends, Sir Thomas M'Call Anderson, Mr. W. F. G. Anderson, or Mr. F. G. Tulloch. Merry meetings they were, and a dinner at the Manse was always a notable feature of the visit, the magnificent proportions of Mr. Buchanan's turkey becoming almost a proverb. The hand of Time has indeed been heavy since then. Of ' the kind hearts, the true hearts that loved the place of old,' within a very few years nearly all have passed away.

## CHAPTER XIII

### CHURCH WORK

The Moderator of the General Assembly for the year 1890 was Dr. Boyd, who writes to Dr. Story: 'I shall have to lean on you, heavily, all through the sittings: but, all well, you will always be very near.' At the Moderator's Dinner, then the final festivity of the Assembly time, and one at which some very good speaking might be heard, he expresses the hope that Dr. Story will undertake 'the inevitable duty of proposing the unworthy Moderator's health. There is no cleric in the Kirk whom I should like to do this for me, within a hundred degrees of yourself: and certainly there is no one who took anything like the interest you took in my being placed in the Chair. And you can do a thing of that kind to perfection. Wherefore you must say Yes.'

Reporters not being admitted to this 'high festival' there exists, unfortunately, no record of the words spoken on the occasion.

The question of Church Defence had again to be brought forward in the Assembly this year, owing to the continued efforts of Dr. Rainy and his supporters to pledge Mr. Gladstone and his party to Disestablishment. In spite of the difficulty of pinning Mr. Gladstone to a definite statement, he had so far committed himself as to vote for Dr. Cameron's resolution in favour of the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church of Scotland; and the Church had good reason to view with

distrust the political alliance between the leaders of the Free Church and the Home Rule party.

In the debate in the General Assembly Dr. Story took part, and made a vigorous protest against the misrepresentations regarding the Church which were freely used by politicians and others, and which had the effect of poisoning public opinion. He deplored the credulity and blindness with which the 'Gladstonian delirium' had affected sensible Scotsmen, and their readiness to believe all the pleasant fictions about the advantages they were to reap from Disestablishment; and about the general union of all the churches which was immediately to ensue, and in which he had no belief. As to the privileges with which the Church was said to be burdened, the only one which really distinguished it from those around it was, he said, the 'glorious privilege of being *independent*.'

While stoutly defending the position of the Church, he was aware of her deficiencies in certain directions, and was always anxious that she should 'go forward,' and prove herself worthy of her heritage. In a lecture on the 'National Church and its relation to the people,' delivered in St. Enoch's Church in the course of the winter, he urged the necessity of the Church adapting herself to the present needs of the people.

'It is our business as members of the Church to inquire if she is doing her duty by it—realising the idea of a National Church, existing by the will and for the good of the nation. And in answer to this inquiry I would say that to a large extent she is . . .

'But while we acknowledge this, we must acknowledge also that the Church has not fulfilled, as fully as she ought, the duties of her position. She has, to a considerable extent, failed to maintain her hold on those classes of the people which she is specially bound to care for, and which are the special charge of the National Church—the poor, the ignorant, the ill-conditioned and ill-conducted, the toiling and toil-worn multitude . . . Society has lost sight of the Christian ideal of a brotherhood in which all are one; the life of the Church has not leavened as it should the life of the world.

'This can only be amended by a deeper sense of our common duty to those that are ignorant and out of the way; by our coming to regard the Church's work, not as the professional work of the clergy only, but as that of each several congregation and individual . . .

'The Church must realise more fully her duty to the *people*. She ought to take a more prominent part than she yet has done in all questions affecting not only the religious welfare, but the social welfare, of the poor; questions bearing on their proper housing, their sanitary condition, their means of natural recreation. The public opinion of the Church, expressed not in the pulpit only, ought to condemn the respectable landlord who exacts the exorbitant rent; the high-born lord, or the comfortable laird, who lets his tenants and dependants live in hovels in which he would not house his dogs; the pious elder who pockets the proceeds of the unscrupulous gin-palace, or of the adulterated food and drink. It ought not to reserve its anathemas merely for the philanthropic reformers, who propose to enrich the general public with the spoils of a disendowed Kirk.'

In 1887 Dr. Story had been asked to bring out a 'popular history of the Church written from a Churchman's standpoint.' After some consideration he agreed to do this, he himself editing it and arranging the plan of the book. It was published under the title: *The Church of Scotland, Past and Present*; and in addition to the historical part, there were sections treating of the law, doctrine, ritual, patrimony and discipline of the Church. Each section was contributed by a different writer, who was an authority on his special subject, which gave an added interest to the book.

The first volume, dealing with the early history of the Church, appeared in the summer of 1890; an opportune moment, when the continuity of the Church was being threatened, and a plain historical narrative of its origin and development was valuable.

After the General Assembly, part of the summer vacation was spent in England, including an interesting visit to the Max Müllers at Oxford, most kind hosts, and indefatigable in showing to their visitors all that could possibly

be seen in three days of the wonderful Colleges and Libraries, as well as of the available Dons and Fellows. An amusing contrast to this was provided by a visit to Colonel and Mrs. Johnston at Aldershot, the life in the Camp being a picturesque and uncommon change from ordinary existence, and affording much entertainment.

In London his occupations were many and varied, but he never cared to stay there long. He preached both in St. Columba's (where he took part in a Church Parade of the London Scottish Volunteers) and at Dulwich, and read the lessons for Canon Page-Roberts in St. Peter's, Vere Street. He spent a day at Selsdon, where Dr. Boyd was then staying with his friend the Bishop of Rochester, the 'dear Bishop' to whom he makes frequent allusion. He was at the House of Lords and the House of Commons, where he heard Gladstone; attended a Reception at the Foreign Office, and met, among other interesting people, Sir Edward Burne Jones, whose son was painting a portrait of Dr. Story, afterwards presented to him by some friends.

After a week or two at Rosneath, seeing old friends once more, the family returned to Dunbar, and later to Loch Awe, arriving there in the midst of a memorable and disastrous flood.

The year ended with a Christmas visit to Inveraray, and a repetition of the *Tableaux Vivants* which had been a great success on a former occasion, and in which 'the Professor' made a magnificent representative of the East, in different characters.

During this winter and the next he gave a course of lectures on Church History at Queen Margaret College, which were well attended and appreciated by the students, and which were subsequently carried on by Dr. James M'Kinnon.

The following entries in the diary are typical of many others:

On the 5th of January he notes his installation as Chaplain of the Princes' Lodge of Freemasons.

'13th January, 1891: Lectured to both classes and at Queen Margaret. First Gifford Lecture. Afternoon tea. Edward Caird and Jack dined.' [To meet Max Müller.]

*To Lady Frances Balfour.*

'8th March.

'Toby died on Friday night, and was buried yesterday at Kilarden, Rosneath. We have lost in him an old, faithful, and warmly-attached friend. A tear for Toby.'

'Sunday, 29th March: Preached in morning in Pollokshields for University Missionary Society. Read prayers in Bute Hall afternoon for David Hunter.'

'8th April: To Aberdeen at 10. Opened Ruthrieston Church at 4. Stay at Mitchell's. Milligan, etc., dined.'

'22nd April: In Chair of General Council. Boyd to lunch. Meeting at Queen Margaret. Dinner party.'

The months of August and September were spent at Dunbar. While there he preached for Mr. Buchanan, for Dr. Sprott at North Berwick, for his friend Mr. Smart at Chirnside, at Spott, and at Whittinghame, as well as at Balmoral, so that the holiday was not an altogether complete rest. Before the session began visits were paid to the Orr Ewings at Ballikinrain, and to the Cochranes at Calder Glen, near Blantyre. Here he met Bishop Courtenay, formerly at St. Mary's in Glasgow, and subsequently Bishop of Nova Scotia, who preached later in the Bute Hall.

'26th November: Installation. Luncheon. With Balfour, etc., through Union. Croupier at Banquet.'

This refers to the Installation as Lord Rector of Mr. A. J. Balfour.

'4th March, 1892: Lectured to both and addressed Theological Society at 6 on Cameron. Dined at the Tullochs'.'

'2nd April: J. and I at 4 to Oxenfoord.[1] Arrived about 6.30 with Mr. and Mrs. Dundas. Pleasant dinner and evening.'

[1] To visit the Chancellor, Lord Stair.

## LAYMAN'S LEAGUE

The year 1890 saw the formation of the Layman's League, an association formed with the aim of trying to heal the ecclesiastical divisions in Scotland, and ultimately bring about a union of the churches. Three presidents represented the three churches, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Moncrieff, and Lord Provost Boyd ; and in their name a petition was presented to the General Assemblies of 1891, inviting them to take such action as might be calculated to promote increased co-operation among the churches, to discourage all aggressive action directed against any one of them, and to lead to an ultimate union between them. The General Assembly, as in the case of Mr. Finlay's Bill some years before, affirmed through the Church Interests' Committee their sympathy with 'every movement which has for its object the re-union in one National Church of the divided Presbyterians in Scotland, and their readiness to co-operate with any or all of them in promoting such well-devised measures as are consistent with the Standards of the Church, and which would tend to remove obstacles in the way of this most desirable consummation.'

Dr. Story also spoke in general support of the proposals of the Layman's League, but warned the Assembly against the word 'concession' which had been used by a previous speaker, lest, he said,

'in making concessions to Scottish sectarianism, they did that which would divide them further than they were now divided from Catholic Christendom.'

This was an argument which he repeated in connection with the debate on the Conduct of Public Worship and Sacraments, where objections had been made to the proposal that the Committee should take into consideration the preparation of an optional and partial liturgy. He protested against the suggestion

'that they should arrest a movement in their own Church—which was as healthy a development as any movement ever was—because those who were without the Church might not

look at it with the same eyes as they did—a movement which would put them in line with all the Reformed Churches, every one of whom since the days of the Reformation had had its own prayer-book. No sane man, remembering the name and history of Jenny Geddes, would come to that House and propose to enjoin an absolute liturgy, . . . but in regard to the objection that uniformity would interfere with the freedom of prayers . . . they must recollect that there were many cases in which the freedom of the minister might be the dark and bitter bondage of the congregation.' By a curiously perverted idea, he said, people seemed to regard the prayer as intended for the edification of the congregation, and not as a medium to convey their thoughts and desires to God, and to express their adoration.

With regard to the sacraments he thought it also most desirable to have a proper order.

Speaking of private baptism (to which he objected, always encouraging his own people to bring their children to church for baptism), he said he thought there was much more to be said in favour of private communion than private baptism. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was meant to be healing for the sick and comfort for the sorrowful and strengthening for the weak, and these were often the very people who were unable to sit down at the crowded table to receive the sacrament.

'No service,' he added, 'can adequately convey a proper idea of Christian worship that is not orderly. Cosmos, not chaos, is the idea of the beautiful as it is the idea of the truth. The spirit of Christ, living and working in His Church, should preserve the purity of the faith once delivered to the saints, and in the origin of Christian ritual a well-regulated uniformity should guide a Christian people's sacrifices of praise and prayer in the beauty of holiness and the simplicity and perfectness of order.' Above all, he said, a minister should strive to develop among his people 'the great principle of *reverence*—too often obviously lacking. It lies at the root of all true worship, of all deep insight into spiritual truth, of all grace of Christian character.'

Dr. Story's ideal of what prayer should be made him sensitive to its desecration in a careless or ill-arranged service. The attitude of mind shewn by the person who spoke of 'the most eloquent prayer ever addressed to a

Boston audience' was abhorrent to him. The prayer he believed in and frequently urged the necessity of was not the material prayer that expects immediately a material answer, but a true communion of the soul with God, which to the faithful should always bring strength and courage.

> 'For so the whole round world is every way
> Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.'

Long afterwards a friend wrote:

> 'A so-called free-thinker once said to me, 'I like to hear Principal Story say a prayer. I know he means what he says.' This remark comes to my memory to-night, and makes one realise what a power for good such a life exerts, even to an extent undreamed of by us.'

As an illustration of the absurdities that may occur in ill-considered prayers, he used to quote the effusion of a licentiate who was sent down to preach for a Parish minister in his absence, and who, in conducting family worship in the Manse, prayed for the minister's wife that she might be 'fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners'!—a form of 'free prayer' which would certainly have been the better for a little previous revision. Doubtless the young man thought that being Scriptural it must of necessity be suitable.

The General Assembly of the Free Church 'over the way' was this year divided on the question of Disestablishment by a considerable minority in opposition to Dr. Rainy, and this in conjunction with the petition from the Layman's League showed unmistakably that the alliance with the Home Rule party, lightly entered into by the leaders of the Free Church, had not carried the whole body of the people with it. There were Liberal Dissenters as well as Liberal Churchmen who objected to the Disestablishment of the Church being made a condition of their support of Mr. Gladstone's policy. Seeing this, the Free Church Assembly glided away from the subject, saying the question must now be left in the hands of

politicians, and began to deal with the Confession of Faith, finally next year passing the Declaratory Act which, by creating a further division in their ranks, provided a practical demonstration that the union of Presbyterians, in Scotland at any rate, is a problem so baffling that it almost defies solution.

A memorial with regard to competitive preaching for vacant charges was this year brought before the General Assembly by Mr. Theodore Marshall, and supported by Dr. Story, who felt the subject was one of the deepest importance to the Church.

Ever since the abolition of Patronage Dr. Story had seen that popular election was not an altogether perfect arrangement. Since his appointment as Professor of Church History he had had ample opportunity of finding out how the licentiates themselves disliked the system of competitive preaching, which had come to be looked on as a right by the congregation in search of a minister.

He knew how misleading the evidence of one sermon was to prove any man's fitness to be minister of a certain parish, and how often the one who preached first or last on a 'leet' got the charge because the congregation had forgotten the intermediate sermons. The competitive system prevented a young man of fine feelings being at his best when preaching in this way, and tended to lower him in his self-respect. Those who had the highest ideal of the office of the ministry were repelled by the system. It pushed into the foremost positions the young, the untrained, and the inexperienced, and kept in the background the men of wider culture, of higher experience, of richer and better matured gifts. They would not rush forward whenever there was a vacancy, and therefore they were never heard or thought of for promotion.

'If some strong public opinion condemnatory of the system could be elicited,' Dr. Story said, 'the cause would be already won, and still more if the licentiates of the Church came together and agreed that they in their place would do what they could to discountenance the system. If that were effected the Church

would have one of the most clamant of its present scandals removed, and would go forward to its work with freedom and unimpaired activity.'

Various suggestions were made with a view to improving the position. Among others the Committee, of which Dr. Story was a member, recommended that the standard of qualification should be raised, and that a period of probation should be insisted on, as there was nothing in the law of the Church to prevent a man being elected to a parish the day after he was licensed. A committee of advice was also suggested, to whom a congregation might apply for information and guidance ; but this proposition was hotly opposed in the General Assembly. It was held to savour of interference with the ' rights of the people,' although, as Dr. Story pointed out afterwards, it was only to give advice when applied to, and why a congregation ' should find its liberty of choosing its minister infringed because it went to a good source of advice, and took advice only when it had been asked by itself, passed his comprehension.'

If advice and information are not asked from some person or persons, the congregation has to be guided by the one appearance before them of the candidate, and by his testimonials. Of testimonials in a general way Dr. Story had considerable distrust. Very often he thought they were misleading, as they might not have been written with a view to special circumstances. For this reason he was always averse himself to giving written testimonials, unless asked for a definite purpose. He preferred to give his testimony to the fitness of any of his old students for a particular charge only when specially asked for it, and then he gave it conscientiously with due regard to the requirements of the case. The same idea was in his mind in the suggestion of the advisory committee. Knowing the needs of the parish, and knowing something of the candidates, the members of the committee would be in a position to judge pretty fairly as to the best and most suitable settlement.

A familiar and picturesque figure was absent this year from the Assembly. For nearly forty years Dr. Hamilton Ramsay had served as Purse-Bearer under a long succession of Lord High Commissioners, adding a peculiar grace and dignity of his own to the office. He had now retired, and a committee representing the General Assembly had been formed with the purpose of presenting him with a testimonial of affection and gratitude from his friends in the Church. It took the form of a 'loving-cup' and a purse of sovereigns, and to Dr. Story, as convener of the committee, fell the duty of making the presentation, though, unfortunately, it could be done only by letter. Dr. Ramsay was greatly delighted with the cup, and it always occupied a place of honour among his many treasures at Duncan House. He wrote to Dr. Story expressing his pleasure and his sense of the honour he had received:

'The beautiful loving-cup with its inscription, and the long list of subscribers—men distinguished in the various paths of life—a noble roll of Scotsmen honouring me indeed by calling themselves my friends in the General Assembly, including the Right Rev. Moderators past and present, and the Lord High Commissioners, is a reward far beyond any merit of mine in fulfilling those duties at Holyroodhouse and the Hall which were my pride and pleasure, and which the gracious kindness of their Graces the successive Lords and Ladies High Commissioners and of the members of the General Assembly made easy and delightful. I beg also to express my sense of so distinguished a committee acting in the matter, while your being the channel of conveying this honour to me enhances it greatly.'

The diary for this Assembly week is typical of many others, and shows that the clerk's office is no sinecure, although there *are* alleviations of a social nature. And, on the principle that the best holiday is a change of occupation, perhaps the constant dining out served a good purpose. It provided a change of thought at anyrate, for, although the Assembly battles might be fought over again in the evening, the combatants were in a less serious mood, and their shafts were lightly aimed.

## AN ASSEMBLY WEEK

The Assembly began in those days on the Thursday, and closed on the Monday week. On the previous evening the officials dined at Holyrood Palace, the quaint ceremony of the Presentation of the City Keys to the Lord High Commissioner by the Lord Provost taking place just before dinner.

'Thursday, 19 May. Levée. Assembly. Club. J. and I dined at Menzies'.'

'Friday, 20. Communion in St. Giles'. Assembly all day. Dined at F. Cadell's.'

'Saturday, 21. Assembly all day. Home by 6. J. and I dined at Palace.'

'Sunday, 22. Forenoon with Moderator to St. Giles'. Lunch in City Chambers. Dined at Prestonfield. [Pelham Burn, Esq.]'

'Monday, 23. Assembly. Dined at Elders' Union. Evening sederunt till 12.'

'Tuesday, 24. Assembly till 4.30. Spoke on Lang's report. Glasgow Elders' Dinner. Evening sederunt.'

'Wednesday, 25. Church Interests. Spoke an hour. Dinner with Dunbarton [Elders]. Evening sederunt.'

'Thursday, 26. Assembly. Out for a time, and lunched at Club. Dined at Black's.'

'Friday, 27. Assembly. Competitive preaching. Dined at Cheyne's.' [1]

'Saturday, 28. Assembly all day. Dined at Palace. Met Duke of Devonshire.'

'Sunday, 29. Morning preached in St. James'. Lunched with E. at Crawford's. Dined at home.'

'Monday, 30. Assembly till 4, with interval of lunch at Skinner's. Dined at home. Up at close.'

'Tuesday, 31. Committees of Royal Bounty and Highlands. Club, etc. Moderator's Dinner.'

The dinner at Mr., afterwards Sir William Menzies', had become quite a feature of the Assembly week. It took place on the day the Assembly met, and a considerable number of Fathers and Brethren gathered round the

[1] Sir John Cheyne, Procurator of the Church.

hospitable board of the Agent for the Church, with minds as yet unclouded, and tempers unexasperated by tedious arguments over their carefully prepared reports, and futile objections raised to their most cherished schemes.

The various Elders' Dinners were also yearly functions, and very pleasant ones, even although they often entailed a speech.

In the summer of 1892 Dr. Story took his family abroad, the first time they had all gone together, and the seven weeks spent on the Continent were full of entertainment in themselves, and fruitful in pleasant memories of former visits. The journey began disastrously with the voyage from Leith to Rotterdam, but once ashore the miseries of the crossing were forgotten in the joys of foreign travel, and in the excitement of trying to remember to talk the right language. His invariable instinct whenever he went abroad was to drop into talking Italian (what he remembered of it at least), his first foreign trip after his student days having been to Italy.

'I had not been in Germany for over twenty years,' he writes, 'and felt that I must see the Rhine once more, and sit in a 'Gasthof' garden, like the King in Dunfermline tower, 'drinking the blood-red wine,' or quaffing the generous 'bock' of beer, while the waltzes played by the band echo from the Platz, and the fireflies light their little green lanterns in the mellow shade. I confess I love the noble river with an affection that has never wavered since I knew it first—how long ago?—in the fifties.'

A week was spent in going up the Rhine by easy stages, starting from Bonn. He loved the romance of the Rhine, and would sit murmuring quotations from *Hyperion*, and trying to recall the weird old legends connected with the ruins that crown the heights at every turn of the river. *Hyperion* was a great favourite with him, and was the companion of this journey up the Rhine to Heidelberg, which is one of the 'sunny memories' of later years. The sentences from the tomb at St. Gilgen translated by Longfellow were often used by

him in various connections, and expressed his own philosophy of life.

'Look not mournfully into the Past—it comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present—it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future, without fear, and with a manly heart.'

'It is more than thirty years,' he writes from Heidelberg, 'since I first travelled up the Rhine, to meet at Heidelberg the friend with whom I had agreed to spend the summer 'semester' in the old University town of the Palatinate. When I crossed the Neckar in the ferry-boat the other afternoon, old memories sang the dirge of more than one lost comrade:

'Many a year is in its grave
Since I crossed this restless wave;
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

. . . . .

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee—
Take, I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.'

At that time there were staying in Heidelberg, or coming about it, some young Oxonians, and some Americans from the Southern States. There were also several young Scots, and the Anglo-Saxon colony thus formed among the friendly Germans had a happy and not unprofitable time, in both study and recreation. Of the more intimate Scottish circle five have gone over to the majority—four of them after doing good work and spending useful lives. Of the remaining three one[1] is now applying in the judicial business of the Privy Council the principles of jurisprudence which he learned from old Vaugerow in Heidelberg; another[2] administers an important department of the Civil Service, and is one of the brightest lights of Scottish literature; the third treads the old paths round the Castle, where the old friends no longer meet, and writes this page 'in memoriam.'

'Heidelberg is a good deal changed; and to one who knew it of old in the days of Vaugerow, Gervinus, Rothe, and Schenkel, not in some respects for the better. It has undergone the same kind of alteration which has converted 'St. Andrews by the Northern Sea' from the St. Andrews of Brewster and Ferrier and Tulloch, of Sir Hugh Playfair and old Mrs. Hunter,

[1] The late Lord Shand. [2] The late Sir John Skelton.

into the St. Andrews of Rusack's Hotel, and the fashionable lodgings, and the ladies' links, and all the modernesses amid which the honest countenance of old Tom is almost the only link with the simpler and heartier past. What the game of golf has done for St. Andrews the Castle has done for Heidelberg . . . But still we have the unchanging hills, and the lovely river, and the Teutonian Alhambra, and the quaint old town, and the leafy *Anlage*, trodden by the Philisten and sons of the Muses, the Heidelberg belles and the swaggering Burschen. These gentry seem to me to swagger and strut more pompously than ever; and the number of young fools in red, white, blue, or green caps that you meet walking about or driving in carriages, with scarred faces and bandaged heads, shows that the idiotical duelling is in as great vogue as it was in the fifties. The minority of the German students work hard—how hard not even the frugal Scot can realise; the majority go about swigging beer and singing songs and 'renowning' it, with a perseverance worthy of a better cause.'

Dr. Story was, however, constantly struck by the sobriety and good manners of the German and Swiss people, which contrasted favourably with those of his own countrymen, and by their general air of well-being. Mürren was the only place where the people impressed him as looking poor, 'as though life on these heights had more than the average quota of toil and trouble. The 'three acres and a cow' of the English Hodge would, no doubt, be a paradise to the bonnet laird of Mürren, whose ideal is probably bounded by one acre and a goat.'

He did not really care for Mürren. The only part of it which appealed to him was a little valley lying behind the village,—the Blumenthal,—where the flowers were 'crowded together as if for very love,' as Ruskin says of a wild garden in the Jura. For the rest, he says, 'their austere loneliness and reserve of latent power render the high Alps too dreadful, too impressive, for the weakness of my humanity. Moreover, I heartily dislike a place where you feel on walking abroad as if at any point a step might carry you over the edge and plunge you in 'the infinite silence wherewith our life is bound.' That, I confess, was the feeling which haunted me at

Mürren. The solution of all life's problems was always within a yard or two of one's path and one's lying down.'

When at Heidelberg he had attended the Lutheran service in St. Peter's Kirche, and was much pleased to discover in the eastern window, beside Luther and Melancthon, the familiar countenance of John Knox. It made him feel that 'the old ties of the reforming days were still kindly remembered in the native land of the Reformation.' At Geneva he went, 'as in duty bound, to see Calvin's grave. It lies in the heart of the old cemetery, and is marked by a small stone inscribed simply, 'J. C.' I do not think that there is any positive proof that the dust of the great systematiser rests beneath—the stone is comparatively modern; but somewhere in this vicinity he was laid when he rested from his labours.'

'I thought we were never to see Mont Blanc,' he writes, 'so hazy were the distances. At length, on our last evening, as we returned from a charming little party on one of the consular house-boats, there shone out in the distant heaven a pale rose-pink cone, aloft, serene, and far. It was the high crest of 'the monarch of mountains,' supreme in unapproachable grandeur and altitude. 'O sovran Blanc.''

In 1893 the Free Church was preparing to celebrate the Jubilee of the Disruption. Dr. Story, in writing to a friend, refers to their respective rejoicings, and continues:

'I see, however, indications of a distinct rebellion on the part of many of their more respectable men against Rainy's Gladstonianism, and an intention exprest of making some demonstration of their own against Home Rule and for Ulster. Will Ulster fight? That seems to me really the question. If people on this side of the water knew that Ulster really would fight, the Bill would be as dead as Henry VIII. to-morrow.

'The popular mind is undoubtedly indignant in Scotland about the Suspensory Bill; but once again things have been so manipulated as to give the impression that the Church is in no real danger, and so the indignation is apt to slacken and come to no practical end. I am going to speak at a meeting on the subject to-night, and shall try to stir them up.'

When the General Assembly met in May, it was agreed to recognise the Jubilee of the Free Church by passing a resolution expressing thankfulness for the way in which the Church of Scotland had been led during those fifty years ; and for the blessing so ' abundantly bestowed upon the Free Church of Scotland in its efforts to extend the Church of Christ in the world.' It was an act of courtesy not very easy to perform, especially in view of the active hostility so lately shown to the Mother Church by her dissentient ' daughter ' ; but the resolution was wisely framed, and was sympathetically moved and seconded by Dr. Charteris and Dr. MacGregor.

Dr. Story had not intended to say anything, but, owing to a discussion which was rather unexpectedly started, he thought it well to add a few words in deprecation of controversial matter being introduced on this occasion.

What the House was proposing to do, he said, was

'simply to show an evidence of a kindly, a courteous, and a Christian feeling to those who were, he might say, their children in the Lord, who were descended from them, and to whose interests, as Dr. MacGregor had said, they never could, as Scotchmen, or even as Churchmen, be entirely indifferent . . . He quite agreed with Dr. Macleod that what he missed in the speeches was some affectionate and reverent reference to the many good, saintly, and self-sacrificing men who, if those who left them made sacrifices and endured contradiction, were none the less in a real sense martyrs and confessors of the truth.

'But,' Dr. Story said, 'I trust that the House will now without further discussion at once and cordially adopt the motion. I know that it may in some respects go against the feelings and sentiments of members of the House. I do not say it expresses my own feelings and sentiments—if I had been left to the unrestricted expression of them—but I think on an occasion like this we must agree to subordinate matters the assertion of which we are not called upon to press, and by a general unity of sentiment and good feeling make this act of courtesy as courteous and as gracious as we can.'

Dr. Macleod's suggested reference to those who had remained in the Church was added to the motion, which was then carried unanimously.

For a year or two the question of increasing the representation in the Assembly had been under discussion, and this year it was finally agreed upon ; as well as the consequent enlargement of the Assembly Hall. Dr. Story was very doubtful of the wisdom of increasing the number of members, and spoke against it, arguing that, for a deliberative body such as the General Assembly, it was a mistake to be too large. Business was obstructed by too much discussion, and the Assembly would be apt to become garrulous.

'If the weight and value of the Assembly as a deliberative and legislative body were to be increased, it was not by increasing the number of its members, but by doing what would make the weight of their opinion heavier—by returning members not by rotation, but by selection.'

He was himself, curiously enough, the first Moderator to preside over the enlarged Assembly, his nomination taking place this year.

The Women's Association in connection with the Home Mission was founded during the sitting of this General Assembly. In November a branch was established in Glasgow, Dr. Macleod explaining his scheme for the training and employment of parish sisters, which has since been developed so successfully.

Dr. Story spoke warmly in support of the association, deploring the misery and squalor that abounded in Glasgow, and which it was so difficult to touch. He thought work of this sort was a fitter occupation for women than making demonstrations about their rights, and that it would be better to the purpose if women would turn their ideas more from their rights to the duties that were lying to their hand.

One form of women's work of which he thoroughly approved was that carried on by Settlements, such as the Queen Margaret College Settlement in Anderston. He was President of the Settlement Association, and took a warm interest in its success. Its theories appealed to him as being practical and sensible, based on the idea of helping

people to help themselves, and so become useful members of society.

The care of the poor was always in his eyes one of the most obvious of duties. Since coming to Glasgow he had again and again been painfully impressed by the wretched condition of the dwellers in the slums, and by the appalling contrasts that cannot fail to strike even a casual observer. That so much wealth should flourish side by side with so much poverty-stricken degradation stirred his sense of justice, and he regarded it as the duty of the Church to be the guardian of the public conscience in matters affecting the physical and moral as well as the spiritual needs of the people. He had spoken to this effect in the General Assembly in the previous year, on the report on the Religious Condition of the People, given in by Dr. Marshall Lang, the convener of the committee.

'The Church,' he said, 'should speak on a matter of that sort with no timid voice. The Church should remember it is the guardian of the spiritual interests of the people, and allow no respect for material wealth or outward position to hamper it in its freedom in declaring what it believes to be the duty of the employer to the employed . . . If any man could honestly state that his employer so drove him in his work that on the Sunday he was able to do nothing but rest himself, and prepare through mere physical rest for the labours of the ensuing week, it was a disgrace to the employer. It is no use saying that sort of thing is necessitated by the competition of trade. That simply means that the employer values his profits more than he does the moral and physical health of his employees, and we are confronted on every side with the aspect of the enormous fortunes made in those very departments of industry in which this excessive labour is said to obtain.'

He urged the Church to deal with the question of the drink traffic, and the adulteration which was one of its worst features. He denounced also the inconsistency of the owners of many of the slum dwellings, the ' miserable hovels and cellars and one-roomed houses owned in cities like Glasgow by most respectable professing Christians, men who go to church and give their contributions to the

missions, and maintain a standard of respectability of the most unimpeachable sort, and who yet are drawing the rents of those dens of infamy.'

Having spoken with interest and approval of the 'noble movement' for providing places of suitable recreation for the people, he made reference to the words of an itinerant evangelist, who had spoken of Art as one of the devil's birds that devoured the good seed of the Word. 'A more egregious misrepresentation,' he said, 'I have never heard. Art, instead of being one of the devil's birds, is one of God's handmaids. It is one of the most elevating, purifying, and refining of the influences that lie outside the sacred circle of the Gospel.'

He had always had a great sympathy with Art, and the developments of Art in Glasgow interested him deeply. He recognised the originality and sincerity of the work of the Glasgow school of painters, although the entirely 'impressionist' pictures were beyond his understanding, and he used to say he liked a painter to 'individualise his foliage!' One of his hopes for the University was the founding of a Chair of Fine Arts, as well as a Chair of Music; his feeling being very strong that those two sister arts were of the utmost value as an educative influence, and should be represented in the University.

Speaking at a luncheon given by the Royal Scottish Water-Colour Society, he said:

'It is very appropriate that a society of this sort should have its home in such a city as Glasgow, because where is Art more wanted to serve its highest uses than in such a city—in a city where the fair face of Nature is constantly veiled from view, obstructed by thick clouds that hang above the blast of the furnaces and the rolling of the wheel, where toil is so incessant, where the world is so much with us, and 'getting and spending we lay waste our powers'? There is no city I know where Art could do more than in Glasgow, because we do not want Art to be the relaxation of the dilettante or the amusement of the rich and the luxurious—we want it to be an instrument in promoting the culture of mankind, humanising society around, or raising the general tone of taste and feeling and principle among the people. I think there

is something, too, in the great stir in such a centre of life and activity as Glasgow, which tends to promote the development of Art. The highest Art is generally the result of the highest and most concentrated activities of life, be these political, commercial, or intellectual.'

In autumn he had been invited by Sir Hugh Gilzean Reid, President of the Institute of Journalists, to be present at the Congress in Birmingham. He writes from Warley Hall, where he was Sir Hugh's guest:

'3rd October, 1893.

'I have spent to-day, with Sir Hugh, in Birmingham at the Congress. He had got, as a great favour, platform tickets for himself and me—I being known, he says, in Birmingham as 'a leader of the Church of Scotland.' We drove in to attend the Mayor's reception of the bishops, etc. . . . I was presented to the Mayor, who was very civil, and to divers other worthies, lay and clerical. Then we went to hear the Bishop of Worcester read his address—not a brilliant performance. We then went and saw the Art Gallery—some fine pictures—and ended the day at the Press Club, where I met several men on the London and Birmingham press, rather interesting.'

## CHAPTER XIV

### MODERATOR OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY

THE winter and spring of 1893-4 were as usual filled with College work, preaching, Church Defence meetings, and functions of all sorts ; in addition to which there were, as the spring advanced, many things to arrange in preparation for the General Assembly, and the closing address to write. His appointment as Moderator had been heartily received. As Dr. Macleod of Govan wrote to him :

'I am sure that a more generous and kindly feeling than you perhaps realise will be evoked among all your brethren in seeing you advanced to that highest distinction. It is a singular pleasure to see a son of the Manse, and of such a manse as Rosneath, with its holiest memories—in these evil days—in that chair.'

' Such a time,' writes Dr. Boyd, ' brings out a great deal of real kind feeling.' This was most true. Congratulations were many and cordial, and the ' kind feeling ' took tangible shape in a very generous testimonial from his friends, the presentation of which was made in the Merchants' House by Sir James King, and in the presentation of three addresses, from the congregation of St. Andrew's, Montreal, from his old parish of Rosneath, and from his past and present students. The Presbytery of Glasgow also entertained him at a congratulatory dinner. In addition to their address, the congregation of St. Andrew's gave him the robes and lace to be worn as Moderator, a gift which touched him deeply, showing, as

it did, that his memory was still held in loyal remembrance after thirty-five years.

The Rev. Edgar Hill, minister of St. Andrew's Church, came over to make the presentation. Writing beforehand he said:

'Thirty-five years is a large portion of even a long lifetime; but you would be astonished to hear how many can go back to 1859, and recall you and your ministry in Canada. One lady remembers you in your boyhood, another has preserved your first text in Montreal and heads of the sermon, a man of thirty-five preserves a cup which you presented to him as the first child you christened. And many kindred memories are floating about just at present, which those who treasured them delight to repeat to me . . . Our congregation is very proud to have contributed a Moderator to the General Assembly.'

On Monday, May 28, an interesting function took place, when Dr. Story received these addresses. The Rev. Mr. Frew, in making the presentation from the students of a bound and illuminated address, said they had ventured to take this occasion to convey to him their hearty congratulations, their hearty admiration and respect for his person, and their assurance of devoted loyalty and confidence.

After reference to his work in his parish and for the Church, the address continues,

'Of your work as Professor of Church History we can all speak from personal experience. Around the dry facts of history you have cast the halo of romance, re-creating the life and spirit of the past, making to live anew the truths of bygone ages; and that loyalty which you so strongly feel towards the historic Church of Scotland you have infused in very large measure into the breasts of your students. Your warm hospitality and courtesy to us while at College are remembered with pleasure; your continued interest in those who have left your class-room to enter upon the duties of the ministry is a source of strength and encouragement; while the help to many churches which you have willingly extended, both by your influence and presence, has done much to strengthen the hearts and hands of those engaged in the Christian ministry.'

Dr. Story said, in replying, he did not know how to express himself in return for the high opinion of him which they had given voice to, and by which he felt rather humbled. 'I should much rather,' he said, 'encounter my most able and zealous foe in a disputed question in the Hall above than endeavour to make an adequate reply to your kind words.' At the same time the beautiful address from the parishioners of Rosneath was presented by Mr. Warr. The feeling shown in these presentations was grateful to him, marking as it did the affectionate regard of those who had known him in the three stages of his life's work.

Two heavy losses had lately befallen the Church, the death of Principal Cunningham and, more recently, of Professor Milligan. Both of them Dr. Story regretted deeply, and in Dr. Milligan he lost, as he himself said, 'a friend and colleague for whom he had the deepest respect and most affectionate regard.' The Assembly was thus left in the strange position of having no Clerk, as, the Junior Clerk being Moderator, he could not fulfil the duties of the office, and for the first time it fell to the Assembly to elect two Clerks. The difficulty was obviated by Mr. Menzies undertaking the duties of Senior Clerk, his son acting for him as Agent, while the office of Junior Clerk was filled by the election of Dr. Norman Macleod.

In those days the Moderator took up his abode in the Waterloo Hotel, and all the breakfasts and the final dinner (now a thing of the past) took place in its spacious rooms. Dr. Story had appointed as his chaplain, his friend the Rev. Pearson M'Adam Muir, then minister at Morningside. He was unwearied in his attention to all the varied duties of his office, and never-failing in his 'moral support' in all emergencies. He was loyally seconded in the work by the Rev. Walter Lee, son of Dr. Story's old friend and predecessor in the Chair of Church History, Professor William Lee. The General Assembly having been increased this year to over seven hundred members, the

additional work entailed was considerable, as the number of guests at each breakfast was, of course, much larger than usual.

It was no easy task arranging for the breakfasts, and the Moderator was anxious, as far as possible, to treat all his guests with proper respect, and due regard for precedence. Valiant efforts were therefore made to send the right people in together; probably frustrated at the last moment by the unexpected arrival of a guest whose position upset all previous arrangements, and caused marvellous achievements of rapid reconstruction on the part of the Chaplain and the Moderator's 'Lady.' It was a very pleasant time, and the burden of responsibility involved in presiding over the Assembly was lightened by many humorous incidents 'behind the scenes,' and by the hearty kindness of all his friends, both in the Church and beyond.

The Marquis of Breadalbane was Lord High Commissioner that year, and the friendship and hospitality shown by both Lord and Lady Breadalbane added materially to the pleasantness of the Assembly, especially as the Moderator is expected officially to dine at Holyrood every night. The Assembly, moreover, was not a controversial one, there was no business that was painful or disagreeable, and so everything passed, as Dr. Story himself said at the end, 'most happily.'

'I congratulate you,' writes Mr. James A. Campbell of Stracathro, 'on the pleasant way in which the business of the Assembly was done—which was not a little owing to the Moderator.'

As Dr. Story occupied the chair, his speeches were of necessity few and brief. Some of them, especially his addresses to deputies from other lands or communions, were characteristically humorous and happy. A deputy from Victoria referred to the union which had taken place in Australia. Dr. Story, in replying, said he had not thought that the remedy for sectarianism and disunion was emigration. For his own part, and, he supposed, on the part of many of his own brethren, they would have no

objection whatever to see this remedy tried by many of those in this country who were the most outstanding representatives of those principles which seemed to lead to division. He was afraid, however, that, attractive as the Antipodes might be, the system was not likely to be carried out to any great extent.

The Presbyterian Church in Ireland also sent a deputation to the Assembly, greeting the Church of Scotland as the Mother Church ; and Dr. Story told them it was particularly gratifying to the Assembly to receive a deputation from that Church, and to hear them use the old and affectionate term towards themselves that they were somewhat unaccustomed to hear from the Churches that, like them (the Irish Church), had proceeded from their womb, and who, though some hundreds of years younger than they, were in the habit of addressing the Church of Scotland not as mother, but as sister. He preferred the more historical and more veracious term.

The debate on Church Interests was a long and important one. In connection with this it was agreed to issue a Pastoral Letter, putting the present aspect of the Church question and their relation to it fairly before the people. There are always two opinions as to the wisdom of Pastoral Letters, or the necessity for them ; but later in the year Dr. Story received from a parish minister an interesting and unexpected testimony as to the value of this one in particular.

'I have just met a working man who told me that he had voted Liberal all his days, had abstained from voting at last election, and next time had made up his mind to vote Tory, after hearing and reading your Pastoral Letter. The general opinion here is that the Letter will have a good effect.'

He chose for the subject of his closing address : 'The Church of Scotland, its Present and its Future.'

He took occasion first to refer to the enlarged membership of the Assembly, and to acknowledge the unwearied exertions of Dr. Mair of Earlston, to whose ' zeal, energy, and persuasive mendicancy ' it was due that the alterations

in the Hall had been effected so promptly, and that no burden of debt remained.

After reviewing the business of the Assembly and the general condition of the Church, he passed on to the question of doctrine.

'There is a tendency, growing, and we may hope destined to be irresistible, to go back from the scholastic obstructions and logicalities of the Calvinism of Dort and Westminster, to the simpler and purer theology of the early time when the shadow of Augustine had not yet darkened the way of truth: a theology that shall be full of God—charged with the sense of His presence in men, and not concerning itself mainly with expositions of His attributes, and with dogmas about His Godhead or His decrees, or that unknown future of which the secret, veiled from human ken, is hid with Christ in Him. Much that has been familiar to men's thoughts, as part and parcel of their religion, may—in the passage from the present to the future of theology—have to go. The things that can be shaken will be removed—but only that those that cannot be shaken may remain—the consciousness of God—the faith in His love—the reverence for His righteousness. That consciousness, that faith, that reverence, constitute the religion of Christ, apart from whom we could not reach them and know them as the basis of all moral and spiritual life.

'. . . 'Let us get back to Christ,' should be the watchword of the Church's teachers. Let us seek to know Himself, and to preach Himself, as the fundamental fact of our religion, as the pledge of the deepest of all its truths—the union of God and man, the presence of God in men. Let us preach Him as the surety of the divine forgiveness, and the divine sorrow for our sin, in the sense of that pregnant word of Hooker, 'Man hath sinned, and God hath suffered'; as the rest and life-fountain of the wearied spirit, in the meaning of that sentence of Augustine's, for the sake of which we can almost pardon his sacramentarian superstition and his sombre eschatology, 'Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless until they find rest in Thee.' He who cannot thus preach is out of his place in a Christian pulpit. Its preaching may be as wide as the whole range of human life, but it must be the preaching of Jesus Christ. It must be positive and not negative; not controversial, not ingeniously argumentative, but, like the Sermon on the Mount, free and broad and heart-searching, proclaimed without a nervous dread of its overstepping the bounds of this or the other human creed or catechism; and without

reservations which, if its terms are challenged, can be fallen back upon as proving that it is, after all, no wider than the limits of the narrowest Confession. It should be the glory of the National Church to take the lead, as she has already in a measure done, in the preaching of this full and free evangel.'

Coming to practical details, he suggested that as 'very few men can preach more than one sermon worth listening to on the same day,' they might hold a second or even a third service, where instead of the sermon the 'catechetical element' should have a place, or in which the devotional element should predominate, with prayers in which the congregation could join, and plenty of good sacred music.

He recommended the multiplying of assistants in city parishes, rather than the multiplying of churches. 'There has been too much building of churches, and too little training of men.' If there were more assistants, some of them ordained, there could be more frequent services, there could be daily prayer, there could be churches open all day for meditation and prayer, with one in waiting to give counsel or help to those who needed it.

'Let the people who live around see and feel that the Church is among them,' he urged,—

'a living, active, sympathetic agency, and not a mere organ of religious devotion and oratory set in motion on the first day of the week; and you would find its presence a quickening influence beyond your experience or expectation—a power for good as much more potent than its wont, as the face and voice of a living man are more excellent, more cheering, more friendly, than a sculptured stone.'

He touched also upon the causes of non-churchgoing, and the complaints sometimes heard that the fault lay with the ministers, who took no interest in their flocks apart from preaching to them on Sunday. At the same time he pointed out that very often the fault lay as much with the people as with the minister when things went wrong.

'They do not ask themselves if the cause may not lie at their own door,—in their own indifference, in the discouraging reticence and coldness of their intercourse with their minister,

in their never acting up to the idea that the Church is theirs —its work that in which they should personally engage—its services a sacred duty in which they should take a constant and hearty part . . . Something is always possible which shall bring minister and people near each other in mutual helpfulness—mutual confidence and sympathy, and the common sentiment of union in the fellowship of the Church of their fathers.'

Turning to the question of Disestablishment, he protested against the 'hostile attitude of sectarian and political parties,' and the various devices by which they sought to compass the overthrow of the Church. Above all, he protested against the unreal professions of those who declared that it was 'from very love of us and concern for the highest welfare of the Kirk and of our souls, that they conduct their agitation.' The union of the Churches, which was to be the result of Disestablishment, he did not believe in.

'If there are those,' he said, 'at present beyond her pale, who wish to reunite themselves to the Kirk of their fathers, let us receive them with generous welcome. We are, and we have long been, ready to hear any proposals they may make. But the overtures for reunion must now proceed from them, and not from us. We are willing to receive them; but we must always remember that the wisdom of conciliation is one thing, and the weakness of concession another.

'If we are invited to throw off our armour and to relax our vigilance; to stand aside and let our mother Church be made a mere counter in the selfish game of opportunist politicians; to acquiesce without protest in the gross misrepresentations of the Church's history and principles, her membership, her work, her rights, her national services and national position, which are audaciously paraded before the people; to suffer in silence her patrimony to be secularized—her kirks, in which our fathers have worshipped God, and within whose quiet shadow our kindred's ashes rest, to be sold at auction, or handed over to the parochial boards; to forego, and to teach our children to forego, our pride in a history second to none in some of the finest elements of greatness, and in a testimony to Christ our King faithfully borne for many generations; to allow, without striking a blow in its defence, an institution sacred to us by a hundred memories, the embodiment of all that is best in our country's life and character,

and inseparably associated with what is noblest in its chronicles and dearest in its traditions, to be swept out of existence by a blast of Parliamentary faction and sectarian illwill: if we are invited to do this, our answer is short and plain and prompt—Never, *never; so help us God!*

'. . . This only will I say,—that if ever such disaster befalls this Church, it will not be through the force or justice of the attack, but from the weakness and apathy of the defence. No institution, secular or sacred, can ever perish which is true to itself, and, served by loyal and faithful servants, is fulfilling its proper mission, and standing consciously 'strong in the Lord.' His strength is ours if we seek it in the way of earnest duty and steadfast faith . . . In this confidence let us fulfil our ministry; let us war a good warfare; let us bear our brother's burdens; let us maintain the honour of our Master's crown, and be faithful witnesses of the teaching of His Cross and the power of His Resurrection; and we may hope, with a good hope that maketh not ashamed, that the Church we serve will yet arise from amidst the clouds that on her path have lowered, and shine with fresh glory in the noon of a long and cloudless day; and for generations yet unborn will continue to be, in our dear fatherland, the ark of a Christian people's covenant with God, and the national representative of our one Lord and Master's Holy Catholic and Apostolic Kirk.'

With these words he closed the Assembly, words eminently typical of his unvarying faith in the justice of the cause for which he laboured all his life, the defence and strengthening of the Church, as the visible testimony to the *people's* 'covenant with God.'

The tone of the address was not exactly conciliatory to those who in 'brotherly love' were seeking to do away with the National Church, but it may be interesting to quote the following tribute from a distinguished member of the Free Church [now United Free].

'May one who is on the opposite side say with what delight he has read your Closing Address? Of course on many points I differ from you entirely; but I feel how it adds to the interest and the dignity of public life when convictions honestly held are expressed with such splendid force and eloquence.'

The Assembly over, the Moderator hurried off to Belfast, to address the Assembly of the Presbyterian

Church in Ireland ; after which he had a short rest at Corsock, and then went up to London. He preached as usual at St. Columba's for Dr. Macleod. He always held it was the duty of the Church of Scotland to recognise and support the Synod in England, and whenever he went to London he made a point of attending St. Columba's Church, and preached there on various occasions, as well as at Crown Court and Dulwich.

As Moderator of the Church of Scotland he attended some interesting functions in London this year, among them a state concert at Buckingham Palace, and a garden party at Lambeth, where no dignitary of the Church of England looked more impressive than the Moderator.

It was during his year of office that the Moderator received from Lord Breadalbane the gratifying announcement that Her Majesty's pleasure concerning the precedence of the Moderator was 'that in future the Moderator of the Church of Scotland will rank at Court functions after the Bishops of the Church of England' —a decision that was pleasing to both Moderator and 'Radical Lord High.'

He stayed a few days at Torquay with Dr. Hamilton Ramsay, and after some more visits returned to Scotland. Most of the summer was spent in moving about, performing the varied duties which are expected of the Moderator, including the opening of many bazaars, a function he by no means enjoyed.

Writing to Dr. M'Adam Muir he says: 'I see there ought to be two Moderators—the one to preside over the Assembly, the other to go to meetings, preach sermons, open bazaars, and act generally as 'odd man' throughout the year. For the last three weeks I have done little but write letters bearing on these functions.'

Many pleasant visits were paid by the way. One of these was to his friend Mr. A. D. M. Black, at Newhall. The charming old house, with its reminiscences of the 'Gentle Shepherd,' and Sir William Worthy, was particularly attractive to him, not to speak of the gay and quick-

witted group among whom he was made so welcome. Drives through the beautiful scenery of the Pentlands, and walks by Habbie's Howe, were enlivened by the 'flow of soul,' if it could not always be called strictly a 'feast of *reason*.' But no one could join more readily in the fun of clever nonsense than he could, always provided that it *was* clever. The fun that takes the form of practical jokes of a rough or rowdy kind he could not tolerate at all.

The busy session was relieved by pleasant visits during the Christmas holidays to the Lord High Commissioner at Taymouth and to Inveraray. Nearly every Sunday throughout the rest of the winter he preached, either in Glasgow or in the country. In March he went to St. Andrews to preach the 'Battery' sermon in the College Church, and stayed with Professor Scott Lang. The students' magazine, 'College Echoes,' refers appreciatively to the sermon:

'The fourth University sermon was preached on Sunday morning by the Right Rev. Professor R. Herbert Story, D.D. . . . The subject of the sermon was the 'Temptation in the wilderness.' Without any flights of eloquence, the Moderator gave a splendid discourse: thoughtful, direct, and polished. The personality and presence of the preacher always count for a good deal, and no man in our remembrance ever possessed them in such a picturesque and impressive combination.'

The pleasure of the visit was somewhat marred by the illness of Dr. Boyd, and he writes lamenting this to Lady F. Balfour:

'1st March, 1895.

'I could not see poor dear A. K. at St. Andrews. He was not strong enough, though he is getting round. My visit there was rather unfortunate. A. K. invisible, my host called away to Edinburgh, Lady Grant (Susan Ferrier of old days) seriously ill, and the Links unplayable—a sad conjunction.

'The only bright scene on the whole horizon was the

College Chapel in the morning—the sun shining brightly through the painted windows on the red gowns of the students, and the robes and hoods of the professors, and the blue and silver of the uniform of the University Volunteers, to whom specially the sermon was supposed to be addressed. It was very picturesque, and the music was good, and the church crowded. All which are, as A. K. would say, 'helpful.' I came back on Monday, and have had a pretty busy week—but the end is in view. I expect to give the last lecture on the 22nd.'

In the beginning of May he went up to London, where he had been asked to take part in a great meeting in the St. James's Hall, to protest against the atrocities in Armenia, and to express sympathy with the victims.

The meeting was presided over by the Duke of Argyll. The Bishop of Hereford moved the first resolution, which was seconded by the Moderator.

He said he had come there to express the sympathy of the people of Scotland with the object for which the meeting had been convened. The people of Scotland had known in the past a good deal of religious persecution and oppression, and had therefore a warm heart for those who were suffering on their account, and whose religion was one of their great national features. He referred to the assertion that many of the accounts of the outrages in Armenia were greatly exaggerated, and said that it was of course 'difficult to prove a crime when the criminal had taken the precaution of murdering all the witnesses.' He held that England was bound to protest, in spite of the inaction of other nations, on the ground of humanity, as well as on the ground of the Turk not having fulfilled his promises. They were told that intervention would re-open the Eastern question and 'disturb the balance of power.' If by this was meant the Turk's deprivation of the power to misgovern the peoples within his own dominions, then the sooner it was re-opened the better.

The general election which took place this summer, showed that the Home Rule policy had lost favour with

the people ; and in Scotland the prospect of Disestablishment again became remote.

*To Lady Frances Balfour.*

'16th July, 1895.

'The political position is highly gratifying, but in one respect unsatisfactory, as it exhibits an amount of instability in the populace, which is now the depository of power, that shakes all confidence in their judgment, and proves that local and personal and not imperial interests move the many-headed. Harcourt has done nothing since 1892 to forfeit the confidence of the people who swore by him then, unless it be his tackling the liquor question. The stubborn Scotch move more slowly, and I don't expect such revolutions here. Perth was sure to go, as Whitelaw never would have got in last time had the contest not been a triangular duel. I hope Finlay may win—but I am sorry to see he is taking up the line of 'dividing the teinds among the three Presbyterian Churches.' Even if the two dissenting Kirks did not noisily proclaim that they don't want a share and would not touch a farthing of it, the project would be unworkable and absurd.'

*To the same.*

'3rd August, 1895.

''The many-headed hydra thing,' whether in Highlands or Lowlands, appears to be equally fickle, senseless and incapable of coherence or continuity. As to Finlay's Bill and the Highland Free Kirk I should have no objection to its being tried, but I have grave doubts whether it would do any good. When the Anti-Patronage Act of 1874 was passed, people expected it would 'conciliate' the Free Kirk. Instead of that it set their backs up more than ever ; and they repudiated the idea of accepting from 'Cæsar' what they asserted it was not his to give or take away. Seeing that 'Cæsar' *had* taken it away in 1712, it was hard to make out that he might not give it

back in 1874, but very probably the same irrational crotchetiness would make them now refuse to recognise any ground for renouncing their schism in Finlay's Bill. It would no doubt satisfy the few sensible 'constitutional Free Kirkmen,' but how slight their influence is, has been proved once a year of late most conclusively by the enormous majorities in their Assembly for Rainy's disestablishing motions ; and even they seem to shrink with a kind of feeling of loyalty from breaking away from the Free Kirk altogether.'

*To his Wife.*

'Black Mount.

'. . . We had a very fine excursion yesterday. We started at 10 for Bridge of Orchy, where we took the train for Fort William, there the boat for Ballachulish, lunched at Currie's, drove to King's House through Glencoe, there met traps from here, and got home by 8. At Bridge of Orchy station an excursion train was just leaving as we got on the platform, and from one window I saw the countenance of M., accompanied with a wildly-waving arm—from another the head of D., grinning like a Cheshire—further on Andrew S., and the train went off with a general waving of hands and sound of stifled cheering, proceeding as it seemed to me from the general population of the Gareloch. On inquiry I found the excursion was from Helensburgh. It was an amusing meeting, and my party were much impressed with the number of my acquaintance. The day was rather cloudy, but quite fine, and the views beautiful.'

Dr. Story had received an invitation this summer from Dr. Lunn, the organiser of the Grindelwald Conferences, to go out there in September and take part in a discussion on Presbyterian Reunion. He had warned Dr. Lunn that his 'views on that intricate subject were not at all likely to find favour at such a gathering,' but the invitation was repeated, and so he decided to go.

The weather was beautiful, the hotel most comfortable, and the company interesting in their different ways, and he writes that his 'enjoyment of the social attractions of the Congress is scarcely neutralised by his feeling, 'as one born out of due time,' not altogether at home in his ecclesiastical surroundings.' The Church of England was represented by the Dean of Ripon, Dr. Fremantle, and by Archdeacon Wilson, of Manchester; the Nonconformists by the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, President of the Congress of Free Churches; the Rev. C. A. Berry, of Wolverhampton, and the Rev. J. H. Pope, ex-president of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference. Professor (now Principal) Lindsay represented the Free Church of Scotland, and Dr. Oliver the United Presbyterian, of which he was then Moderator.

'The reason,' Dr. Story writes, 'why I and others should travel from Scotland to this Swiss valley to discuss a reunion which we might as well have discussed at home has not yet revealed itself to my mind.' He almost felt that he had more in common with the worshippers in the little Swiss parish church, where he attended the service on the Sunday after his arrival, and partook of the Sacrament. 'I thought participation in this reverend ordinance in one of the sister Churches of the Reformed no unfitting preparative for the deliberations which were to follow throughout the week,' he says. 'The Dean was surprised to hear that I had communicated with my Swiss *confrères*, without inquisition or objection, in their parish church. Had I gone to the altar of the Episcopal Chapel, the celebrant would have been within his rights if he had excluded me because I had never been confirmed. The common sentiment of the controlling majority of Anglicans was indicated by the remark of a curate, who, on hearing that a member of this Conference had attended the Swiss service, stated that it would be impossible for *him* to enter a 'mere dissenting place of worship.' Dissenting! (though the National Church of a free and Protestant country), because it had not accepted the

Anglican theory of orders. What can you make of such ecclesiastical provincialism, of such sectarian self-isolation?'

Meetings were held throughout the week, and at the one devoted to Presbyterian reunion the only speakers were Dr. Story, who opened the discussion, Dr. Lindsay, and Dr. Oliver. The three Presbyterians so far exceeded the time limit that no one else was able to say a word!

Dr. Story emphasised the fact that the only bar to Scottish reunion was the erection of the Voluntary principle and Disestablishment into 'fundamentals' by the two dissenting Churches, and argued that this being so, reunion was impossible.

'I should have liked to see,' he writes, 'how much our English friends understood, and if any of them could explain, as I proposed for a test of the depth of their ignorance, such points as the difference between an 'Act of Assembly' and an 'Act of Sederunt'; between a 'U.P.' and a 'Free'; between 'moderating in a call' and 'sustaining an overture'; finally, between a 'Glassite' and a 'Sandemanian.' As to this latter problem, I don't believe one of them knew it was the same as the difference between Van Diemen's Land and Tasmania. They listened with an air of puzzled but indulgent interest, and gave no sign. I own that I felt very much as the speckled bird of the prophet may have done amongst the other fowls.

'Dr. Oliver unfolded the blue banner of uncompromising Voluntaryism, and waved it aloft with the utmost vigour. Dr. Lindsay followed with a very fair, moderate, and conciliatory speech, in which he indicated that as regarded Disendowment he did not take up the extreme position of the previous speaker; and in reply, I, in the few minutes at my disposal, tried to correct one or two of the wrong impressions as to Church assessments, and the interference of 'Cæsar' with the Kirk's spiritual independence, which my colleagues seemed to me to have conveyed to minds ignorantly open to receive them.'

Although in public Presbyterian reunion seemed thus remarkably remote, in the precincts of the Hotel Bär it was to all appearance a *fait accompli*, and much friendly and cheerful talk was indulged in by the three champions on subjects other than those prescribed for the Conference. Dr. Story's cousin, Mr. Carus Cunningham, in his day a noted Alpine climber, had come to Grindelwald, bringing with him his guide, old Melchior Anderegg. He knew the neighbourhood thoroughly, and many delightful excursions were carried out under his escort, Melchior leading the way, or stopping to encourage nervous members of the party round difficult corners, where their heads were apt to fail. A pleasant interlude for lunch on the mountain side or by the glacier was one of the features of the day, when Melchior concocted his wonderful *bohle* and told thrilling tales of his exploits. He was a most interesting man, with charming manners, the 'father' of the guides in those parts, and had the proud record of never having had a serious accident with any of his *Herren*.

But the pleasant visit soon came to an end. 'The Conference is now over,' Dr. Story writes. 'The strong-backed ecclesiastics who orated in the parish church are climbing hills. The devout and honourable women who raised the hymn tunes at the 'devotional exercises' are disappearing on mule-back or in *chaises-à-porteur*. The vision splendid of the Reunion of Christendom floats away, like a cloud crossing the summit of the Jung Frau, and leaves not a wrack behind, except a number of discarded notes of speeches and of tourist tickets. I quit the valley with regret, and with a benediction on the friendly 'Bear,' within whose liberal walls one never lost one's sense of personality, through being ranked as a mere *numéro*.'

## CHAPTER XV

### PAST AND PRESENT

MANY changes had lately taken place in the College. Professor Edward Caird had left to become Master of Balliol in succession to Jowett, and Professor Jones had been appointed to the Chair in Glasgow. Now Dr. Dickson, the venerable and much-loved Professor of Divinity, made up his mind to retire.

Speaking to the Church History class at the opening of the session, Dr. Story made reference to the change which had taken place in the *personnel* of the Divinity Hall.

'I am sure no one among you,' he said, 'who has any appreciation of great and manifold learning, of singular devotion to duty, and of genial, generous, and attractive character, can fail to regret that Dr. Dickson has felt it necessary to resign the chair which he has so long and so ably filled. His colleagues in the Divinity Faculty and in the Senate will miss his sagacious counsel, his wide range of professional knowledge, and his ever friendly and sympathetic companionship; while you, his students, cannot but feel that you have lost a teacher the resources of whose mastery of theological literature were almost inexhaustible, and whose fairness and kindness in dealing with you, with his warm interest in your welfare, will be no less difficult to replace than his varied gifts and long experience as a churchman and a professor of theology.'

Dr. Dickson was succeeded in the Chair of Divinity by Dr. Hastie. Owing to Dr. Story's strong opposition to Dr. Hastie in the General Assembly some time before,

in connection with the Church of Scotland College at Calcutta, there was a feeling among Dr. Hastie's friends that he would look unfavourably on the appointment, and that as colleagues they might find it difficult to work together. This idea was speedily dispelled, and Dr. Hastie warmly acknowledged that Dr. Story's cordial attitude towards his candidature had greatly smoothed his way in accepting the appointment.

All through the winter he was much occupied with meetings connected with Church extension in Glasgow, a movement which had his active sympathy and support. He also joined the committee which was formed to try to help the suffering Armenians, and attended many meetings connected with it. In fact the number of meetings mentioned in the diaries is bewildering, and added to those already named was the committee appointed to make arrangements for the celebration of Lord Kelvin's Jubilee as Professor.

The Jubilee of Lord Kelvin was celebrated in June, 1896, and an assemblage representative of science and learning from every part of the world gathered to do him honour. Delegates were invited from universities and societies at home and abroad. The guests who fell to Professor Story were the venerable botanist, Sir Joseph Hooker, and his wife, and Mr. George Darwin, and with them and various other 'distinguished strangers' a week of pleasant intercourse was spent. The first event was a conversazione in the Bute Hall, where the great scientist received a cosmopolitan company, and the varied robes and decorations worn by the guests made a brilliant and kaleidoscopic scene.

Next day came the presentation of addresses, and a banquet in the St. Andrew's Hall at which town and gown entertained Lord Kelvin; and the celebrations were brought to a close by a sail through the Kyles of Bute—a favourite method of entertaining distinguished guests in the West of Scotland.

The months of September and October were spent at

Holmhead, a little house by the river Urr, belonging to Dr. Story's aunt, Mrs. Murray Dunlop, of Corsock. Here he found a quiet time in which to finish writing the Baird Lectures, which he had been appointed to deliver in the spring. It was a singularly wet and stormy autumn, so he was the less disturbed by temptations to be out of doors. The only pursuit he attempted to engage in was fishing, but the melancholy repetition in his diary of 'not a rise,' 'not a nibble,' shows that it was but a barren pleasure at the best.

A reasonable amount of social distraction was provided by the near neighbourhood of Corsock, and the visits there of various young cousins, among whom he had many 'lovers and friends.'

The session reopened on the 29th of October. In his opening lecture Dr. Story dealt with a subject which had been recently under discussion in connection with the 'Encyclical' of Pope Leo XIII., the validity of Anglican orders. To the churchman in Scotland, he said, it was a matter of indifference whether the Pope considered ordination by a Scottish Presbytery valid or invalid. But there was a party in the Anglican Church who greatly desired the Papal sanction of their orders, in the hope of reunion with the Roman Church.

'What have Papal or Episcopal traditions or recognitions to do with it?' he asks. 'If all the bishops in all the Churches in Christendom, with the Pope at their head, declared the orders of the Scottish Church to be valid to-day, would the life of that Church be one whit more healthy to-morrow, its intelligence more acute, its work more earnest, its faith more stable, its charity more fervent? *Not one whit* . . .

'A mechanical succession from the days of the Apostles to our own, without the moral and spiritual characteristics of the Apostolate, is of no efficacy. Yet we must not disparage a regular succession where it exists. It is honourable; it is of great historical interest; it appeals to a hundred sentiments of reverence and affection; but the essence of the ministry is not in it—is not in the body but in the life, not in the form but in the substance, not in the letter but in the spirit.'

This true succession he held that the Scottish Church possessed.

'It was brought first by Columba from Ireland, where Patrick had exercised the commission he had received from the hands of Germanus of Auxerre, and it was transmitted through the Celtic Ages of the Church in an unbroken continuity, until it was amalgamated with the orders of the Roman Church, when in the eleventh century Margaret and David introduced the system of Diocesan Episcopacy. At the Reformation, 400 years later, it passed over into the Reformed Church, and it has been perpetuated in it down to the present day. We have the external succession, in the Presbyterian form,—our ordination, like that of Timothy, consisting in the 'laying on of the hands of the Presbytery'.'

The lecture was afterwards published by request, and many people wrote expressing their appreciation of his 'clear and convincing' treatment of the subject. A Free Church minister wrote to him:

'I was delighted with your remarks, that a 'mechanical succession from the days of the Apostles to our own, without the moral and spiritual characteristics of the Apostolate, was of no efficacy.' They reminded me of what my old revered professor, Principal Fairbairn, of Glasgow Free College, said in one of his lectures on the Pastoral Epistles: 'Gentlemen, we believe in apostolical succession, but it is an apostolical succession, not of men, but of faith and doctrine.' What you say as to our external succession and connection with the Culdee Church, should more and more be insisted upon by all true Presbyterian Churchmen.'

This idea, amplified, and treated historically and with detail, was taken as the groundwork of the Baird Lectures, which Dr. Story delivered in January and February, 1897. A considerable part of the lecture on 'The Pope and Anglican Orders' was incorporated into the introductory Baird Lecture, and formed the key to the whole.

'What is the Apostolic Ministry?' he asks. 'To that question I reply, A ministry exercised in the spirit and after the example of the first planters of Christianity, and transmitted from them to us in an orderly and recognisable succession. This definition will not satisfy those who maintain that the essential

note of an apostolic ministry is to be found, not in its character but in its organisation; and that no ministry deserves the name which is not part and parcel of the threefold order of bishops, priests, and deacons. We in the Scottish Church, with the Reformed Church throughout the world, do not recognise the necessity of this triad. Had it been indispensable to the proper life and functions of the Church, our Lord could hardly have left His followers to discover this for themselves; and He certainly never prescribed it to them. The evangelists, had He done so, would not have forgotten to record it. We do not find it laid down anywhere in the Scriptures. It is not even referred to in any one of the Œcumenical creeds, and is in no sense a part of the true faith of a Christian.

'The succession, which binds the life of the Church age after age into one unbroken unity, is not that of the members of an ecclesiastical order, but of those who, in virtue of their spiritual oneness with the Father, have been in their day and generation the 'friends of God.' It is by the members of this sacred guild that the life of the world is preserved from corruption. They are 'the salt of the earth'; and they are gathered into the one fellowship, like those that shall enter into the New Jerusalem, from east and west and north and south—out of every region, every rank, every race, every communion of them that believe. These are they who form the 'royal priesthood' of the Church of God; and they exercise their priestly function, 'not after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life.' To their ministry no ordination can admit; from it no excommunication can debar.'

The Lectures were published under the title: *The Apostolic Ministry in the Scottish Church*; and were dedicated, by permission, to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, 'in the sixtieth year of her illustrious and memorable reign.'

*To Lady F. Balfour.*

'17th January, 1897.

'. . . I am much interested in your having told Lord S. about the White Rod. I don't know where the salary comes from, but I shall ascertain. I should think it was from what they call the 'Hereditary Revenues of the Crown in Scotland,' and I don't see why, when the Irish

Black Rod is kept up and a properly qualified Usher maintained for it, the Scottish White Rod should be in the hands of Miss Mary Walker's Trustees. The English Black Rod has Parliamentary duties which may be pleaded in *its* favour, but the Irish hasn't. There is so little really patriotic feeling in Scotland about things of that sort, that all the old national institutions and marks of our old independence have been obliterated without remonstrance.

'I gave my first Baird Lecture on Wednesday to a large audience, quite a novelty for a Baird Lecture. Whether it will continue throughout the course remains to be seen.'

*To the same.*

'10th February, 1897.

'. . . I am glad you are so much pleased about the Women's Suffrage. I can't say I think it a matter of first-class concern,—and if it tends to increase the number of female spouters on platforms, and meddlers in affairs that are better managed without them, it is to be regretted —though in abstract justice there is no great reason why the female owner of property should not have the same franchise as the male.

'We had Mrs. Humphry Ward lecturing here, and doing it very well. I met her at dinner afterwards, and thought her very pleasant, and with no airs of authorship about her.'

A trip to Italy was arranged this spring, between the close of the session and the opening of the General Assembly. Venice was the point aimed at, but a few days were spent on the way at Nürnberg and Munich, the former making a strong appeal to his historical and archæological sympathies. He had visited Venice a long time before, but he shared with his companions the thrill of the moment when the beautiful city first came into view, rising like a fairy vision from the water, all pearly grey in the evening light after a day of heavy rain.

He liked being among the Italians again, and enjoyed revisiting the galleries and churches, and idling about on the sunny waters in a gondola.

After a delightful fortnight the party reluctantly turned back to Milan, and thence to the Italian Lakes, where a very enjoyable week was spent on the way home.

*To Lady Frances Balfour.*

'STRESA, 2nd May, 1897.

'Although you have evidently cut me off from the list of your correspondents I can't agree to the excision, and so I send you a letter from this lovely spot at the close of a quiet and summer-like Sabbath day. We are now on our way towards home. Some of the ground we have gone over was familiar to me—some the reverse—and of the latter this place on the Lago Maggiore is the first in respect of its wonderful beauty.

'Nürnberg was most interesting in its old-world art and architecture—and some of its ecclesiastical ways—of which, if you read the *Scotsman*, you might have seen a notice a fortnight ago. I didn't care much for Munich. It is too modern, and too much laid out to order. Innsbrück is very queer and surrounded by splendid hills. The Brenner rather a failure as a mountain pass. Venice as enchanting as ever. In a gondola on the Canal in a moonlit night a thing to dream of—and we had the moon at its fullest. We had also St. Mark's on Easter Day and on the saint's own day, and the Roman ritual in full-blown splendour. The procession of gondolas that brought the Prince and Princess into the city on their first visit was a sight never to be forgotten—for mere beauty and gorgeous colouring and antique singularity nothing could compare with it.

'We were ten days in Venice—from that we went to Milan, and from Milan came on here last Thursday. This week we hope to spend a day or two on the Lake of Como—and then take the St. Gothard route to Basle—thence Paris—a couple of days there to see the Salon,

after which E. hankers, and then to London. I wish, if possible, to be in Glasgow by Sunday . . . I am grieved to see in the *Times* to-day the death of Mrs. Richardson —for many years one of our kindest and best friends. We shall miss her much. All the old Rosneath friends are gone now, and none take their places . . . Do you mean to come to the Columba celebration? It was promising well, and things in good train when I left home.'

The week after his return he went into Edinburgh for the meeting of the General Assembly. He took part in the special service held in commemoration of Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee, and was appointed a member of the deputation which later in the year journeyed to Balmoral to present an address of congratulation.

The Assembly had before it this year an unfortunate case of heresy, which had been begun in the Assembly of the previous year, against Mr. Robinson, the parish minister at Kilmun. Mr. Robinson had published a book, called *The Saviour in the newer light*; in which he had attempted to explain Christianity from a presumably modern standpoint. Perhaps he was not very successful in making clear his real meaning; in any case his theories did not carry conviction to all his readers, and a charge of heresy was brought against him. There were many who thought that on account of his excellent record as a parish minister, and his evident sincerity, he should be leniently dealt with. There were others who felt that the Church could not sanction in her ministers teaching which destroyed an essential part of her belief, and had nothing more convincing to put in its place. Dr. Story was among the latter. His attitude was a good deal criticized, and many among his own friends and supporters felt as if his action was inconsistent with the stand he had so often taken as the champion of liberal thought. But though no one could believe more firmly than he did in the necessity for freedom of discussion and a liberal interpretation of creeds, there were certain Christian

verities which he felt that the Church was bound to uphold, or she betrayed the trust committed to her.

Dr. Macleod Campbell and Principal Tulloch were quoted as pioneers in the same school as Mr. Robinson. Against this Dr. Story protested warmly. They had broken through the trammels of an old and contracted interpretation of the Word of God, he said; whereas Mr. Robinson's was mere destructive criticism, which, as it seemed to Dr. Story, rejected the fundamental belief in the divinity of our Lord, which refused to accept anything that could be called supernatural revelation, which presented no universal Father, but an Authority unable to step beyond the limit of physical law which He had laid upon the world, a great Spirit incompetent to communicate with the spirits whom He had called into being. It was an emasculated belief, he said, in which there was no strength or consolation. Mr. Robinson told them that to believe in these things was inconsistent with the conclusions of physical science. But Dr. Story maintained that if that view of their religion were true, there was no longer any necessity for a Christian religion or a Christian Church. The Christian creed passed into regions where demonstration failed utterly, where they had to believe though they could not see, and trust though they could not comprehend. He saw no reason why they should accept the conclusions of an immature mind and imprudent criticism, and allow them to be proclaimed as the belief of the Church. Mr. Robinson's explanations not being satisfactory to the Church, he was finally deposed from her ministry.

Dr. Story spoke in this Assembly in favour of the proposed scheme to institute Residences for Divinity students. He knew how unsatisfactory their lodgings often were, and how difficult it was for a young man coming to a place like Glasgow, with no friends to give him advice in the matter, to find a comfortable home; how long, also, a student might be at College and yet come into very little social contact with his fellow-

students. He welcomed the idea of a Residence as a step towards the solution of the difficulty, and was much interested in the success of the one which was afterwards started in Glasgow.

It had been ordained by the General Assembly of 1896 that a 'thanksgiving for the introduction of the Gospel into our land be held on the 9th of June, 1897,' the anniversary of the death of St. Columba in the year 597. The Duke of Argyll had cordially acceded to the request that the commemoration might take place in the old Abbey Church at Iona. Built on or near the site of Columba's original monastery, it was felt that nowhere could the service be more appropriately held. The minister of Iona and the Presbytery of Mull heartily concurred in the proposal, and the necessary preparations were set about, a temporary roof was put on, and other arrangements all satisfactorily carried out before the date fixed upon.

Dr. Story had a considerable share in the preparations for the service, and looked forward with keen interest to the pilgrimage. He was deeply sensitive to the spirit of the place, the wonderful suggestiveness of its past, and all the associations that cling round its name.

'As one reaches Iona,' he wrote in a little paper published in 1904, 'he is conscious of an influence more subtle and pervasive than that of sky or sea or mountain—the spiritual influence of a silent Presence shedding a consecration on the quiet island, and enwrapping it like a peaceful atmosphere. The memory of a noble Personality, of a lofty Past, whose outlines no paltry or unworthy Present can distort or dim, clings to the shore, and broods with its benediction above the relics that time, and storm, and neglect have not been able to destroy. It is Columba's isle. 'Hence, avaunt! 'tis hallowed ground.' It is the cradle of Scottish religion; the birthplace of the Scottish State. That man is little to be envied who could make his way to Iona without feeling some elevation of the spirit, as of one leaving behind him the grosser fancies, the more earth-bound thoughts, the more selfish and secular ambitions and desires, which beset him daily amidst the hum and stir of men.'

Not a little under the influence of this 'elevation of the spirit,' an advanced guard of pilgrims journeyed to Iona on the 8th of June, in order to have a quiet evening there before the celebration of the following day. A short preparatory service was held, in which Dr. Story, Dr. M'Adam Muir, Mr. Henry Wotherspoon and his brother, Mr. Arthur Wotherspoon, took part. The rest of the evening was spent in wandering round the ruins in the beautiful soft light of midsummer in the Western Isles.

A large and representative assemblage gathered next day from far and near. In the morning a Gaelic service was held in the Cathedral (or Abbey, as it should properly be called), the sermon being preached by Dr. Norman Macleod. At noon the English service was held, the preacher being Dr. MacGregor of St. Cuthbert's, and was followed by the celebration of the Holy Communion, at which Dr. Story officiated along with Dr. Russell, Dr. Mitford Mitchell, and Mr. MacMillan of Iona. Dr. Blair preached at the Gaelic service in the afternoon, and the commemoration closed with the evening service in English, when the sermon was preached by Mr. M'Gregor of Inverallochy, and the benediction pronounced by Dr. Story.

So ended a memorable occasion, possessed, as the record of it says, of a 'historical interest and significance,' when for the first time for three centuries and a half the worship of God was again celebrated on that sacred spot. Most fittingly did Dr. MacGregor take as his text: 'The place whereon thou standest is holy ground.' To many who joined in that pilgrimage the place is now doubly hallowed by memories of the wise and good who assembled there on that day to pay their tribute in honour of the great Celtic missionary, and who since then have been called to join the 'general assembly and church of the first born.'

A picturesque incident took place before the pilgrims finally parted. The return journey was made

by Staffa, and the steamer stopped as usual to allow people to land and see the cave. The pilgrims had kept together, and their boat was the first to reach the entrance. As they stood inside, the happy inspiration came upon the minister of Morven, Mr. Macfarlan, to raise the psalm of thanksgiving, the 103rd, to the old traditional tune of Coleshill. He had a beautiful voice, and had led the singing at the Gaelic services at Iona, and the rest of the party joined heartily. The effect of the voices, men's voices predominating, ringing through the arches of that natural cathedral, was wonderfully striking. It touched a sympathetic chord in every heart, and seemed to be a fitting close to the services in which all had taken part the day before.

From the commemoration of St. Columba Dr. Story almost immediately went to London to take part in another commemoration, memorable and unique in a different way, the celebration of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. He preached a sermon for the occasion in St. Columba's on the 20th of June, and on the 22nd he was present at the great service at St. Paul's which was attended by the Queen, and which to him, as her Chaplain and a very loyal subject, was a most touching and interesting ceremony.

He spent a pleasant day or two in Oxford, visiting his old friends, the Edward Cairds, now happily established at Balliol ; and was bidden to various amusing ' Jubilee ' festivities in London. One of the most interesting of these was the supper given at the Lyceum by Sir Henry Irving in honour of the Colonial Premiers. Dr. Story had for some time known Mr. Bram Stoker, Irving's manager and secretary, and had made Sir Henry's acquaintance on the occasion of his last visit to Glasgow. When the play was over, a large and remarkable crowd gathered on the stage of the Lyceum. The Colonial Premiers, although ' honourable men,' were perhaps the least noticeable part of it. There were Indian Princes and Princesses, in all the gorgeous colouring of the East,

and blazing with jewels ; there were all the well-known actors and actresses ; there were Colonial troopers, rather jovial and noisy, in one corner, and at the back of the stage one immovable line of Sikh officers, with splendid upright figures and inscrutable faces. It was the strangest blending of East and West, Irving and Miss Ellen Terry moving about among their guests welcoming all, certainly the most strange and picturesque crowd that had ever appeared with them in the Lyceum. Perhaps the Professor was not less strange a figure there than the rest. In any case he was immensely interested and amused by all he saw, and carried away a vivid memory of it.

Over all the excitement and pleasure of this visit to London there hung a shadow, which deepened now with the news of Mrs. Oliphant's death. The Sunday after he came to London, Dr. Story, knowing she was ill, had gone down to Wimbledon to see her, and found, much to his grief, that she was dying. It was a great shock to him, for although latterly they had not seen much of each other, when they did meet it was always with the same friendliness, and time was bridged by the bond of early associations and happy memories. After her death he wrote a short tribute to her memory, in which he speaks of his last interview with her.

'Hearing she was very ill, I went down on Sunday week to Wimbledon, and found her on her death-bed. Her voice was still strong with its old, familiar tone; her wonderful eyes were as lambent as ever; and her mind was as calm and clear as a summer's sea. 'I am dying,' she said, 'I do not think I can last through the night.' Thinking of the 'Little Pilgrim' and the 'Seen and the Unseen,' and the many touching efforts her eager imagination had made to lift the impenetrable veil, I said, 'The world to which you are going is a familiar world to you.' 'I have no thoughts,' she replied, 'not even of my boys; but only of my Saviour waiting to receive me, and of the Father.' In these days, when agnosticism seems to be thought a kind of distinction, even in women, from whom one might expect a truer instinct and a deeper faith, I think it worth while to quote these words. Yet, perhaps, she would

not wish them quoted, for she shrank instinctively from all self-revelations, from all publicity. She never would be 'interviewed'; she refused again and again to be enrolled among the noble company of 'celebrities at home,' or to come forward as a notability in any shape or form whatever. All that kind of thing grated on her delicate sense of womanly self-respect. Not one of those who stood beside her grave at Eton but felt that we laid in it all that was mortal of a noble woman, a brilliant genius, and a tender and true-hearted friend.'

An unexpected recognition came to Dr. Story this year from across the Atlantic, the University of Michigan conferring on him the honorary degree of LL.D. The President, in writing to inform him of this, referred to their wish to strengthen the friendly relations existing between the University of Glasgow, which contributed to their Faculty one of its eminent graduates (Professor R. M. Wenley), and the University of Michigan.

*To Lady F. Balfour.*

'13th July, 1897.

'This is an example of very prompt reply to yours of Sunday: but to-day I have not yet tackled to a piece of work that lies before me—and feel inclined to write to you rather than to take to it. It is a sermon which I have engaged to preach by way of 'introducing' one of my students—one of the best—to his parish on Sunday week. The last introduction I performed was in the Cathedral here—for M'Adam Muir—but what I said on that occasion will not altogether suit Glendevon, a quiet, intensely rural little parish among the Ochils. I am to stay for the Sunday at a quaint old house [Cowden] which is not much changed since it was inhabited by Archbishop Sharp—whose ghost I hope not to see. On Friday Mrs. S. and I go to the M'Call Andersons at Schaw Park.

'Did you see a letter in the *Times* signed a Pious Pilgrim? I am the P. P.—Anything more shabby and grudging than the treatment of the pilgrim at Canterbury it is impossible to conceive. I remember G—— descant-

ing to me in a very high-minded manner about the sin and wickedness of charging threepence for admission to St. Giles'. What does she think of sixpence at Canterbury for leave to go round with a sweltering mob and a guide—or half-a-crown if you wish to go alone?'

*To the same.*

'Barskimming, 2nd August, 1897.

'. . . I don't know what Blackwood is to do without Mrs. Oliphant and Skelton. Skelton was a frequent contributor, and is a terrible loss. He and I were at College together, and he was always a kind and steady friend. I went to see him before I left for the Continent, and though he was looking weak and ill, I had no idea his end was so near. I feel as if all those early friends were falling by the wayside, and none like them come to take their places. By the bye, Blackwood is going to publish for us the Iona Commemoration, with the service and MacGregor's sermon. It will make a nice little memorial volume.

'I came here on Saturday, and go back, I think, on Wednesday, and during August I don't expect to be much away from home, as I want to make some additions to my lectures—two of which I have effected, but more remains to be done, and I can't leave it all to the leisure of Dunbar. The country here is looking beautiful, but the weather is extremely hot. We drove over yesterday to Auchinleck Church, where a window in memory of Lady Boswell was unveiled, and a new chancel dedicated—the sermon preached by A. K. H. B., who was born in the Manse of Auchinleck, and who was very pathetic apropos of old Dr. Chrystal,—'blessings on his kindly face and on his silver hair'—who at 91 is still minister of the parish, and pronounced the benediction in a clear and very audible voice. Boyd's father was Dr. Chrystal's predecessor. The Boswells are now represented by one—childless—daughter, and after her the name disappears, and the property passes over to the Talbots de Malahide

—the younger daughter having married Lord Talbot. So vanishes the old world with its old families.

'Her Majesty sent me the other day a clasp to be added to the 1887 Jubilee medal . . . I have to be at Balmoral on 20th September, which will be rather a break in the leisure of Dunbar, but that can't be helped.'

During the winter he was busy, beyond his College duties, with the work of the Church Extension Committee, of which he was convener, and which had been successful in helping to plant new churches in some of the rapidly-growing suburbs.

In January, 1898, he writes from Edinburgh: 'Thanks for your remembrance of my birthday. These anniversaries are not without their food for reflection. The years are flying . . . Mrs. S. and I came here on Saturday on a long-promised visit to MacGregor. They are both extremely hospitable, and MacGregor is in great force. This is his Communion Sunday, and I took a part. There were about 1200 communicants, and the 'O thou my soul, bless God the Lord,' tune Coleshill, was very impressive and touching—to an old man like me.

'Saintsbury was far astray if he thought I made any reference at the Burns Dinner to Henley's pecuniary circumstances. Faithfull Begg gave Henley a very severe slating in an extremely clever speech—which I thought rather too hard on W. E. H.—and in speaking afterwards I said there were facts in Henley's life which ought to mitigate our judgment—his long-continued trouble (in health) and the loss of his only daughter—just at the time when he was entering on his Burns work. I was perfectly right in saying so, because I believe that a man crushed as Henley was by that great sorrow, and embittered by lifelong disease and pain, could not contemplate with equability and impartiality the life of a great, noisy, full-blooded peasant such as Burns, or do him simple justice. It stands to reason. His Essay is very able in many ways, but he does not altogether understand his subject, and has no sympathy with him.'

*To Lady F. Balfour.*

'20th February, 1898.

'. . . This day month, if all is well, another session will be over, and my free spirit shall not have to confine itself to the classroom for two hours every day for a considerable time to come. We have had Stopford Brooke here—lecturing and preaching. I heard him lecture, not preach. Very able and good criticism of Tennyson and Browning, though rather too evident a tendency to underrate the former.'

After this date Dr. Story had little time for much literary work, and the following review of his books, kindly written by Mr. Thomas Bayne, may appropriately end this period:

A perusal of the journal kept in Dr. Story's days of adolescence is sufficient to show that the future Church leader had a keen sense of literary value and a gift of insight and shrewd discrimination which, in due time, would find appropriate means of expression. All that was needed was opportunity, and this came soon after the settlement at Rosneath. It was inevitable that the career of the elder Mr. Story should receive full and expert treatment. All that he was his successor in the charge he had glorified tells to admirable purpose, fully revealing in his adequate *Memoir* the literary faculty of which he had given striking evidence during his academic career. His delineation steadily displays the true biographical temperament and method. It is direct, impartial, appositely illustrated and helpfully critical, at once a befitting filial tribute and likewise a human document of distinct and genuine import. In addition to his record as a parish minister, the elder Mr. Story's intimate association with the fortunes of his neighbour, Mr. Campbell of Row, rendered the account of his activities widely and permanently valuable. This his biographer fully realised, giving himself to the details of the Row heresy with such a keen appreciation of its meaning for religious opinion in general and for the Church of Scotland in particular that he made his chronicle absolutely indispensable for every intelligent and valid estimate of the case. Further matters that come within the scope of the *Memoir* are the initial stages of Edward Irving's ecstatic scheme of spiritual endeavour and the secession which produced the Free Church of Scotland. In handling these integral features

of his work, even as in his treatment of the more intimate and personal matters, the biographer reveals his quick sense of propriety, his dexterous power of extending a well-regulated and vivid narrative, his sturdy independence of attitude, and his possession of a singularly clear, vigorous, and incisive style. Altogether, a particularly alluring and profitable subject had fallen to his hand, and its possibilities were so thoroughly and skilfully evolved as to secure for him at once a notable place among the writers of ecclesiastical biography.

The *Memoir of the Rev. Robert Story* appeared in 1862, and in 1870 the biographer issued a much larger and more ambitious work in the same department of letters. This was the *Life and Remains of Robert Lee, D.D.*, the minister of Old Greyfriars, Edinburgh, and for many years Professor of Biblical Criticism in the metropolitan University. Dr. Lee was a strong man who saw defects and weaknesses in his Church, and who was resolved that, so far as rules and regulations allowed, some of these at least should be remedied. His biographer follows him carefully throughout his chequered career, showing by skilful elucidation of his standpoint, and by judicious extracts from his sermons and other writings, the high and admirable ideal he cherished as to what public worship should be. As in the previous book, it is necessary to describe and discuss the Secession of 1843, and another matter that bulks largely in the work is the patronage of church livings. The main interest, however, of the memoir of Dr. Lee centres in the exhaustive and vivid account given of his 'Innovations,' and the consequent troubles in which he was involved to the end of his life. The novelty of his methods in the conduct of prayer and praise proved for his alert and persistent critics a stumbling block and a formidable rock of offence. In these days of comparative freedom as to written or printed aids to devotion, and of the practically universal use of instrumental music in parish churches, it is difficult to realise that at the middle of last century these were matters over which there was an extraordinary amount of excitement and contention. The book in which Dr. Story narrates and dexterously illustrates all that occurred is at once an adequate presentment of a remarkable and highly significant career, a graphic picture of the methods peculiar to Church courts with a realistic and impressive setting of characteristic figures, and a standard contribution to ecclesiastical history. A subordinate but noticeable feature of the work is the literary knowledge and taste displayed in the selection of appropriate mottoes for the respective chapters.

In 1876 appeared *William Carstares: a Character and Career of*

*the Revolutionary Epoch* (1649-1715). A work that fully deserved doing, this historical biography presents the author in a twofold aspect. It shows him as a delineator of character and also illustrates his eminent capacity for original research and effective exposition. To tell the story of William Carstares to good purpose is to traverse the somewhat confused and bewildering course of a stormy period. It is necessary to recount the historical movement from the time of Charles II. to the beginning of the Hanoverian epoch. The examination and portrayal are faithfully and picturesquely accomplished, the main purpose of minutely and exhaustively handling the particular subject being steadily kept in view. The best authorities are regularly consulted, with the result that the author is invariably sure of his ground, and is able, now and then, to rectify the errors of earlier and less careful historians. Prominent passages of effective writing in the work are those devoted to James II., to Viscount Dundee, to the Massacre of Glencoe, to Scottish Episcopacy at the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century, and to 'the Clergy and the Union.' Everything is skilfully made subservient to the elucidation of Carstares's character and career, his position as King William's chaplain and his subsequent prominence as Principal of Edinburgh University and Church Moderator receiving their full value as essentially instrumental in the interests of progress and the settlement of ecclesiastical difficulties. 'That the 'Revolution Settlement' in Church and State,' says the biographer towards the close of his work, 'was firmly established in Scotland; that the Union was peaceably effected; that the Church, instead of splitting into a number of hostile and fanatical sects, gradually accommodated itself to that relation with the State which at once guaranteed its constitutional freedom and equipped it most efficiently for its sacred work—was mainly owing to Carstares.' This is a claim for very high and even unique distinction, but the reader who goes with an open mind to a study of the record presented in this volume, and who gives due weight to its argument as well as its narrative, will surely be ready to admit that the author is absolutely justified in the conclusion to which he comes.

Early in the Rosneath period, Dr. Story published *Christ the Consoler*, a selection of Scriptures, hymns, and prayers, designed 'for times of trouble and sorrow.' The little book, pleasantly illustrative of the compiler's taste and discrimination, was soon widely known and became a treasured possession in many homes. In 1876, with his keen sense of order and decorum, the minister considered it an urgent duty to discuss

the subject of the 'Fast Day,' which he straightway did in a learned and vigorous pamphlet. This pregnant discussion, besides making it quite clear that the Fast Day had no canonical warrant for its existence, embodied the writer's strong condemnation of the scandalous fashion in which the occasion had in most instances come to be observed. There is little doubt that its appearance materially served to stimulate the general movement which presently produced, in almost all the parishes of the country, a new arrangement for suitable services preparatory to the celebration of the Holy Communion.

In 1878, under the title of *Creed and Conduct*, there appeared a group of twenty sermons, all with two exceptions delivered in the first instance to the preacher's own congregation. The two special discourses, treating respectively of 'Religion and Revelation' and 'Unity,' were originally used for particular reasons elsewhere, but they might well have been pronounced from the same pulpit as the others. The reader will quite justifiably be disposed to say that it was a privileged congregation which from one Sunday to the other had the opportunity of listening to sermons such as these. They are in keeping with that enlightened spirit and that warm advocacy of a lofty and stimulating theory of Redemption which are so attractively manifested in the biographies already considered. In every instance one feels the presence of the pastor's strong and earnest conviction that guidance must be extended from the pulpit to the pew, and now and again—as in the sermon on 'Life an Education' and the two devoted to 'Religion and Materialism'—there is evidence of the care exercised to prevent mental distraction and spiritual unrest through the influence of dogmatic waywardness and daringly unwarrantable speculation. After many years these discourses continue to possess a direct and appreciable value, for they rest, one and all, upon a broad and philosophical and thoroughly reasonable interpretation of Christian doctrine.

In the year which saw the publication of the sermons, there came from Dr. Story's pen an attractive brochure entitled *Saint Modan of Rosneath: a Fragment of Scottish Hagiology*. Manifestly a labour of love, this brief but comprehensive monograph travels over a wide antiquarian field, disentangling a considerable and puzzling mass of myth and legend, and revealing plausible material of history. The characteristic lucidity of treatment evolves order from comparative chaos, and in the issue a distinct and thoroughly reasonable case is completed for the identity of the Christian pioneer whose name is indelibly associated with the historian's parish.

After a brief Continental holiday, which proved substantially beneficial to 'the searcher for sunshine,' Dr. Story published in 1881 a delightfully fresh and buoyant itinerary under the title of *Health Haunts of the Riviera and South-West of France.* The writer manifestly relished with hearty appreciation the novelties of the unfamiliar region, the quaint and casual incidents that constantly occurred, the manners and customs associated with the routine of such places, and the permanent and impressive glories of land and sea with which he was steadily confronted. As usual, the literary quality of the book is its sovereign recommendation, chapter mottoes and incidental allusions showing the inevitable scholarly taste and prompting the apposite illustration, comment, or discussion.

For some time after this there was no addition to the literary record, and then came the agitation over the question of Disestablishment. This led to the publication of a monthly magazine under the name of *The Scottish Church*, of which Dr. Story was appropriately made Editor. The appointment was inevitable, for he had abundantly shown, both in ecclesiastical courts and on the platform, that he had uncommon equipment for the necessities of Church defence, and he had to his credit a body of literary achievement which was its own sterling recommendation. The first number of the magazine appeared in June, 1885, and in stating 'Our Aims' in its opening pages the Editor spoke with characteristic candour and decision. 'We trust,' he said, 'to a common inspiration and the enthusiasm of a noble effort to maintain a great institution immemorially consecrated to sacred uses, which have been an untold blessing to our country. We shall look for no further reward, and we shall seek no party aid. Pretence of every kind in the name of religion we shall hold it our business to expose, especially that worst of all pretence, unhappily still prevalent in Scotland, of trying to promote public ends by sectarian mischief . . . While keeping aloof from mere party politics, we shall not spare party intrigues on either side, and we hope to hold up to the scorn which it always deserves the pursuit of sectarian designs under the guise of liberal professions. In all the higher departments of thought and Christian effort we shall hold open council, and make our pages available—within the limits of good sense and our common object—to free discussion.' This programme was diligently and successfully regarded in the onduct of the magazine, which pleasantly occupied the leisure time of the closing years at Rosneath and the opening of the University period. From the first *The Scottish Church* was so constituted as to challenge general as well as particular interest; besides

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being a Church organ of rare quality, it was likewise thoroughly representative of the literature, science, and art of its day. While securing distinguished co-operation, the Editor himself wrote steadily from month to month on congenial topics, and at fitting intervals produced trenchant articles specially calculated to expose and frustrate 'the pursuit of sectarian designs under the guise of liberal professions.' Some of these would well bear reproduction still. After working for two and a half years on the original plan, it was felt that the primary object contemplated had been fully served, and the volume which began with the number for December, 1888, was entitled *The Scots' Magazine*, the presumption being that the publication had qualities that might reasonably secure for it a measure of general favour. Dr. Story continued the editorship for another year, and then for various reasons demitted a charge which he had signally adorned. He had all along found reason to regret a lack of support on the part of those who might have been expected to extend hearty sympathy and proffer practical help. 'We have been disappointed,' he says once, 'in many quarters; and we think we are entitled to complain that, when we were doing our best for the Church, many of the clergy did not do their best for us.' His own share in the enterprise was all that his devotion to the National Church and his characteristic energy warranted his friends and admirers to expect, and the product constitutes a brilliant and substantial feature of his life work.

The year 1897 ended his occupancy of the Church History Chair, and it was appropriately distinguished by his appointment to the notable position of Baird lecturer. In accordance with the terms of the Trust, the divine chosen for the high duties contemplated by the testator must be 'a man of piety, ability, and learning,' and one 'approved and reputed sound in all the essentials of Christian truth.' In response to these careful conditions, the Trustees could not have been happier in their choice than they were when they obtained the services of the Glasgow Professor of Church History. His subject was 'The Apostolic Ministry in the Scottish Church,' and it is almost needless to say that at his hands it received adequate and luminous exposition. The lecturer's object is to show that Presbyterianism, as represented in the Church of Scotland, fully responds to the ideal of Christian service which animated the Apostles. The establishment of this thesis involves the extension of a minute and dexterously regulated survey from the beginning of the Christian era to these latter days. How Scotland entered into her priceless heritage through the self-denial and the high

devotion of various pioneers; what her experience was owing to diverse views and influences that from time to time produced contention, confusion, and even the possible loss of her original relationship to the grand source of religious activity; what was done for her by loyal and able servitors till she regained the normal attitude which she still firmly keeps—these are large and fascinating subjects of inquiry which, in these eight lucid and comprehensive lectures, receive scholarly consideration and sufficient and attractive presentment. No theme could possibly have been more suitable to the taste and the style of one who had so faithfully and zealously served the highest interests of the National Church in his day and generation. A sentence or two, from the closing passage of the concluding lecture, may be quoted as in some measure embodying his farewell message for those to whom he passed on the torch:

'The Church has a noble future before her. She will best adapt herself to its necessities by the reverent study of a noble Past. We have seen, as we have reviewed a history full of vicissitudes of war and peace, of storm and calm, of conflict and of victory, many a passage that records the temporary triumph of autocratic tyranny over popular rights, of superstition over the power of love and of a sound mind, of knavish statecraft over unselfish patriotism; the disastrous results of irrational devotion to wrong principles, and of the maintenance of just principles upon untenable grounds; the loss of spiritual power consequent on the base enjoyment of carnal security and ease; but at no point in that history have we failed to mark—even amid its deepest gloom and confusion—some clear sign of the presence of that Divine Spirit which the Church's Head has promised shall abide with her for ever. He has never left Himself without a witness . . . Should the day again come, as it has often come in the past, when she shall find herself deserted by false friends, assailed by envious foes, 'fallen on evil tongues and evil times, and compassed round with darkness and with danger,' the consciousness of this will be her strength and stay; will encourage her people to uphold, and to hand on to generations yet unborn, her righteous claim to the title of the National Church of Scotland; and will nerve her pastors and teachers to make full proof of their Apostolic Ministry.'

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE PRINCIPALSHIP

For the first time for many years Dr. Story paid a visit in the spring of 1898 to Yetholm, his father's birthplace. It had been long talked of, as he was anxious that his own family should see the scene of his father's boyhood, and in spite of very indifferent weather he enjoyed going over the familiar places again with the younger generation, to whom they had hitherto been but names.

On the way home a night was spent at Melrose, and from there both Abbotsford and Dryburgh were visited. Instead of 'the pale moonlight,' however, the night at Melrose was one of uncompromising rain. The next day, happily, was fair, and it was possible to enjoy to the full the wonder and grace of Melrose, as well as the more restful charm of Dryburgh, and to conjure up there memories of the 'mighty dead.' Sir Walter Scott was always one of Dr. Story's heroes, both as a man and as a writer. It shocked him to hear, as too often happens now-a-days, of people who had not read the Waverley novels; and if anyone told him they had tried to read Sir Walter and had failed to be interested, he thought their state of mind deplorable. He could quote the best speeches of most of the Scottish characters, and was never tired of reading his favourites among the novels over and over again. With Scott or Thackeray he could always be made quite happy, and Dickens he knew almost off by heart. He had one colleague in the Senate whose knowledge of Dickens rivalled his own, and to hear him and Professor Ferguson capping each other's quotations

was a thing to marvel at for those whose education in that respect had been neglected. To propound the questions in Calverley's Pickwick 'examination-paper' was always a delight, although 'What is a red-faced Nixon?' might remain for ever an unsolved problem.

When the General Assembly was over, he started off with his wife and daughters for a trip to Devonshire, going first for a week to Bath. While there a pleasant day was spent at Wells with the Bishop and Mrs. Kennion, and Dr. Story was charmed with the beauty and interest of the Cathedral and the Palace, with their picturesque surroundings.

The quaint little towns and villages in Devonshire he enjoyed greatly, and was much interested in the old parish churches. But he could not be brought to express anything but irritation over the Devonshire lanes, he disliked so much the sense of being shut in and unable to see beyond the high green banks, which he felt so oppressive. Nor would he join in the raptures of the guide-book over the moorland scenery. A long drive was taken one day to the source of the Exe; but his only comment was that Exmoor was a 'dismal imposition!' The want of feature in the broad, rather monotonous outlines, and the lack of heather, seemed to him always to make an English moor somewhat of a fraud; not to be mentioned in the same breath with 'the wine-red moor where the whaups are calling,' which he knew and loved at home.

It was while on this tour that the news reached him of his appointment to the Principalship of the University of Glasgow. For some time past Principal Caird had not been in good health, and, much to the regret of his colleagues and of a wide circle of friends and disciples far beyond the University, he had this summer resigned the office which he had held so long and so honourably. He wrote a kind and generous letter of congratulation to his successor in the work, which had become to him, as he said, 'almost a second nature,' and in which he had set so high a standard for all who should come after him. 'His

life and work,' as an old student wrote to Dr. Story, 'have been to many of us a charm, an inspiration, an example, a fountain of life.'

Dr. Story's appointment was received most cordially by his colleagues, and letters poured in on him from all quarters in such numbers, that his time at Lynton was largely given up to trying to answer them. His old students wrote assuring him of their good wishes and their loyal adherence, and seemed, as one of them said, to take 'a kind of personal pleasure and satisfaction' in his promotion to the Principalship. One letter which touched him much was from his old friend and spiritual father, Dr. Snodgrass, late minister of Canonbie, who had taken part in his ordination at Montreal thirty-nine years before, being at that time President of Queen's College, Kingston.

'KILMALCOLM, 29th June, 1898.

'My Son,—Dearer to me than ever, by reason of your elevation to the Principalship of my revered Alma Mater.

'At Montreal in our time there, who could have divined that the right merry ever memorable evenings we spent in Hunter's, bagatelle and oysters being much in evidence, were to be followed in course of years, no matter how many, by the appointment of two of the jolly party to a University Principalship, one at Kingston, Canada, the other at Glasgow, Scotland?

'So arduous to me was the task of governmental and financial rectification, that, because of its straining effect on health and strength it became urgently expedient to resign in favour of another strong man. This happened after holding office for thirteen years, by which time the University had entered on a course of prosperity, increasingly continuous ever since. In your case it has been an orderly mutation from parish minister to professor, and now to Principal, with all sorts of meritorious advance and official preferment between.

'May the scholastic and ecclesiastical summit you have reached be held by you with abounding success, honour, and comfort, and may it be very many years before Royal authority must be invoked to nominate your successor.

'With most cordial congratulations,

'Yours faithfully,

'W. SNODGRASS.'

## THE PRINCIPALSHIP

*To Rev. Dr. Snodgrass.*

'Lynton, N. Devon,
'5th July, 1898.

'My Father,—No congratulations, among the 500 and more I have received, are more welcome than those from your paternal hand. As you say, what should we have thought 39 years ago if we could have forecast our respective futures! These months I spent in Montreal were very pleasant, and as one looks back don't seem at all so far away as they are in reality. I have not heard of any of the Hunters for years, and often wonder what has become of them. I can never forget their kindness. I value your congratulations highly—from one who has put off his armour to one who is just putting it on. I can only hope I may prove not unworthy of all the good hopes and wishes that I have received the assurance of since the Queen's pleasure as to my appointment was made known. If I do my duty for as many years as you did yours at Kingston it will be high time for me to follow your example and my predecessor's and to make way for a younger man; but so long a term may not be granted me. With very cordial thanks for your kind letter,

'I am, ever truly yours,
'R. Herbert Story.'

An inquiring friend here broke in upon his preoccupied mind with a somewhat irrelevant desire for information on an obscure point in theology. He answers the question, but with a touch of impatience.

'Lynton, 30th June.

'I have about eighty letters and telegrams to acknowledge—from all sorts and conditions of men from the Roman Catholic Archbishop to the robe-makers to the University—from Roman Catholics and Scots Episcopalians to old Original Seceders—and so cannot be expected to enter into theological disquisitions even to enlighten the ignorance of ——. He must have been 'taking a rise' out of you, I think. Any way, he ought to have known that—to put it briefly—the Supralapsarian holds that the 'Plan of Salvation' was devised and decreed prior to Adam's Fall:—the Sublapsarian that it arose out of that catastrophe and was determined by it. It is a

theological nicety of distinction which is now-a-days wholly out of date.'

Such doubts as were felt with regard to Dr. Story's appointment as Principal are suggested in the following letter from an old friend, who, while congratulating him, expressed a fear lest his strong ecclesiastical feelings might bias his judgment of men and things.

'I am not much given to offer advice gratis,' he writes, 'but might I use the liberty of an old friend, and one who has deeply at heart the interests of the University of Glasgow, to say that the one danger of a man in your position is that he should be regarded as so biassed, either by political or ecclesiastical sectarianism, and not as an impartial leader of the forces that make for progress in science and education. The Head of a University, like that of a College, is only a constitutional monarch, but he may have great influence in keeping things together and making men work harmoniously for the great ends of the institution. I hope that with you the University may attain an even higher place than it has had in the past in our educational history.'

It does not seem too much to say that these fears proved to be groundless. Dr. Story had inherited a high ideal of the office to which he was now called, and he felt very strongly that in assuming the headship of a great body like the University, personal 'bias' should be set aside in every possible way. He was placed there to watch over all the varied interests of each member in particular, and to make every effort for the general advancement and prosperity of the whole body. He held the office of Principal for eight years only, but during that time he did not spare himself in doing all that lay in his power to promote the best interests of the University, and to bring it more and more into touch with the life of the city around it, believing that the welfare of the one could never be a matter of indifference to the other, but that both should stand together.

*To Dr. Mitford Mitchell.*

'Bideford, Devon, 8th July, 1898.

'My dear Mitchell,—Best thanks for your wire and letter. I am glad to have in it, and in some scores of

others, evidence that our Gracious Queen has in this instance been generally regarded as having made a fairly judicious choice. It specially pleases me that I keep the office in the Kirk, and that I succeed to a Chair in which two hundred years ago sat my great-great-great-grandfather.'

*To the same.*

'GLENLAGGAN, 29th July, 1898.

'My dear Mitchell,—I return your documents, which, I think, meet the case extremely well. The only point I should have liked to emphasise more in the memo. to be sent to the bishops is that of the *right* of the Church of Scotland to the Government churches, and the inapplicability of the term *concession* to any arrangement made in recognition of this right. Might you not also have suggested that the bishop, if allowed to make any regulations as to the Churches, must do so only after prior consultation with the senior Scottish Chaplain in the Presidency?'

The reference in this letter is to the effort being made by the Church of Scotland to secure for Presbyterian soldiers in India a recognised position with regard to the use of Government churches. The subject had come up before the General Assembly, and Dr. Story made a very strong protest against the way in which the soldiers were treated, and against the Bishop claiming the right to prohibit their worshipping in the garrison churches. 'It is a mediæval superstition,' he said, 'that no other than a member of the Anglican communion can worship in a church consecrated by a bishop.'

A great deal of correspondence was carried on between representatives of the Church of Scotland and the India Office with regard to this, and a deputation, of whom Dr. Story was one, waited on Lord George Hamilton, and represented to him the facts of the case. Dr. Story both spoke and wrote on the subject with insistence, feeling strongly the injustice which relegated the Presby-

terian soldiers to any sort of building they could find in order to hold their services, and regarding it as a real grievance, which the Church at home was bound to see put right. These Scottish soldiers, he felt, had a good claim to be considered, as the successors of those 'who bore the burden and heat of many a bloody day in winning back for the Queen the almost lost Empire of India.'

The matter was brought before the next General Assembly, when Dr. Story again made a strong appeal on behalf of the Presbyterian soldiers. He had, in the interval, had many letters on the subject from men who knew by experience in India how difficult it often was to obtain consideration of their rights from those in charge of the churches, and how many galling restrictions were placed upon the use of them.

Bishop Welldon, the Metropolitan, referred to the debate in the General Assembly in a letter which he wrote to the *Times* a few weeks later, and to which Dr. Story replied in the same paper.

'The Anglican authorities,' he said, 'claim that consecrated churches belong to them alone, and that members of the Scottish Church can only worship in them on sufferance. The fact of so-called consecration and the adornment of some of these buildings by members of the Anglican communion cannot be held as legitimately diverting them from the original purpose for which the Government designed and erected them at public expense, viz., the accommodation of Her Majesty's Protestant troops. What the Church of Scotland demands is that this diversion shall not be allowed to continue, and that Scottish regiments shall not be forced to worship in riding-schools, music-halls, schoolrooms, disused theatres, or on the parade ground under the burning sun, when a Government church is available, the exclusive use of which they do not claim, but the right to a share in the use of which they assert. Cases have occurred again and again where the large majority of the troops in cantonments were Scots, and yet were obliged to worship in one or other of these makeshift sanctuaries which I have mentioned, while the minority were marched to church. It is a grievance too long submitted to without open protest, but it cannot be acquiesced in permanently.

'The Church of England,' says Dr. Welldon, 'has never accepted the position of one among a number of equal Protestant denominations.' Neither has the Church of Scotland, which in India has her own establishment of chaplains, entitled, no less than the Anglicans, to the recognition and support of the State. She differs from the Church of England in this, that she is ready to share her privileges with other Protestants in ministering to the religious wants of the soldiers of the Queen.'

This letter was supplemented by one written by Dr. Theodore Marshall, convener of the Assembly's committee, in which he emphasised the unwarrantable position taken up by the Metropolitan, when he declared that the Church of England was entitled not merely to use, but to have the sole right of controlling, churches built at public expense for all Protestant British-born soldiers.

At a later stage of the controversy, the Secretary of State for India obtained legal opinion on the question. That opinion was to the effect that, as consecration had followed the handing over of these churches in trust to the bishops, their right to control the services held in them could not be impugned. The result of this was the issuing of an order that no more garrison churches, built at public cost, were to be consecrated, and the Government of India has undertaken the erection of churches for the Scottish soldiers where these are required.

On arriving in Dumfriesshire on a visit to Professor Jack, Dr. Story was met by the sad news that, on the very day before his resignation was formally to take effect, Principal Caird had passed away.

'Principal Caird,' said Dr. Story in his Inaugural Address, 'filled a place of his own in the University, in the country, which no one else can expect to fill—a place gradually accorded to him, as year by year he rose higher and always higher in the general esteem—and his right to which was vindicated by the universal recognition of his great mental gifts, by the serene moral elements of his character, and by that genuine unaffected personal attractiveness which bore witness to the simplicity, the purity, the gentleness of his life. Those who never listened to him in the

days before he became Head of the University have no idea of the power he wielded as a preacher in earlier years. There was a force, a fire, a passion, in his declamation,—a rhythmical flow, a descriptive vividness, a dramatic intensity of speech and gesture which, when once witnessed, were never to be forgotten . . . While the world at large laments the withdrawal of the eloquent divine and the philosophic thinker from the sphere of human interests, 'into the infinite silence wherewith our life is bound,' those among whom he lived, and with whom he acted in the government of the University, mourn the true friend, the lovable man, the generous colleague,

> 'Whose memory long shall live alone
> In all our hearts.''

The day after the funeral of Principal Caird came the unexpected news of the death of Dr. John Macleod of Govan.

'He is a terrible loss,' Dr. Story writes. 'He was so full of life and vigour, and so engrossed with cares and interests that it is hard to realise that he is gone. He was a man with whom I had much in common, and he used to come in and talk with me, 'as a man talketh with his friend,' in a way that I shall miss. He was a real Churchman.'

In the work of Church extension Dr. Story and Dr. Macleod had come much together, and at the unveiling of a memorial window to him in Govan Church, Dr. Story spoke of his enthusiasm for the Church, and the unselfish and loyal spirit in which he sought to promote her interests. He had made his church a centre of Christian charity and influence, a part of the daily interests and life of the people, open daily for those who sought it. No one could fail to feel the persuasive power of his teaching, his own strong conviction carrying captive those who lent themselves to his influence.

Dr. Story was much interested this year in meeting the Empress Frederick when he paid his annual visit to Balmoral, and she did him the honour of asking him to sit to her, that she might make a drawing of his head. The circumstances were not very favourable, as the draw-

ing had to be made by artificial light, but the Empress was a skilful artist, and the result was a very clever study.

Dr. Story's formal induction as Principal took place on the 6th of October, and on the 20th he delivered his Inaugural Address. The delivery of it was, unfortunately, so interrupted by an outburst of rowdyism on the part of the students, that after appealing to them in vain to maintain order, the Principal closed his book, reformed the procession, and left the Hall. He thought it better firmly to bring the proceedings to a close, than to allow the authority of the University to be brought into contempt by the continuance of such a scene. The experience was sufficiently disappointing to himself personally, but what distressed him most in this and other similar cases was the apparent lack on the part of the students of any sense that the honour and credit of the University were in their keeping, of any pride in its good name, and of any real *esprit de corps* among themselves. Taken singly, no student would ever speak but with regret of these rows at the graduation ceremonies, but when they came together they seemed unable to realise how greatly their conduct brought their Alma Mater into discredit. Reform in such things can be effectively carried out only from within, and for some time after this the Students' Representative Council were successful in preserving a reasonable amount of order on such occasions.

It had been not very ingenuously suggested that the disturbance originated with some of Dr. Story's old students. This suggestion was indignantly repudiated by them. Whatever might be the ideas of the students in general with respect to Dr. Story, those who had been brought into personal relations with him, with hardly an exception, came to regard him with feelings of confidence and respect, and frequently with real friendship and affection. One of them, writing to protest against their implied share in the disturbance, added: 'In common with many of your old students, I can plainly trace all my

enthusiasm for, and interest in, the historic institutions and noble traditions of our country to the teaching of the Professor of Church History in Glasgow University. It needs no prophetic insight to say that your influence in the Chair of Church History will yet bear much rich fruit.'

A friend writing at the same time says: 'The minister here tells me that he was a friend of seven students who were prominent in your *first* row, and he added—'They are all now ministers, and all devoted to Story.'"

One of the few regrets that Dr. Story had in connection with his appointment as Principal, was that it severed his connection with the Church History Class. His work had been a real pleasure to him, and it was a perpetual interest to follow the careers of the men who had passed through his class. Nothing gave him greater satisfaction than to hear of them afterwards, or to come across them in country parishes during his summer holidays, and find that they were faithfully following the calling of which he had held before them so honourable an ideal.

His interest in his students was more practical than many of them perhaps knew. He had found out, owing to a case of illness not long after he entered upon his work, how very friendless students from the country, and especially from the Highlands, might be in Glasgow; and how, if they were ill, and in uncomfortable lodgings, they might be seriously neglected through having no one to whom they felt they could turn. This may have suggested to him to try to supply a remedy.

The Rev. George Duncan tells how, when he held the 'Black' Theological Fellowship, the duties of which are to assist the Professor of Divinity in examinations and other ways, Dr. Story said he would like him to act as intermediary between professors and students. He asked him, being in touch with the students, if any of them were ill or in difficulties, to find out as judiciously as possible whether they were being properly cared for, or if there was any way in which he could help

them. He specially commended to his care the Highland students, and asked him to report from time to time. This duty Mr. Duncan gladly undertook, and was able to suggest various cases where a temporary difficulty could be removed by the Professor's ready help, or an illness rendered less irksome ; although in these, as in many other similar instances, Dr. Story preferred to remain an unknown and unacknowledged friend.

Some of his friends imagined that the office of Principal implied a life of dignified leisure. There never was a greater mistake. He had no more lectures to prepare and deliver, it is true, but meetings multiplied, till sometimes nearly the whole day was consumed by them, and by necessary personal interviews with those who were involved in the various College problems. Holidays were not lengthened but curtailed, as the Principal had to be present on many occasions which the Professor could avoid. Correspondence also became a serious matter, and filled up most of the spare moments, which grew gradually to be few and far between. The friendly feelings entertained towards the University by the city and the many societies which abound in it were evinced by invitations to innumerable banquets, invitations which were accepted in the same spirit in which they were proffered, and which in themselves were often very enjoyable. But as time went on, and the business of the University increased, this way of spending several evenings in the week could hardly be called relaxation to a man tired out with attending meetings most of the afternoon, and who usually had to end the evening with a speech on the never-failing theme of the University.

The functions he attended were strangely varied and very representative. In the first few weeks of this winter he went to Edinburgh for a dinner in honour of Dr. MacGregor's semi-jubilee, opened bazaars at Shettleston and Cambuslang, went to a reception at the Art Club, to the University Club dinner in London, to the dinner of the Argyllshire Society, opened the Celtic bazaar on

its second day, attended a lecture by Canon Ainger, dined with the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, with the Angus and Mearns Society, with the Society of Musicians, with the Royal Order, and many more too numerous to name.

'Some silly people,' he writes, 'talk of my present post as one of 'dignified leisure.' I wish they were in it for a week. Take to-day, for instance. It is now 3.30 p.m. I have since 10 a.m. had interviews—on *business*—more or less prolonged, with Ramsay, Jones, Stewart, Adamson, Coats (one of the professors ill, but whom I had to see about the arrangements for his class), and lastly, the Bedellus. Is not that enough to wear a man to a thread? to say nothing of letters to write of the most uninteresting yet necessary description. There is plenty to do—and I don't complain, but there is little 'leisure,' and is the 'dignity' a recompense?'

One of the few real relaxations he indulged in was a day off for golf now and then at Troon, where matches were played between the Staff and the Students, or at Prestwick with F. G. Tulloch, Dr. Wallace of the *Herald*, and other friends.

*To Lady F. Balfour.*

'28th January, 1899.

'. . . My birthday is about as thickly befogged as a day can be, though not quite so dark as yesterday. At night we had to dine with the Jock Macleods, and only got there by our driver walking at his horse's head, and groping his way from one lamp-post to another . . . The dinner given to me the day you left—with Kelvin in the chair—went off very well, and *he* was most amusing . . . I do not know the Aberdeen numbers which you ask for, but in St. Andrews there are only about two hundred, I believe, and a good number of women. In fact, if they develop as they are doing, St. Andrews will by and bye be a female rather than a male University—which is startling—and would have made

John Knox's hair to stand on end—with his 'monstrous regiment of women.'"

Early in March one of the few remaining friends of his student days passed suddenly away in Dr. A. K. H. Boyd. His death was a great shock, and left a blank that nothing else could fill, his correspondence with Dr. Story on all their mutual interests being singularly confidential and constant.

'He was a kind and steady friend,' Dr. Story writes; 'a bright and cheerful presence in many a circle whose members will never think of the dear old city which he loved so well and chronicled so faithfully, without affectionate and regretful reminiscences of A. H. K. B. In thinking of St. Andrews to-day, I can think only of the Past, which, it seems to me, no Future can ever rival. 'All, all are gone, the old familiar faces'—Park, Ferrier, Tulloch, Baynes, Shairp, Skelton, and now Boyd. I shall not look upon their like again.'

*To Lady F. Balfour.*

'23rd March, 1899.

'I seem to do little else than bury people and lose friends of late. A. K. H. B. was a great loss, and his funeral and the Sunday after it were very sad. Since then the last man who was in St. Andrews when I first went there has been taken—Professor Mitchell. He did not like me as a student and for long after, but latterly we were good friends. The old city is left stripped and bare—a fashionable watering-place—without one of its old social and ecclesiastical features remaining.

'With all his foibles, Boyd was a very good man, and far abler than people generally believed. He had a sincere friendship for me, and it was touching to me to see the paper he had written out in his precise way, giving directions that I was to take the service at the funeral, and preach the funeral sermon . . . I have made no plans yet for April and May, but I think I must go somewhere for a little change. I have had a deal to

do—business, correspondence, meetings, dinners, etc.—to say nothing of the obsequies I have referred to. The Government don't seem to push on as one might expect—affairs get into arrear. If the Parish Churches Bill, however, is not pushed on and pushed through, it will be a direct breach of contract, which will be most unfair to the Church, and damaging to them . . . I have been interested in the Secret History of the Oxford movement, as related by Mr. Walsh. He is a partisan, but his *quotations*, without any talk of his own, throw a sinister light on the Romanisers. Lord Halifax may be a very good man, but he is not a wise one, else he would not venture to write about Scottish Presbytery in evidently blank ignorance of what he is writing about. All Scottish elders, he says, are ordained 'with the laying on of hands.' A pure invention. None ever was. What mental oddity prevents an Englishman acquiring the simplest rudiments of Scottish history?'

The Earl of Stair was present at the graduation in April, and, as Chancellor, conferred the degrees. He came to pay his tribute to the memory of the late Principal, as well as to welcome his successor, and wish him well 'in the great work which he had been called upon to do.'

Not many weeks later another heavy loss befell the University by the retirement of Lord Kelvin, who for more than fifty years had shed the honour of his name and fame on the Chair of Natural Philosophy, and who all his life had been intimately connected with the University. He used often to refer to the days of his childhood in the old College, when he made mud-pies on the banks of the historic Molendinar burn, now a degraded stream flowing underground; and it was to him an undisguised pain to sever the tie that bound him to the University, and hardly less so to the Principal to have to accept his resignation. His retirement from the scene of active University life removed a notable and interesting personality from its public functions, while the with-

drawal of himself and Lady Kelvin from its social life was a serious loss to a community in which they had both for long taken such a leading part.

At all graduations and University ceremonies of any kind, one of the most dignified figures for many years had been that of Lachlan Macpherson, the Bedellus. In September, 1899, he passed away, full of years and honour. Few people connected with the College could be more regretted or more missed. He was the friend of everyone, from the Principal to the youngest and most nervous student who came to seek information from him, and who finally got his hood from Macpherson's hands, and received the kindly clap on the shoulder with which he turned away the full-blown graduate.

'Poor Macpherson,' Dr. Story writes, 'had a most notable funeral, and is much lamented. We shall not easily get so dignified a mace-bearer; we certainly shall not get one whose father fought at Waterloo and his grandfather at Culloden.'

In his graduation addresses the Principal's exhortations to the students were always practical, and he tried to impress on them constantly not to allow their ideal of education to be bounded by a mere 'pass.' The University existed to little purpose, he said, if its alumni did not understand that its function was not to inculcate knowledge only, but to instil high principle, to mould stalwart character, to train its pupils not to struggle merely through the easiest option of a degree which should pay them for their trouble; but to love learning for itself, to seek truth for its own sake, and to know their duty to God and man.

'True education,' he said again, 'is never gained by those who seek knowledge only for its material value, but, in its best sense, is the fruit of a varied learning heedfully acquired—of a love of all that expands and enriches the mind—of a steady intellectual discipline and wide experience—above all, of the mental attitude of a disciple determined to know the truth. There is a too common tendency to ignore this, and to content oneself with a low ideal.

'To those who are leaving us now to enter on their life-work I would say—wherever you are, do all you can to keep up the best academic traditions and to cherish your *esprit de corps*. Foster a habitual reverence for all that is great and good. Do not lie in bondage to the spirit of the time. Rather 'hold high converse with the mighty dead' than with the garrulous living. Do not be afraid of loneliness in thought or action if you are convinced your course is right. 'Common birds,' says Sir Philip Sidney, 'fly in crowds, but the eagle goeth forth alone.' Do not be too much moved by the desire to further mere material interests, if there be any risk to those that are spiritual and enduring. 'The greatness of the greatest commercial cities,' I remember Dean Stanley saying, as Lord Rector, to the students of St. Andrews, 'is variable, transitory, and if lost, to be regained elsewhere; but the inspiring atmosphere of a long academic past is a national treasure which cannot be abandoned and recalled at will.' That great inheritance has come to us, and passes on to you, with its consecration of the memories of four hundred and fifty years. Be it yours to guard it worthily.'

He occasionally gave them sound advice about how to spend their time when not at College.

'Those of you who look forward to returning hither for the next session, and who till then will probably be exempt from oral instruction in lectures and otherwise, I counsel to supply the want by judicious reading. Beware of falling into a habit of desultory reading, or of letting the intellectual mill get into bad order by giving it nothing more substantial to grind than the newspaper or the magazine. Read; and read upon a plan, else your vacation will be barren. While not denying your minds the occasional relaxation of 'light literature,' let your reading mainly lie among books in the category of those requiring 'diligence and attention.' There are many among you whose academic career now closes, and the application of what you have acquired here must henceforth be made in various spheres of useful life—in the church, in the practice of the healing art—in law, or in one or another of the ever-enlarging departments of science. If in any of these you would succeed, never cease to be students and learners still. If you think you have 'already attained, or are already perfect,' your sermons will edify no one; your medicine and surgery will be perilous to your patients; your law will mislead your clients, and oftener be a protection than a terror to evil-doers, and your science will never advance to fresh discoveries.'

'There is a great deal more in a good education,' he says in his inaugural address in 1898, 'than the acquisition of knowledge; there is the development of character, and therefore of influence. No man will ever make the world, or even the humblest corner of it, better, however wide and deep his knowledge, unless his education has developed in him a personal influence that is elevating and regenerative. The chief work of reformers of any class—social, religious, political—is not the proclamation of new doctrines, or the fabrication of new systems. It is the revelation of new principles—the awakening (as the Bible puts it) of a right spirit within. It has been well said by one of the Gifford lecturers that 'it is not always necessary that a reformer should say, but rather that he should *be*, something new.' The power of personality is the most potent factor in development.

'The most sterling influence we have known has always been the personal power over us exerted by individuals,—those who most probably are no longer with us now, but who yet 'rule our spirits from their urns.' And as we think again of the tones of the voices that are still, we seem to hear them summon us to mount nearer and ever nearer to the 'high regions where the pure forms dwell.' We can never cease to recognize in what we have been and what we have done, elements of character and life, which had never developed themselves but for their influence and teaching, but for the sway of their spirits over ours.

'Those who possess this influence in its fulness are the masters of mankind; they who possess it in any degree whatever are, in virtue of the possession, members of the goodly fellowship of those who are on the side of 'the power that makes for righteousness,' who seek the truth, and love it for its own sake, and who value all knowledge according to its power of doing good to man.

'To those of you who, yet young and hopeful, are on the threshold of careers—not a few of which I trust may be full of usefulness and honour—I would give this counsel: Keep the ideal of your life high and pure. Whatever your special office is to be, recognize in it your field of *duty*. And remember that the voice of duty is not the voice of mere law or prescription. It is the inward spiritual call to strive after a perfection of which each man has his own vision, according to his light and ability. It is the call to be and to do your best. Guide your life as one who would serve truth and obey principle, and not be a slave of expediency or popularity. Be true to what your conscience tells you is right, to what your reason certifies to you is truth; and let who will gainsay. Be yours the broader view, the larger aim, the loftier spirit, the manlier heart, which win

the victory of that future in the hope of which they live, but to the vision of which the eyes of the worldly, the time-serving, and the faithless cannot open.

'These lines, with which I close, bear with them a message in which you will recognize a stimulus to all heroic and unselfish action, a solace in all disappointment and defeat, a promise of recompense for all toil and effort and sacrifice ampler than the toiler and searcher and sufferer can hope:

'That low man seeks a little thing to do—
Sees it and does it;
This high man with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.
That low man goes on adding one to one,
His hundred's soon hit;
This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses an unit.
That has the world here; should he need the next,
Let the world mind him!
This throws himself on God, and unperplexed
Seeking shall find him.''

'Those of you,' he says again, 'who have to-day finished your college career, have received your credentials at the hands of your Alma Mater, and are going out into the world to begin the work, whatever it be, for which she has trained you, full of hopes which may never be realised, of intentions which experience may teach you cannot be carried out. Do not, for all that, lose high hope or lower your ideal. 'We are saved by hope.' Without the ideal, life is a sorry drudgery. I trust it will never be so to you; and I bid you God-speed on your life's journey. If you are conscious of faults and follies in the past, forget them, and press onward to a better and wiser future. It is open to every one of you to win a record of which the Alma Mater shall be proud.'

Another of Dr. Story's early friends died this year, soon after the Assembly time.

'Within a single year,' he says, 'four of the most gifted and notable men who, successively, filled the same pulpit in a Scottish country parish have been called away. Since last July, John Caird, John Macleod, A. K. H. B., and now Robert Wallace, sometime ministers of Newton-on-Ayr, have gone over to the majority. That parish saw the commencement of the ministry of each, though their subsequent careers were widely apart.'

Story and Wallace had been at College together, had sat in the General Assembly together, and had much in common, notably their affection for and sympathy with Dr. Robert Lee. When Dr. Lee died, Wallace succeeded him at Greyfriars', and later was appointed to the Chair of Church History, in which, as Dr. Story says, 'he might have imparted a fresh life and bolder spirit to Scottish theology than was then current in its veins.' His subsequently leaving the Church and taking to politics was a disappointment to the friends 'who had trusted to his becoming the leader of liberal thought, decorous worship, and reasonable faith, had hoped much from his intellectual force, his love of freedom, and his loyalty to truth, and who were drawn to him by their experience of his kind heart and capacity of genial fellowship.'

Early in June the Principal, along with Professor Ferguson and Professor Jack, went to Cambridge, to represent the University of Glasgow at the Jubilee of Sir George Stokes. The Principal and his wife were the guests of Dr. Ryle, at that time President of Queen's College, and now Bishop of Winchester. The two days were very full, and all the functions were blessed with beautiful weather.

'Thursday, 1st June: Drive with J. and Ryle. French lecture. Tea at Trinity. Dinner here. Conversazione, 9-11. Lot of people.'

'Friday, 2nd June: 11, Addresses to Stokes. Lunch at Downing College in Tent. Graduation, 2.45. Garden party. Pembroke, Jebb, etc. Banquet in Trinity, 8. Lovely day, but hot and fatiguing.'

'All the proceedings,' he writes, 'were most interesting, and some quaint and picturesque: though at a *procession* I think we could beat them at Glasgow. Theirs was very ragged and waggling. One of the finest sights was the dinner in Trinity Hall, where I sat near A. J. Balfour, and after dinner had some talk with him about the Parish Churches Bill.'

This Bill, to which he refers more than once, and in which he took an active interest, regarding its passing as, for Glasgow at any rate, 'of the first importance,' never passed after all. It was meant to provide for the transfer of churches in cases where the population had migrated, from various causes, to other districts where there was no Parish church ; but other measures came in the way, and much to his disappointment this one had to be given up.

It had been agreed by the Senate to confer the honorary degree of LL.D. upon Irving this year, and as he was not able to come down to receive it at the spring graduation, it was arranged that the degree should be given at the graduation in July. It was a distinction which Irving valued very highly, as is shown in his letter to Dr. Story.

*From Sir Henry Irving.*

'I cannot tell you what pleasure this very high compliment and your great kindness has given me.

'I should be delighted to visit Glasgow to receive this gratifying and distinguished honour from the Senate of the University. But the date for the conferring of the degree comes three days after the production of 'Robespierre' at the Lyceum—and after six months' absence I fear I cannot close it for two nights just when the new play is launched.

'I presume that the official date is fixed—also that the degree must be received in person. In that case would it be possible to postpone it for another occasion when I could be present ?

'I am anxious to show in the most emphatic way how keenly I appreciate this distinction, and the sympathetic regard for myself and my calling which has prompted you to suggest it to your colleagues.'

In July, accordingly, Sir Henry came down and received the degree, being greeted with much enthusiasm. He was the guest of the Principal, to whom his courteous manner and cultured mind made him welcome at all times, and with whom he had much friendly intercourse during his visits to Glasgow.

The Principal was not a great frequenter of the theatre, but he loved a good play, and was always interested in

Irving's productions, admiring his versatility and the character and force of his interpretations. He had a strong belief in the value of the theatre as a civilising and educative influence ; and was a ready supporter of any scheme which provided wholesome plays for the reasonable recreation of the public, instead of the weak productions, full of unwholesome suggestion, that are so often all they can find to go to. At one time Mr. F. R. Benson came to Glasgow, and gave a specially arranged series of the plays of Shakspere. Dr. Story became a member of the local committee which made the arrangements, and attended as many of the plays as he could make time for, with great enjoyment.

## CHAPTER XVII

### A NEW CENTURY

For some little time negotiations had been passing between the Duke of Argyll and the representatives of the Church of Scotland with regard to the ruins at Iona. Dr. Story, as we have seen, had a deep historical and romantic feeling for the place ; and, in common with many others, he looked upon the ruined Abbey as a national monument of the utmost interest and significance, which should never run the risk of being alienated from the Church and the people of Scotland. The Duke of Argyll himself sympathised with this view, and finally decided to hand over the ruins to a body of trustees for the Church of Scotland, on condition that they undertook the restoration of the Abbey. This generous decision was announced in the autumn of 1899, and was hailed by Dr. Story as ' very gratifying and satisfactory.'

The Duke had expressed the wish that the Abbey might be opened for public worship before he died, but unhappily his Grace had passed away before his desire was realised. Very soon after the deed was executed hostilities broke out in South Africa ; and the trustees, of whom Dr. Story, *ex officio*, was one, found that it would be useless to attempt to raise the money sufficient for the purpose while the country was suffering under the strain of the war. It was not until 1901 that a serious effort was made to raise funds for the restoration ; and, though the money came in more slowly than was hoped, the work was soon begun. By that time Dr. Story's energies were

directed to the necessary work of the scheme of University extension which he had taken in hand, so that he was not free to do much in the way of helping to raise money for Iona ; but nothing lay nearer his heart than to see the restoration accomplished, and in every other way he did his best to interest people in the scheme, and to secure that the work was thoroughly done. Much criticism has been expended upon the result ; but it may be said that had the sum raised been a more generous one, the trustees would have had a freer hand in undertaking the restoration, and would not have felt hampered, as they did, by considerations of expense. In any case, they were obliged to fulfil the Duke's condition, and Dr. Story at any rate gave both time and trouble gladly in order to further its accomplishment. He visited Iona in the summer of 1902 and in that of 1904, to see how the work was progressing ; and, although he was never able to go back after it was finished, and the Abbey opened for public worship, it was a great satisfaction to him to know that the ancient building, with its beautiful monuments and carvings, was preserved from further destruction.

Amid the pressure of his ordinary and always increasing work, Dr. Story found time to take a practical interest in the welfare of *Saint Andrew*, a paper which he believed might become a powerful organ of the Church if ministers and people gave it adequate support.

Dr. MacMillan has written the following brief account of Dr. Story's connection with the paper :

'It was in the autumn of 1899 that Principal Story became officially connected with *Saint Andrew*. The paper had been started in the beginning of that year by a firm of publishers who had asked me to become its editor. They soon, however, found that the financial burden was more than they could bear, and they were anxious that the Church of Scotland, in whose interests it was conducted, should undertake the responsibility. I was approached to make overtures to the Church, and the one man who, I felt, could be relied on in the matter, was Dr. Story. I had an interview and correspondence with him before the paper was started, and I was assured of his sympathy and support. He

had on more than one occasion edited journals in the interests of the Church, but, as he afterwards confessed, the Church seemed to be curiously indifferent to the literary efforts which he made on her behalf. Having his own experiences in mind he was rather sceptical, at the first, of my success, but the paper having now been, for some time, before the public, and having won a certain measure of its confidence, he readily listened to my suggestion that the Church should undertake the management of the paper, and that a small company should be formed for that purpose.

'. . . A prospectus was speedily issued, a company was formed, and Directors appointed, with Principal Story as Chairman, and for the next five years it was one of the greatest pleasures of my life to work under him as my official chief. He was seldom absent from a Directors' meeting and hardly a week passed but I consulted him personally or by correspondence. He was deeply interested in the paper for reasons which he once expressed at a public dinner. 'It was,' he said, 'an organ of general intelligence, interesting to the Church, and always ready to take up the Church view on current questions where politics and religion mingled, as on the question of education, or such a question as disestablishment; above all an organ of intelligent and liberal theological opinion where men could compare their ideas in it columns, by correspondence and otherwise, and could depend upon finding a fair audience. Such an organ was of the greatest use in these days, when we are apt, on one side, to rush into extremes, and on the other to adhere to an undue conservatism. It was a great matter to have a healthy, sober, cultured, intelligent opinion on public matters.' It was ever a source of regret to him that the history and position of the Church of Scotland were not so well known in England, on the Continent, and throughout the English-speaking world, as they ought to be . . . It was accordingly a cause of much gratification to him when *Saint Andrew* found its way into the hands of men who stood in need of true information regarding the Church of Scotland, and when Church journals showed an appreciation of its quality, by frequently quoting from its columns, and not unfrequently controverting its views.

'The large bundle of letters from him, which I still possess, all relating to the paper, show the keen interest with which he followed its career. He very seldom interfered with its policy, partly for the reason that, sympathising so strongly with his views, he found little cause of complaint, or partly from a delicate desire not to interfere with my office; but he seldom allowed a mis-

print to escape his keen notice, and he was in the habit of writing strong letters on the subject . . .

'The burden of a large parish coupled with the exacting duties of editing a weekly paper, began to prove too much for me, and in the beginning of 1904 I was compelled to resign the editorship of *Saint Andrew*. If anything could have induced me to continue my labours it was the unfailing kindness and loyal support of Dr. Story. In all my troubles and difficulties I went to him, and he afforded me the encouragement which enabled me to conduct the paper for so long. Nor was he loth to write an article, when the subject was to his mind, or when my difficulties were pressing. I had learned to know him, as only those knew him who had frequent intercourse with him or who shared his friendship. He had always commanded my admiration, and he soon won my affection and devotion. It was often the cause of wonder to me that, in view of his exacting duties as Principal of a great University, he found time to take such a keen and constant interest in *Saint Andrew*, but his love for the Church of Scotland was deep and lasting, and he was convinced that the paper was her good friend; and it was, perhaps, his conviction that my interest in her behalf was as single-minded as his own that induced him to give me his friendship . . .'

*To Rev. D. MacMillan.*

'7th October, 1899.

'I am glad you are keeping the Indian Churches well to the front. There will be a meeting of the Commission next month, and these articles will prepare the way for the question being brought up then. I am too busy just now for any extra writing, but perhaps might send you something later. My difficulty about *signing* an article is, that in the position of Principal one is expected to keep comparatively aloof from ecclesiastical or political questions; and though concession to this expectation may be carried too far, it is well not to set it at naught by writing above one's signature in a newspaper, unless specially called to do it, as in the recent case of replying to Welldon.'

One of the first events of the winter was the meeting in Glasgow of the Church Congress, at the opening of which

Dr. Story spoke. Then came the election of Lord Rosebery as Lord Rector, a few days later the graduation, and an address to the Theological Society. It was to everyone a melancholy winter, as men's minds were full of war and rumours of war, and as the months passed the continued disasters and losses brought mourning to all classes in the land, and to many among the Principal's personal friends.

*To Lady F. Balfour.*

'13th November, 1899.

'. . . We are all anxious about the war, almost everyone having either friends or kindred in South Africa. Luckily it is a most popular war. I never saw anything to approach the tremendous enthusiasm and excitement at the troops leaving this—and it is the same everywhere.'

*To the same.*

'15th December, 1899.

'The times are out of joint. Things seem to go from bad to worse. Who can explain this mania for night attacks on unknown positions? The idea of dear old Wauchope being marched up in the dark to be shot in front of a barrier of tangled wire is too sickening. Any fool could see a line of posts by daylight with a decent glass half a mile away, and could divine the mires and tumbled ground behind them. The inference is that not even a fool was sent to reconnoitre it all the day before, and if so, the expedition was simply murder. To lose Wauchope is bad enough, but to lose him in such a way is horrible. I had a very special regard for 'Andy' . . . I wish you were coming here to-morrow. George Adam Smith is to preach in the Bute Hall. A good preacher—too good for the Free Kirk.'

Ten days later he writes from Taymouth: 'We got up here very comfortably on Saturday, though the travelling crowd was immense. We are very jolly—snow on

the ground, however, and frost pretty hard. The beauty of this scene—pure snow and bright sun on the hills and the hollows—is charming.

'In spite of Kelvin I cannot regard 1900 as the first year of the twentieth century. Take 100 nuts and count them out, the tale is not complete till you have counted the 100th; neither is the century.'

*To Lady F. Balfour.*

'7th January, 1900.

'. . . I have been a couple of days in Edinburgh, doing various things—among others being admitted, masonically, to the 32nd degree, the highest but one to which any man can aspire,—and attending a conference on *Union*, at the invitation of Bishop Wilkinson, once of Truro, now of St. Andrews—titular. Poor man, I was rather sorry for him . . . The whole thing is—with him—a pious vision. Nothing will come of it.'

That union among Presbyterian Churches was possible, was demonstrated this year by the union of the Free and the United Presbyterian Churches. It was a union, unfortunately, not accomplished with entire unanimity; and even among the most loyal members of the Free Church there were many who, while supporting the scheme, were not very enthusiastic about it, or at any rate about the way in which it had been brought to pass. Dr. Story, whose often-expressed views upon union were that without true unity of spirit outward and formal union was a very uncertain advantage, looked on the amalgamation of the two Churches somewhat doubtfully, as he did not feel that this essential condition was fulfilled in the formation of the United Free Church. 'Some people,' he said, 'might be afraid of a union in which there was no great unity, or of the combination of bodies which increased the bulk of the body, but did not guarantee any access of spiritual life. But we must hope that when the Free and the United Presbyterian Churches have merged themselves in each other, the result will be

favourable to religion and to the enlightenment of the habits and thoughts of the people of Scotland.'

At the same time, when addressing the University Missionary Society some months later, he urged his hearers to remember that it was their part, as members of the National Church, to keep aloof from all the superstitions and shibboleths of a 'threefold ministry,' 'religious equality' and 'spiritual independence,' with which the duty of union among all the Churches was advocated, and to raise their testimony for the one and true unity—the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace and in righteousness of life. 'That unity, when it comes,' he said, 'will owe nothing to superstitious zealots, nor to adroit ecclesiastics, nor to cunning politicians, but everything to the men of gentle will, of single purpose, and of pure heart.'

In the subsequent trouble into which the United Free Church was plunged by the successfully maintained claim of the protesting minority to be recognised as legally the 'Free Church of Scotland,' Dr. Story took a sympathetic interest. While feeling for the minority in the scant consideration they had received from the promoters of union, he saw the futility of handing over to a small and diminishing body revenues and property which could be used to much better advantage by the other party.

At the time when it was doubtful whether the Principal and professors might not be turned out of the Free Church College in Glasgow, and the building handed over to the rival claimants, Dr. Story wrote to Principal Lindsay to offer the U.F. Church professors and students the use of classrooms at the University, in the case of their requiring a temporary refuge in the storm. The offer was warmly acknowledged, but happily the necessity for its acceptance did not arise.

In the spring of 1900 Dr. Story received the degree of LL.D. from the University of St. Andrews. This recognition from his old University pleased him greatly, and formed a fresh tie to the 'little city, old and grey,'

which was already so full of memories for him. He was the guest of Principal Donaldson, and was given a very hearty reception by the students when he came forward for the degree.

The summer was spent at Carr Bridge in Inverness-shire. It was a very peaceful holiday. Except for an occasional game of golf, and a few expeditions, most of the time was passed sitting in the garden reading, and one of the books which he re-read with considerable satisfaction at this time was Rogers's *Italy*.

*To Lady F. Balfour.*

'Carr Bridge, 8th August, 1900.

'Here, as at Glasgow, we have nothing but rain and cold. When we can see Cairngorm—which is in front of us, but hardly ever visible—we see the snow on his ample bosom. The place would be very pleasant in seasonable weather. It is 700 feet up, and consequently the air is fine, blowing over pines and heather. The Dulnain, which is close by within sight and sound, is a rushing river—about the size of the Aray at the Castle, but much fuller of water, dark brown, but clear as crystal. The Links, half a mile off, are playable, but primitive. I have not tried them yet. We are going to-morrow, weather permitting, to assist at the opening of the pretty little church just built at Boat of Garten.'

*To the same.*

'Glasgow University, 2nd December, 1900.

'. . . I have been and am very busy, with the elaboration of this scheme of University extension, which entails much work and requires careful handling.

'As for our planting our churches in England, our people who settle there, in some cases, become Episcopalians, in many more, of the middle class, join the English Presbyterian Church—and don't trouble themselves to keep up their connection with the Old Kirk—and you can't force it on them if they don't think it

OLD GATEWAY, GLASGOW UNIVERSITY

worth while to keep it. The fact is that in this, as in many other matters, you see one of the results of a general religious indifference and falling away from the ancient landmarks which is a characteristic of this scientific age.

'This recent surrender of four hundred men to a force of Boers, who were not the defending but the attacking party, is a painful incident. I have been reading Doyle's book on the war, and been amazed at the repeated cases of surrender when one would have expected the fight to be fought out at all costs; which suggests the question of whether after all the army is what it was at the time of the Indian Mutiny. I wish old Krüger's progress through Europe was not accentuated by such incidents in South Africa.'

The gloom cast over the country by the continuance of the war was intensified by the news of the failing health of the Queen, rumours of which gained in persistence early in the new year, until it became only too plain that the end was near. The news of Her Majesty's death reached Glasgow late in the evening of the 22nd January, and was received with profound sorrow. The Principal was deeply moved. On all his visits to Balmoral, and on other occasions as well, the Queen had been to him, as he said, 'so kind and frank,' that her death was a great blow, and he felt that he had lost a good friend. 'The sense of blank and loss is keen,' he writes; 'one did not realise how much one's heart had grown round the Queen, and how noble and true and genuine she was.'

An official service was held in the Cathedral on the 2nd of February, in which Dr. Story took part. On Sunday, the 3rd, he preached the sermon at a funeral service in the Bute Hall. In his sermon he referred to that which had always impressed him so much in the Queen, her insight and her wise judgment.

'For half a century,' he said, 'at the head of the Government had stood a *woman*, who had been in a very real sense the

'pulse of the machine,' and who appeared in herself to justify the old Saxon belief that in a woman's counsel dwelt that which was divine. So sound was hers, so quick her insight, so wise her judgments, so vast her experience, that her ablest statesmen, when they laid their policies before her, never found her decision err. In the direction of the high policies which affect the destinies of the nations of the civilised world her counsel was always for peace with honour; in those discussions in the inner circle of cabinets and courts which not seldom expand into occasions of national disaster, her voice was ever that of sober wisdom and conciliation; in the estimation of European Governments her weight was ever that of an unequalled experience, a clear and impartial intelligence, a character of unselfish justice and unsullied purity. In every department of the public life, whoever did good work for the general weal—whoever shed a lustre on the annals of the time—whoever by his skill, or science, or art, or genius, added to the sum of human happiness within her realms, knew that he earned the gratitude and won the goodwill of her who watched with a mother's eye all that promoted the welfare of her people.'

In February he went up to London, along with the Moderator, the Procurator, and the Agent of the Church, to present to the King an address from the Church of Scotland. Later in the year he was appointed Chaplain to the King, but he never revisited Balmoral.

*To Lady F. Balfour.*

'19th February, 1901.

'Along with your letter this morning I got another telling me that the King would receive the Scottish Church address on Saturday . . . As to the Oath (I call it an oath, though Mr. Balfour says it is only a declaration. Men don't kiss the Bible—in their unseemly English fashion—after making a mere 'declaration'), I don't like its terms; but when they were adopted the English people felt they were guarding themselves against a very real and terrible danger—the danger of falling back into Romish doctrines and confessionals, and under the old ruinous dominion of Roman bishops and monks; and they were determined to shut the door against that

sort of thing for good and all, and with no mistake about it. They would not have a Roman Catholic King at any price, and they will not now. To abolish that oath would kindle a fire of roaring anti-papal feeling which it would take years to quench. It would please the Irish priests (I don't believe the people trouble their heads about it), the English R.C.'s and their sympathisers in the Anglican Church, but it would irritate the mass of the people and rouse their suspicions of the Protestantism of the reigning family . . . It is not wise or politic to begin experiments on Royal obligations which are connected with historical traditions and religious convictions in the minds of the mass of the people, and the removal of which helps to separate more and more the office of sovereign from religion.'

Various events were to happen in the summer of 1901, which entailed meetings of endless committees during the spring months. Preparations had been going on for some time for the celebration, on an elaborate scale, of the Ninth Jubilee of the Founding of the University. The International Exhibition was to be held this year, and the British Association had arranged to come to Glasgow in the autumn, and was to hold its meetings in the University. All these events needed a great deal of arranging, and the Jubilee Celebration in particular required much anxious forethought.

Invitations had been issued to Universities and Colleges all over the world, and to all the most notable of the Learned Societies and Associations of Europe and America, as well as to individuals distinguished by their 'personal services to the State, or to the cause of that high culture and humane civilisation of which Universities are the nursing mothers.' A very large number of representatives accepted the invitation, most of whom were hospitably entertained by citizens of Glasgow, and everything possible was done to provide for their comfort and convenience. The Principal's own guests included Lady Frances Balfour, the Bishop of Ripon and Mrs.

Boyd Carpenter, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, and Sir James Reid, the devoted physician to the late Queen.

On the 11th of June the delegates began to arrive, the event being heralded by a very picturesque torchlight procession arranged by the students, who, with the student delegates, of whom there were about eighty, were mostly in fancy dress of all kinds. A good many of the delegates dined with the Principal that evening, including Sir Henry Roscoe, Lord Beauchamp, Professor Léon Morel, and Bishop Chisholm, and after dinner went out to watch the procession as it wound through the Park, the lights of the Exhibition down below adding brilliance to the scene from the Terrace. The Principal and the Lord Provost briefly addressed the students when they arrived, after which the torches were extinguished, and they all departed amid cheers.

A thanksgiving service was held next morning in the Cathedral, where Dr. Muir preached from the text of the University motto, 'Via, Veritas, Vita,' the Principal pronouncing the benediction. Thereafter came the reception of guests and delegates in the Bute Hall, and the presentation of congratulatory addresses. The Principal began by reading a message, which was received with great enthusiasm:

'I remember with what great pleasure I laid the foundation-stone of your new buildings in 1868, and I heartily congratulate the University on the celebration of the 450th year of its existence.

'(Signed) THE KING.'

From his old University of Heidelberg the Principal also read a special telegram:

'Universitati Glasguensi: Vivat, Crescat, Floreat.'

He had felt it fitting that a letter should be sent from the University to the Pope in grateful recognition of her Papal founder. This act of courtesy, and the friendly reply from the Vatican, caused some excitement in ultra-Protestant circles, which soon, however, subsided when

it was seen that the 'coquetting with Rome' produced no further evil results.

It was much regretted that the venerable Chancellor, Lord Stair, did not feel able to take part in the celebrations. In his absence Principal Story, as Vice-Chancellor, presided, and gave a happily-worded address of welcome to the delegates, with which many of them afterwards expressed their delight. It was a most brilliant and picturesque scene, a marvellous blending of colours, owing to the gorgeousness of some of the foreign gowns and uniforms, and, above all, a wonderful assemblage of interesting and distinguished men.

'We are, more or less, accustomed and well pleased,' the Principal said, 'to see our friends and fellow-countrymen from the south of the Tweed, and from across St. George's Channel. We sometimes, to our advantage, induce their wise men to become our instructors, and occasionally, to their advantage, we send them some of ours. But with you our intercourse is more limited. The wandering Scots scholar, poor and proud, is not found, as he used to be, ready to dispute in every college, and to stay his healthy appetite at the board of every monastery, in Europe. Religious differences, and disuse of the Latin tongue, have changed all that. But we take it all the kinder of you that you come to look us in the face, and see if our hair be as red and our bones be as big as Agricola thought them; if our habitual dress is, as travellers tell, the kilt, our domestic music the bagpipe, our only viand porridge, and our only liquor whisky. We thank you for venturing into a *terra incognita*, and we believe that in return for your friendly boldness you will find the 'barbarous people' will show you 'no little kindness,' as the Maltese showed St. Paul, not for your own sakes only, but for the sake of the friendships of the old time before us . . .

'Can we do nothing, with all our learning and science, to humanise the world? Can we not aid Religion in preaching Peace? Surely we move in that direction, at least, if we labour to make our universities, how far soever apart in space, one in the spirit of wisdom and of charity, united in the common effort, not to increase the bounds of knowledge, merely, but to be earnest seekers after and loyal servants of the Truth, to implant sound principles in the minds open to our influence, to hold before them high ideals of duty and conduct, and thus to raise the standard of

the national character of our several countries, until men of every race shall recognise and honour their common human brotherhood, and throughout the world there shall be the abundance of peace—*In terra Pax, hominibus bonae voluntatis.*

'In the name of the University, its Senate, its Court, its graduates, its students, I thank you for the goodwill you have shown, and the honour you have done us. In return, what can we say or do? Silver and gold have we none, but what we have we, with a full heart, can give you—our kindliest reception; our hospitablest entertainment; our friendliest intercourse—in a word, a Scottish welcome—*Felix, faustumque sit.*'

Social functions occupied the rest of the day; an At Home at Queen Margaret College, and a Gaudeamus at the Students' Union, to which the Principal and some of the delegates who had been dining with him afterwards adjourned—Lord Reay, Lord Strathcona, the Bishop of Ripon, and Count Goblet d'Alviella, and delighted the students with their speeches.

The next day two Orations were given in the Bute Hall, one on James Watt by Lord Kelvin, and one on Adam Smith by Professor Smart, both interesting and appropriate, and much appreciated by the foreign guests.

This was followed by the graduation, at which degrees were conferred on a number of the distinguished guests, and for the first time four women were among the honorary graduands. These were Mrs. Campbell of Tullichewan and Mrs. John Elder, both identified with the cause of the higher education of women in Glasgow, and with the founding of Queen Margaret College; Miss Emily Davies, the founder of Girton; and Miss Agnes Weston, the 'Sailors' Friend.'

The new Botanical Buildings were opened in the afternoon by Sir Joseph Hooker, the distinguished botanist, whose father had been Professor of Botany in the University eighty years before. He declared that there was no finer botanical laboratory in Britain than this one, and congratulated Professor Bower on the successful result of his labours. Lord Kelvin and Lord Lister were also present at this ceremony, and Dr. Story remarked that

one of the most interesting trios he had ever seen at an academical function was the procession of Sir Joseph Hooker, Lord Kelvin, and Lord Lister, as they passed the chair at the presentation of the addresses.

After a garden party at Queen Margaret College, the day ended with a great conversazione in the Bute Hall, which was attended by about 3000 guests. They were received by the Principal and Mrs. Story, with many members of the Senate, and the sight was a most brilliant and remarkable one from every point of view. Nearly every person seemed to be distinguished for some reason or other, and it was a very interesting study, not only of men, but of the 'philosophy of clothes.'

On Friday Dr. Young's Oration on Dr. William Hunter, the founder of the Hunterian Museum, was, owing to his illness, given by Mr. Bower. A reception was held in the Art Gallery in the afternoon, which enabled the strangers to see the Exhibition, and particularly the pictures, to great advantage. The evening closed with a Banquet given in the City Chambers by the Corporation of the City, at which a good many complimentary speeches were made as to the way in which the whole celebration had been carried through. Without the unwearied care and thought of the Clerk of Senate, Dr. Stewart, the result could never have been what it was, as Dr. Story warmly acknowledged; and it was a matter for congratulation and thankfulness to everyone who had been responsible for the organisation of such an undertaking, that it was regarded by practically all those who had taken part in it as an unqualified success.

It was a notable celebration, unique in the annals of the University; which in bringing together, as Lord Kelvin said, representatives of 'the intellects of all the countries of the world, was a grand peace-promoting and peace-preserving influence.'

All through the summer people came and went to visit the Exhibition, and much time was consumed in escorting

them there, and showing them the University, which they usually wished to combine with it. Among the more interesting were Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador, and the Lord Mayor of London, who paid a State visit to the University, with all the picturesque accompaniments of gilded coaches, sword-bearer, and mace-bearer, which made a brave show.

*To Lady F. Balfour.*

'I thought that after the Jubilee was over I should have a time of peace, but I have been rather busier than before, and am beginning now really to rebel. H. and I hope to get away on Saturday for a short cruise with the Browns—yacht 'Lyra'—he, of old, tenant of the Castle.

'Did you see in yesterday's *Times* a letter from Rainy—of all men in the world—expressing his entire sympathy with my 'attitude' as to the Cape Town Cathedral? It is funny. I have sent a final letter to the *Times*, as I have said all that is to be said on the subject.'

The reference here is to the proposed erection of an Episcopal Cathedral at Cape Town, as a memorial to the men who had fallen in the war. It could hardly be regarded as a suitable memorial to the men of Scottish regiments, the attitude of the Church in South Africa being too sectarian to admit of much friendly intercourse between it and other Churches; and to Dr. Story and many others it seemed that to erect an Anglican Cathedral as a *National* Memorial would be a means of accentuating differences, rather than promoting peace and union. Hence his protest.

When, in the General Assembly next year, it was proposed that a deputation should be sent out to visit the Churches in South Africa, Dr. Story cordially supported the motion. Between the Dutch Church and the Church of Scotland there was much sympathy. As Dr. Story pointed out, communion between the two dated from the seventeenth century, and he urged that the Church would do well to revive and cultivate that old friendly feeling.

Every now and then the Principal escaped to the country for a few days' rest and relaxation. He also went over to Ireland to preach at Rathgar, for the Rev. J. Stewart, who was interested in strengthening the desire of the Irish Presbyterian Church to maintain close relations with the Church of Scotland. He was, however, a good deal tied to Glasgow by the succession of societies who held their meetings there that year. These included the Society of Naval Architects, and the Institute of Engineers, during whose visit took place the formal opening by Lord Kelvin of the James Watt Engineering Laboratory. Finally came the British Association in September, at which time Dr. Cleland's fine new Anatomical buildings were opened.

The President of the British Association that year was Mr., now Sir Arthur Rücker, who was the Principal's guest during his stay. His opening address was given in the St. Andrew's Halls, but all the sectional meetings were held in the University. The Principal attended some of them, mainly, it must be confessed, from a sense of duty, for his interest in the proceedings was less that of a scientific enquirer than of a student of human nature, for which study they provided an ample field.

The sections were all distinguished by a special letter of the alphabet, which was supposed to make it easy to discover their locality. On one occasion the Principal went in search of Mr. Rücker, and not finding him, inquired of one of the attendants, who happened to be English, where he was. His gravity was considerably upset by receiving the startling reply: 'The President is in Hell, Sir!' that particular section being labelled L, which letter presented insuperable difficulties to a Cockney tongue.

*To Lady F. Balfour.*

'12th September, 1901.

'. . . We had a long day's travel, from 11.30 a.m. till 9.45 p.m., the day we came back from Skibo, and on

Tuesday were plunged into all the turmoil of the British Association, prefaced by the Carnegie and Balfour of Burleigh freedom of the city business, which went off brilliantly. Carnegie was an immense success, and is really a great natural orator . . . That day the Rückers came, and James A. Campbell arrived, and later the Johnstons [Col. and Mrs. Johnston of Newton Dee]. I confess I find the almighty atom and the circumambient ether a bore. Rücker's address about them was very able and lucid, yet most of the savants on the platform and within my range of vision slept through the most of it. Neither the physicists nor the metaphysicians, the duller of the two, bring you an inch nearer the solution of the great mystery ; so what boots the talk, except as a mental exercise?

'Irving & Co. are here too—and he and Ellen Terry lunch with us to-morrow, and the Glyns dine.'

To another friend he writes that the 'British Ass: is braying here this week,' and says of the proceedings that there is 'a good deal of sense, a good deal of speculation, and a good deal of hard riding of hobbies.'

The visit to Skibo, referred to in the previous letter, was the first he paid to Mr. Carnegie, whom he found 'delightful' in his own house. The visit was repeated on subsequent occasions, the Principals of the four Universities being invited together, and thus making informal and friendly acquaintance with the benefactor of their several seats of learning.

At the Church Congress which met at Aberdeen in October, Dr. Story read a paper on Sunday observance, in which he deprecated the Judaistic strictness with which the day is sometimes kept. We could gather, he said, from Christ's teaching that He did not regard the Fourth Commandment as of equal obligation with the others.

'Formalism and Pharisaism,' he said, 'have done much to dim the brightness of this 'pearl of days.' Too commonly people have got into the habit of believing that the great duty of that day is to go to church, and that if they go they—as it were—purchase an

exemption from any intellectual employment or rational pursuit for the rest of the day. Why leave those who do not go to church no alternative resource of moral or spiritual benefit? I believe their religious life would not be hurt, and their health of body and mind would be promoted, if, on the Sunday afternoons, they found the parks and public gardens, the art galleries and libraries, freely open to them for their mental improvement and rational recreation. If the objection were made that this would entail a certain amount of unnecessary labour on others, I should say that it would not entail a quarter of the amount exacted every Sunday from the great army of beadles, door-keepers, and organists, whose labour is considered essential to the proper assembling of ourselves together; and in any event there are dozens of people in our cities who would be willing to undertake such work as a good one; and if not, there are others who, being perfectly idle all the rest of the week, might be reasonably required to do the community some service on the Sunday.'

Speaking of the question of Sunday labour, he condemned unsparingly those large and prosperous employers who, to make a little more profit, employed Sunday labour in their factories; while, as in one case to which his attention had not long before been specially directed, they protested fervently against the 'Sabbath-breaking' involved in opening a gallery or museum on Sunday, for the recreation of those who had no other day on which to go there. He deplored the demoralising effect of this 'ghastly hypocrisy' on the general mind.

The original idea of the Sabbath was rest, he pointed out, and this should not be forgotten in trying to find a remedy for the evils springing out of neglect of the Lord's Day. 'The remedy must be found mainly by creating a higher principle about the day's observance, and a juster sense of its inestimable value to the individual and to society.'

As an instance of the moral inadequacy of an enforced outward observance, Dr. Story referred to an incident in his ministry at Rosneath. He was congratulating an old couple who had charge of a little grandson on the child's good conduct in church, where throughout the service he sat with a preternatural gravity. The old man looked

across the hearth towards his wife, and with a twinkle in his eye replied, 'Ay, Duncan's weel threetened afore he gangs in.' The motive of Duncan's decorum, Dr. Story added, was of the most legal type,—so, too often, was the honour paid the first day of the week.

In October he attended the Installation of Mr. Carnegie as Lord Rector at St. Andrews, and returned there for part of the Christmas vacation.

'I am enjoying here the comfortable sense of being beyond the reach of calls,' he writes, '*free*, in brilliant sunshine, a clear sky, no speck of smoke in it, a nimble air, links almost void of snow, though still profoundly wet underfoot. I do not know who is here yet, as I have not had time to look round—but I have no doubt I shall find some eligible matches by and bye.'

He found plenty of partners. Mr. W. F. G. Anderson came for a few days, and on the 2nd of January an interesting match took place, Dr. Story and Old Tom Morris against Mr. W. F. G. Anderson and Mr. Anderson of Fettykil, in which Tom and the Principal won by 3 up on the round. He had a great regard and admiration for Old Tom, particularly on account of his unspoiled simplicity and genuineness of character; and was fond of telling how Dr. Boyd one day brought a Bishop of the Church of England up to Tom and introduced him impressively as his friend the Bishop of such a place. But Tom's imperturbability was not to be shaken, and he merely greeted the Bishop, as he would have done any other gentleman of his acquaintance, with the affable remark: 'A scoorie day, Sir!'—the meaning of the singularly expressive Scots word being probably thrown away upon the prelate.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### UNIVERSITY EXTENSION

Ever since Dr. Story became Principal it had been more and more pressingly borne upon him that the time had come when a great effort must be made to secure means for the extension and better equipment of the University. During the time of Principal Caird this idea had been gaining ground, and a beginning had been made with the plans for the new Botanical Laboratory, towards which donations were obtained from various Trust Funds. It was opened in the summer of 1901. Meantime the Trustees of Mr. James B. Thomson had agreed to reconstruct the Anatomical Department ; and the Bellahouston Trustees and the Randolph Bequest had furnished funds for the new Engineering Laboratories. These two valuable additions to the University were also opened in 1901, and completed the first part of the scheme of University extension.

But much still remained to be done. No great school, as Dr. Story said, 'can live on the reputation of its past, Science progresses ; thought expands ; research widens its range ; methods are altered. Those who do not recognise this, and adapt themselves to it, are left in the rear by those who do.' It was not conceivable that the ancient and honourable University of Glasgow could be content to fill a second place. But the time was inopportune for raising the large sum of money required. The South African war was exhausting the energies and the finances of the country, and time must be allowed them

to recover from the strain. In order to pave the way, and rouse interest in the proposed scheme, a series of articles was published in the *Glasgow Herald*, written by different professors, and setting forth plainly the position and wants of the University. They formed an alarming catalogue, and the sum which it was estimated would satisfy everyone amounted to over £130,000. But the University was determined to take the city into its confidence, and, as Dr. Story said in his introductory paper, 'do its generous citizens the justice of crediting them with the belief that if we appeal to them for this help it is in no selfish spirit.'

'In this city,' he said, 'there can never be antagonism between Town and Gown. Their interests are common; their benefits are reciprocal. Long before there was trade at the Broomielaw people were attracted to Glasgow by the 'excellent, good, cheap market' for learning and science, which the University opened in the High Street. When it migrated to Gilmorehill the liberal assistance of the citizens was a kindly acknowledgment of the debt they owed to the philosophy of Adam Smith and the science of James Watt. And yet there has sometimes seemed to be a certain want of cordiality in the relations between the civic and the academic circles, as though each was independent of, and perhaps rather indifferent to, the other; the one too proud of its wealth, the other of its learning. If such a condition of feeling has ever existed, it may be hoped that it has quite passed away. I think I can answer for its non-existence in the University. We have enough to keep us humble in the sense of our own deficiencies; and we do not forget what the wealth of Glasgow has done for us in the past, or feel independent of its help in the future.'

These articles were published in the spring of 1900, and soon bore encouraging fruit in many promised subscriptions to the Extension Fund. For the next year the Principal's time was largely occupied in interviewing people on the subject, and in writing personal letters to all those likely to be both willing and able to further the projects of the University. In season and out of season it was never absent from his thoughts, and the amount

of correspondence it involved was overwhelming. In October, 1901, a large public meeting was held, with the Lord Provost in the chair, to make a general appeal for funds to carry out the proposed scheme. The Principal read a statement of the position and aims of the promoters of the movement, and among others who supported him were the Earl of Elgin, Lord Reay, the Duke of Argyll, and the Right Hon. James A. Campbell, M.P. The most clamant needs were those of the medical and scientific departments, and it was proposed to supply these by the erection of new buildings within the University grounds, containing classrooms, laboratories, and museums for Physiology, Materia Medica, Forensic Medicine and Public Health, and Physical Science. In addition to this, more adequate provision was required for Chemistry, Naval Architecture, and for the Faculties of Arts and Law, as well as for the Library ; while it was most desirable that reinforcements should be made to the Staff, and more Chairs and Lectureships founded.

Subscriptions came in steadily, and by November, 1902, a sum of over £73,000 had been raised, a very generous and gratifying response to the University's appeal. By this time also Mr. Carnegie's benefaction to the Scottish Universities had taken definite shape, and the amount granted to the University of Glasgow, £55,000 for five years, or £11,000 a year, was now available. The money was carefully allocated to the most needful departments, plans were considered, and in the summer of 1903 the work was fairly begun.

Dr. Story took the keenest interest in the progress of the buildings, and watched them rising from day to day and month to month with the natural delight of one who sees a practical and permanent result of much hard work, not in itself either interesting or inspiring. For making appeals for money, either by personal interview or by letter, however necessary and however productive it may be, is always a more or less monotonous and irksome task. But in spite of this, the Principal had found

much pleasure in his work from the cordial response made to his appeal by many whom he thus got to know for the first time, and from the additional insight he gained into the real pride in the University and friendly feeling towards it and towards himself personally existing on the part of his fellow-citizens.

When Mr. Carnegie's gift to the four Scottish Universities was first announced, Dr. Story was strongly opposed to that part of it which arranged for the payment of students' fees. He expressed his views on this point very openly, and was consequently much criticised by those who think that to get something for nothing must always be an undoubted advantage to a poor man. Dr. Story was not at all sure that it was always an advantage. He thought it quite possible that money might bring within the reach of the poor man something which he was not capable of using to the best advantage. He believed that if a man had brains enough to ensure his becoming a good student, he would find the means of making his way to College, as many brilliant and distinguished men in all ranks and professions of life have done before now from very humble homes in Scotland. If fees were to be paid, he said, they should all be paid, and they should be paid by Government, not by a private benefactor. He was afraid Mr. Carnegie took too optimistic a view of the average Scottish student, when he thought only those requiring these benefits would make application. As a matter of fact, many did apply who had no occasion whatever to do so. And thus Dr. Story's contention that their sense of independence was being harmed, received confirmation.

Research Scholarships for students who had already shown that they were capable of higher work, he thought would have been a much greater benefit to the student than the payment of fees ; and the Carnegie Trustees afterwards included this in their scheme. Apart from the payment of fees Dr. Story appreciated highly the generosity of Mr. Carnegie's gift, and gave him all credit for

the genuineness of his interest in the Universities, and his desire to strengthen their position. His only fear was lest the munificence of Mr. Carnegie's benefaction should make other people imagine that the Universities were now amply provided for, and needed nothing further. He therefore took occasion to point out that there were limitations to the Carnegie grant, and that for certain subjects it was not available at all. 'These,' he said, 'are the 'Humanities,' to use the old scholastic phrase—the study of the classical languages and of moral and mental philosophy. These studies have, in the past, contributed more than any others to develop and to train the intellectual and ethical character of many generations of Scotsmen ; and no just advocacy of scientific, technical, and commercial education, seeks to interfere with the loyal support which they owe to scholarship and philosophy. Without these, kept in their proper places, there can be no really 'liberal education.' '

'We would not for the sake of any training in physical science,' he says elsewhere, 'and what may be called 'commercial education,' surrender the least part of that high mental discipline and culture, which the great humanists, who stamped their character on our Universities, thought essential to the best development of the intellectual faculties.'

Another point on which Dr. Story was always anxious to insist was that the Staff should be maintained at a high level of efficiency, and that additions should be made to it. It was useless to encourage larger numbers of students to come to the University, unless there were adequate means of teaching them ; and it was impossible to get or to keep the best men on the Staff unless the salaries could be improved. It was a vexation to him when often the best of the younger men went away to other Colleges, or to the Colonies, because their Alma Mater could not or would not afford to offer them better remuneration.

The feeling that the University was not always very

kind to her graduates had begun to oppress the minds of several of the professors; and in 1902 a committee was formed, with Professor Raleigh as convener, which had for its object not only to interest the graduates of the University in the scheme for its extension and better equipment, but to bring them all into closer touch with the University and with each other.

'It is not their money, but their sympathy and friendship, that we seek,' Professor Raleigh said; 'if we get that the money will give us little trouble. You may have heard of the shipwrecked sailors, adrift upon a raft, who desired, in their extreme peril, to hold some sort of religious service. The usual forms of prayer and praise were unfamiliar to them, and they were at a loss, until one of them suggested that at least they could make a collection. It is as a religious exercise, rather than for what it will yield, that I suggest a collection among our graduates. It will be worth, to us and to them, far more than we can collect, if it brings our five thousand friends into touch with us, and strengthens us by union.'

Two things with which the mind of the University was at that time much occupied were the application of Mr. Carnegie's money, and the demand for increased technical and commercial education. The Principal was keenly alive to the necessity of adapting the teaching of the University to modern requirements, but he was equally anxious that nothing should be done which would lower the standard of a true University education. He feared lest it should tend to degenerate into mere cramming for a pass, instead of promoting a high standard of general culture. Part of his address at the graduation that year was directed to this subject.

'There are two things which the University can bestow, which are separate, but yet can be received and held together. The one is, in the comprehensive sense, culture; for the good of the student's mental and moral development and character as a whole; the other is knowledge as applied to the special life-work he has chosen. He benefits most by his University training who receives and lays firm hold on both; but in a University it should always be a recognised principle, that the broad basis of culture should

underlie all specialism and mastery of applied science. The University is more and greater than a technical school. There is a tendency in some minds to regard a scientific or a commercial education as in some sort a rival to the 'Humanities'—to an education in letters, classics and philosophy. But there should be no real antagonism between the two, if it is remembered that a man is more than a specialist, be his speciality what you will—medicine, law, or commerce, engineering or electricity, or any mechanical or material art. You may recollect how Councillor Pleydell, showing Colonel Mannering his library, full of the best editions of the best authors, said, 'These are my tools of trade. A lawyer without history or literature is a mechanic—a mere working mason; if he possesses some knowledge of these, he may venture to call himself an architect.' Whatever one may think of Mr. John Morley as a politician, there can be no question of his capacity as a man of letters, and of the soundness of his warning in a speech delivered before the opening of the youngest of our Scottish colleges a few months ago: 'The standard of culture set in its widest sense by the Scottish Universities, is a thing any lowering of which, and dimming of which, would be a disaster not only to Scotland, but to all those great outlying countries to which Scotsmen have gone, and to which Scotsmen have carried their own high traditions.'

A certain amount of rivalry may be recognised between the use of the classical languages, Latin and Greek, and the modern, say French and German, as elements in an education which is to prepare for a commercial career; and, looking at the question from its utilitarian side it may be conceded that Greek, at least, might with advantage give way to German or French. The practical modern mind which judges most things, educational or any other, by their immediate usefulness, will not admit an argument in favour of Greek. And for those who feel they do not need it, and for whom some of the ordinary elements of University education would appear to have no immediate relation to their intended career in life, but yet who desire to be members of a University and to obtain the highest teaching proper to their special wants, there can be no reasonable objection to the institution of a commercial faculty—if you choose to call it such—entitled to bestow a degree or diploma attesting instruction and proficiency in such subjects as commercial history, commercial law, political economy, banking and currency, geography and climatology, and modern languages. But while we surrender Greek to the budding merchant, we cannot but look with apprehension on the proposal which has been laid before the Scottish Senates by certain educationists, to drop

that language out of the honours course in philosophy. To exempt candidates for a degree with honours in philosophy from examination in Greek—the native tongue of all the great masters of philosophy, on whose thoughts philosophy has pastured its flocks from generation to generation—seems an ingratitude and disloyalty to them all, Cynic and Stoic, Epicurean and Platonist alike, to the whole splendid roll of 'the great masters of those who know' (to use Dante's phrase), from Thales, who led the van of the proud procession, to Proclus, who marked its sombre close. Surely the students of philosophy should understand the philosopher's language. If they renounce it, how can they stand at the bar of the world-wide guild of learning and letters and hope to be forgiven?

'We shall be told perhaps that Latin is no more indispensable to the education of a manufacturer, or a merchant, or a man of business than Greek. It may not be indispensable, but it is of the highest utility in any scheme of what can be called a 'liberal education.' Its acquirement lies at the foundation of the mastery of any European language you may choose to learn, and implies the surmounting of difficulties that are common to them all. The discipline of learning its grammar, with its etymology and syntax, to look no further, is a training for the mind of youth for which in its thoroughness no substitute has yet been devised. Nothing is harder to learn than a dead language; and in proportion to the hardness is the wealth of the reward in the intellectual value of the power of concentrating attention, of the habit of mental industry, of the gradual apprehension of principles, and the practice of looking for them under all phenomena, which the study of the language implies. To say nothing of the golden stores of the literature of which the Latin tongue holds the key, and ignorance of which leaves a man poor indeed; but looking at it simply as an instrument of education, it ought to have an early and prominent place in the curriculum of every student, whether his future is to be devoted to one of the learned professions, or to science, or commerce, or political life, or any branch of the public service, or whether he is simply to occupy the position of a well-educated member of society.'

*To Lady F. Balfour.*

'28th January, 1902.

'. . . I feel that I am getting very aged—67 to-day—but my feelings, in spite of it, as a whole are young. We had a great Reception last night—of about 250, I

should say—in the Randolph Hall, which went 'merry as a marriage bell,' though I was not plunged in grief when eleven o'clock pealed from the College bell.

'Don't read the *House with the Green Shutters*. It is a libel on Scotland—a representation no doubt powerful, but loathsome, of all that is mean, degraded, and disgusting in the worst types of Scotch lowest-order character, crammed into the history of one village—for the original of which he must have groped in the dirt of at least a score of villages in the lowest parts of Scotland.'

*To the same.*

'15th April, 1902.

'Your address of Albury brought back to me memories—now far away—of my father's experiences there, of which he used sometimes to speak—with a keen and affectionate, but regretful, sense of his friend Irving's prophetical visions and vagaries. I suppose to this day 'their faith fails not' at that cradle, or nursery, of devout delusion.

'It has been a sad time of deaths. I lost my cousin Mrs. Bell and her daughter, both of whom I had a great regard for—then my Aunt Kate Dunlop, an idol of my boyhood, . . . and till she died, this winter, I knew no faster friend. Ah me, ah me, the woods decay and fall, and we walk over the withered leaves.

'Will you take me in if I come to London? I think of going on 5th May to Alan Cadell's, whose guest I am at the Edinburgh University Club of London on the 7th. On the 8th I shall go to Carnarvon, where, on the 9th, I am asked to the function of the Installation of the Prince of Wales as Chancellor of the University of Wales.'

*To his Daughter.*

'Treborth, 9th June, 1902.

'I have got home from a long day at Carnarvon and Bangor. We all started at 10, special saloon to Carnarvon—reached in safety, though morning threatening

rain, which really never came to anything. Walked the short distance from the station to the Pavilion, a big public hall where the function took place. Very full. Got a very good place close to the platform where were the Prince and Princess and Senate, etc. Sat between Sir John Williams and Hopkinson, Principal of Owens College. The proceedings were all well gone through—and the students a great contrast to the Glasgow rowdies.

'After the graduation we went back by train to Bangor to the luncheon, in a vast marquee, which was very comfortable—the speeches good and not too long. Saw and spoke to Balfour of Burleigh, Lord Aberdeen, Jebb, and others, and then went to the old Palace, where was tea, etc. Found Sir Arthur Bigge there in attendance on the Prince, very friendly, and presently, in quite a casual way, the Prince and Princess came down and got into their carriage, he, to my great surprise, as I was standing among others near the door, stopping and shaking hands with me with much *empressement*, but without a word. I don't see how he could remember me or identify me—but so it was. From Bangor we drove home and got here before six. My gown and hood were second to none in a large and variegated collection.'

This was the purple silk gown, after the pattern of Bologna, and the hood of the St. Andrews LL.D.

In the General Assembly that year a motion was brought forward that the organ, lately placed in the hall, should supersede the precentor in leading the singing at the daily opening of the Assembly. The organ was there, and it seemed natural to make use of it; no one doubted that the motion would be carried.

The following account of the scene, and of Dr. Story's part in it, is taken from an article written by the Rev. Norman Maclean after the Principal's death:

'. . . A spirit of depression fell on the House. We all felt that the thing was inevitable, and that not even the centuries could save the form of our praise . . . The motion was duly seconded, and the lethargic House had bowed to the inevitable,

when suddenly an electric thrill passed through the Assembly. It was as if a keen and bracing wind had swept instantly through the edifice. Every member sat up and listened, for Dr. Story was on his feet, and with gleaming eyes he had fallen on the mover of the motion, and was tearing the speech into tatters . . . Never was there a speech more thrilling, or that produced so instant and so decisive a result. He appealed to the House to leave the worship of that historic Assembly as the fathers had handed it down. In a changing world let there be at least that left unchanged. Let them not snap that chain stretching back into the dim centuries. And then, in a voice quivering with restrained emotion, he conjured up the vision of the great men who had sat round the table—Tulloch, Norman Macleod, Robertson, Phin, and many more—until the Assembly could almost see in shadowy chairs the shadowy dead. 'Leave us,' he cried, 'the worship of the Assembly unchanged, uniting us with these, the great, the holy, and the honoured dead.'

'A great stillness fell on the House, through which the quivering voice went flying and throbbing. The tension became too great, and the Assembly needed relief. And the relief came. With a sudden change of voice, in which in a flash the glowing ardour became an icy chill, Dr. Story took up the statement that there was no objection to the motion but sentiment. The mover of the motion seemed not to realise the power of sentiment. Let him take his organ and go up to the north, and there, before a congregation of the men of the hills, seek to give on the Sunday a demonstration of the beauty of his organ—and he would soon be taught, in a manner which would astonish him, the force and power of sentiment . . . The House that a little ago was nigh to tears now rang with uncontrollable mirth. And thus the motion that the ancient form should be changed was extinguished in laughter. The effect of that speech was so great that after it one could scarcely realise that a little before the House had practically acquiesced in the change. There could be no greater testimony to the power of an orator. It is safe to say that in the generation of those who listened to that speech there will be no sound of organ at the meetings of the General Assembly.

'To those who did not know Dr. Story, that incident revealed the true man. The icy indifference, the cold reserve, the stately dignity with which he masked himself, all fell away, and the man in the reality of his nature stood revealed—the man of tender heart, of quick emotion, of unswerving loyalty to the past. In the moving and the swaying of the Assembly at his will one

realised the power of the man—the personal magnetism, the depth of passion, the force of character which made him a master of Assemblies and a power among men. 'No man can be great unless he be tender; nor can he take his place among the strong unless he be also as a little child.' And on that morning, listening to the voice that is still, one learned how it was that this man was great.'

The Principal had been invited to attend the service to be held in Westminster Abbey on the occasion of the Coronation of the King. He arrived in London to be met with the startling news of the King's illness, which led to the postponement of the great ceremony, the prospect of which had filled London from end to end with people of all tongues and tribes. The sensation created was painful in its intensity, and he was not sorry, after a few days, to get away from London. Before he left he took part in Lord Strathcona's Canadian dinner in honour of Dominion Day, which pleasantly revived memories of his old connection with Canada.

Next month he went abroad with his family for a few weeks, having agreed to take the Scottish Church services in Homburg during the month of August. The journey was made in brilliant weather by Luxemburg, Trêves, and the Mosel; Trêves in particular, with its marvellous Roman remains, being full of interest to him. He writes from there to a friend whose only daughter was about to be married.

'TRÊVES, 29th July, 1902.

'According to my recollection of your dates this was to be the day of C.'s marriage, and I think it is—if so—one on which your friends ought to condole with you. The day of a daughter's—especially an only daughter's—marriage is an undeniably sad one for the parents whom she leaves alone to feel all that she has been to them in days that return no more. So with all best wishes for the bride and bridegroom, I send a sigh for the father and mother. I hope it has all gone off well, and that a sun as bright has shone on Edinburgh as is now shining on Trêves—the most wonderful spot I

have visited for many a day—a place where they tell you they are pulling down an old wall, but it is no matter—'It is not Roman ; it is only Middle Age.''

The weather at Homburg was disappointingly cold, but it amused him to go down to the well in the morning and sample the waters, while watching the motley crowd that gathered there. Now and then a friend appeared among the rest, but the belated coronation kept most of the British guests away till late in the month.

Faithful to his early love, he for the last time visited Heidelberg for a day, going round the old places, and sitting once more on the Terrace, gazing out over the plain to the Vosges, lying, like the Delectable Mountains, on the distant horizon, and conjuring up 'far memories of other years, that never will come again.'

Scotland was considerably stirred in the spring of 1903 by the announcement that the King and Queen intended to visit Edinburgh early in May, and hold a Court at Holyrood. Steps were at once taken to secure that Glasgow should be included in the Royal visit, and some friendly negotiation took place between the heads of the city and the University as to arranging details.

The Levée and Court were held at Holyrood on the 12th of May. A deputation from the Church of Scotland, Dr. Story being one, was the first to present an address to the King, who then conferred the honour of knighthood on the Agent for the Church, Sir William Menzies, much to the satisfaction of his many friends. Two days later the King and Queen came to Glasgow, and after their municipal duties were over they paid a visit to the University. They did not leave their carriage, but stopped at the doorway under the Tower to hear an address read by the Principal. The King replied, the Deans of the Faculties were presented, and after the Queen had accepted a bouquet from the representative of the students, the interesting ceremony was over, and the Royal visitors drove away amid the cheers of the students who lined the roadway.

The address recalled the fact that the King, when Prince of Wales, had laid the foundation-stone of the University buildings in 1868; but except on the two occasions when Queen Victoria visited the city, no sovereign of Great Britain had seen the University since James VI. visited it on his return to his ancient kingdom after succeeding to the throne of England. During these three hundred years both the University and the city had considerably progressed and enlarged their outlook.

*To Lady F. Balfour.*

'15th May.

'The Glasgow functions would have been, but for the weather, as successful as anything could be. The weather was at times pretty bad, but there was no rain while the King and Queen were at the University, and I escaped the cold I had half expected from rain on my bare head. They were very pleasant and cordial. I had no conversation with the Queen, but she looked very pretty and pleased when at our door, and in the luncheon in the City Chambers previously the King sent for me, and shook hands with an air of ancient friendship which surprised me, and talked very affably.

'The scene of the presentation of our address—with the great and *orderly* crowd of students and graduates, and the variety of robes and colours—was highly picturesque.'

Early in the year Dr. Story had had an attack of illness, partly brought on by a chill caught while attending a funeral. His doctors advised him in summer to have a course of baths at Buxton, and part of June and July were accordingly spent there. He liked the place, perhaps because he felt it did him good, and he enjoyed the leisurely life after the perpetual hurry and interruptions of Glasgow.

## LOSSIEMOUTH

*To Lady F. Balfour.*

'Buxton, 10th July.

'If you were here to-day, even you would have to give in about the Buxton weather. It is 'blue unclouded weather,' and the heat so great that I have steadily refused to take any 'exercise.' It requires exertion, and that I cannot face in such a day. Mrs. S. is off with the pony trap for Fairfield, which, since ever she heard of the old curiosity shop, she has been bent on seeing. Yesterday was just as fine, and we went to Matlock, and had a row on the river—the Derwent—altogether delightful. I am going out to-night to dine with Simon Laurie at the Hydro. I never dined at a Hydro. before in my life.'

The rest of the vacation was spent at Lossiemouth, on the Moray Firth. He was feeling quite well by that time, and played golf almost daily, with Mr. Herkless and Sir William Menzies, who were both spending part of the summer there. He was also interested in meeting Principal Fairbairn of Mansfield College.

*To Lady F. Balfour.*

'Lossiemouth, 14th August, 1903.

'We have been here now nearly two weeks, and enjoy it much. The Links are very good, and I have been playing regularly. Fairbairn of Mansfield College is here too, and plays a very steady game on the Links. I am going to hear him on Sunday in the U.F. tabernacle!'

*To the same.*

'26th August.

'I can fancy how great a blank in the world Lord Salisbury leaves to his own immediate circle and to you as one of them. In public life he leaves no successor, and the general sense of loss is striking—on all sides. The last time I saw him, I think, was when you took me to luncheon at Arlington Street, and you told me he

thought me very silent ; but with such a great man one does not feel inclined to chatter, or to introduce subjects which may simply bore him . . .

'I am going to play a foursome with Fairbairn if possible this afternoon . . . He came to hear me preach on Sunday in a most amicable spirit.'

While at Lossiemouth the news came of the very sudden death of Dr. Hastie. It was a great shock, as that very day the Principal had had a letter from him on a matter connected with the new buildings, in which there was no hint of illness.

*To Rev. D. Macmillan, D.D.*

'Lossiemouth, 4th September, 1903.

'. . . Hastie's death is a serious loss to the University—more so, I should say, at this time than at any other.'

*To the same.*

'18th September, 1903.

'I highly approve of the proposal for a memorial to Dr. Hastie in the University, and shall be glad to join in carrying it out. Probably what would be most consonant with his own ideas would be something connected with the Divinity Hall, but this would need to be carefully considered.'

*To Lady F. Balfour.*

'Lossiemouth, 29th September.

'To-morrow we are going away, back to the business and grime of Glasgow, and a more than usual amount of things to look after—including poor Hastie's vacant Chair. He is universally lamented, and to find a fit successor is a very difficult business. Now that he is gone, people begin to realise how great a man he was.

'After a good deal of broken weather here we have had for three weeks an Indian summer, as regards earth, sea and sky quite perfect—and leave with regret, but needs

must. The girls go to Newton Dee, Mrs S. and I to Glasgow, and then Ayrshire, but I am coming up to hear Joseph [Chamberlain], and, in fact, to dine with him at the Club before his meeting.

'We had a very nice visit at Skibo . . . but an awful passage home, across the Firth, in Carnegie's yacht.'

This rash adventure is chronicled in the diary in an entry short but eloquent by reason of its omissions.

'14th September: Off at 10. *Yacht.* To Lossiemouth by 3. Day fine, but——!'

Not long after the session opened occurred the death of the honoured Chancellor of the University, Lord Stair. His funeral at Loch Inch was officially attended by the Principal and a deputation from the Senate.

'Last Monday,' the Principal writes, 'I and the Mace and a deputation of the Senate travelled down to Loch Inch to attend our good old Chancellor's funeral. It took us from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. exactly—a long day's work, but it was a lovely day, and an interesting occasion.'

One result of the South African war was the stirring up of enthusiasm among the Volunteers, and the University began to bestir itself also in that direction. Many years before there had existed a corps of University Volunteers, the captains of the two first companies being Professor MacQuorn Rankine and Lord Kelvin, then Professor William Thomson; and in 1859, under the command of MacQuorn Rankine, it had formed part of the Queen's Guard of Honour at Loch Katrine. It was now proposed to revive this corps, in connection with the Lanarkshire Volunteers, and Principal Story was greatly interested in the success of the scheme. It was started early in the winter of 1903, and an efficient company was soon formed, which owed much, as the Principal was not slow to acknowledge, to the zeal and enthusiasm of Mr. J. L. Morison, its first captain. Dr Story felt that this Volunteer company afforded a valuable opportunity for acquiring the best habits of bodily exercise and mental discipline, and 'fostering the growth of the loyal patriotism

which helps us to realise the greatness of the heritage our fathers have bequeathed to us, and makes us proud to be its guardians, and if need be its defenders. Peace is everywhere admirable and desirable among all nations of civilised men, but only peace with honour.'

One of the officers wrote after the Principal's death:

'He gave me a new feeling about patriotism, and made me feel volunteering part of a greater system of national honour. It was the pleasantest thing in College, these last few years, to know of Dr. Story's kindness and his interest in us. It was he who made our existence a fact, and I shall feel it a duty imposed on me by his memory to keep our company a living thing in College.'

The University Volunteer Medical Corps also received his ready support, and beyond these special University Volunteers he was attached as Honorary Chaplain to the Clyde Naval Reserve. The 'handy man' always made a special appeal to his sympathies, perhaps because there were so many seafaring men connected with Rosneath, especially in his early days.

Another project which he had very much at heart began to take definite shape this winter, the institution of the Celtic Lectureship. Dr. Kelly M'Callum had left a sum of money for this object, but not sufficient to establish it on a permanent basis, which would secure the appointment of a lecturer with a real knowledge of his subject. It was desirable to stimulate public interest, and endeavour to have the Lectureship put on a better footing. This end the University was most fortunate in attaining by the kind co-operation of Dr. Kuno Meyer, who being not only an authority on Celtic research but an enthusiast for the whole subject, consented to come and deliver a course of lectures in the University in the spring of 1904 and of 1905. The lectures were so delightful and so effective in rousing the sympathy and interest of the Celt and the friends of the Celt, that Dr. Story's appeal for funds was cordially responded to, and he soon had the satisfaction of seeing the Lectureship fairly established, and an appointment made.

'We are having a perfect spate of lectures just now,' the Principal writes in February, 1904, 'Kuno Meyer on Celtic religion, etc.; MacDonald on Greek coins (very interesting); Smart really brilliant on Protection and Free Trade; and Boutroux,[1] in French, on Nature and Spirit. One can't go to them all,—but it is pleasant to witness so much intellectual activity.

'I have finished Morley's *Gladstone*—and feel a greater respect for the old man than I used to have, which is a good result of a good biography. His powers of reading, working, speaking, dodging, were almost superhuman—in some ways a prodigy . . .

'We have had a great shock here in the death of my friend Watt, minister of Anderston. He was a very able man and fine scholar, and I had a great regard for him. He was rather Bohemian in some ways, and should have been a journalist rather than a parish priest, but he was a very clever, bright, likeable man.'

*To Lady F. Balfour.*

'18th February, 1904.

'I am, I think, getting rather lazy about writing letters—but to-night they are all out assisting at a performance of a French play by Martin's pupils, and I having a cold have remained at home. The wind blusters and the rain falls without, and the promise of a fine day to-morrow has faded away—as has the vision of golf at Prestwick with Raleigh and two others which I had been cherishing. We never know one day what the weather of the next is to be. Yesterday was lovely—and the Randolph Hall function came off triumphantly, a great crowd and a ceaseless babble and Babel.

'Kuno Meyer, whom you saw and heard, has been with us this last week from Saturday till Tuesday. He is very good company, and I think one result of his lectures will be the creation of a *permanent* Celtic Lectureship—which will remove a reproach. Boutroux is very fine as

[1] Professor Emile Boutroux was then Gifford Lecturer.

a lecturer, and speaks most perspicuous and graceful French, but for all that, it is a little hard to follow his argument, though you may understand his language.

'I hope A. J. B. is to be back in the House next week. They are not making much of it without him, and 'the Public' is veering more and more away from the party which is not holding the reins tight . . .

'I am writing on John Knox for *Life and Work*, and am nearly done with it—not to my satisfaction. It is so hopeless to compress what one would like to say into the size of a *Life and Work* paper. I read yours on John Cumming[1] with much interest. It is sad to think how utterly he is forgotten. So will it be with all of us one day.'

The 'Randolph Hall function' here referred to was one of a series of At Homes instituted by the Principal and Mrs. Story, with a view to keeping in friendly touch as far as was possible with the whole Staff of the University. They were now so numerous that to deal with them all in small numbers would have been well-nigh impossible. It was also not so easy for the Principal to have any social intercourse with the students as when he had only the smaller numbers of the Church History class to overtake. Therefore the idea was conceived of having one or two evening parties each winter in the

ERRATA.

Page 63, line 6. For 'law of usage' read 'law and usage.'
Page 360, footnote. Delete 'first.'

[illegible] as a sure sign of the success of her entertainment.

[1] Dr. John Cumming, first minister of the Scots Church at Crown Court, London.

Probably much of their success was due to the fact that not one of her guests enjoyed them half as much as she did, and her own pleasure she unconsciously communicated to her friends.

In the course of the spring Dr. Story paid a visit to Newcastle, to be the guest at the annual dinner of the North of England Glasgow University Club, staying with Dr., now Sir Thomas Oliver. He was surprised to find how many Glasgow University men were settled in those parts, and delighted with the enthusiasm of his entertainers, and their loyalty to their Alma Mater.

One development from the work of Professor Raleigh's committee was that in the two previous years a conversazione had been held at the time of the spring graduation. Many former graduates were invited, and came from distant parts of the kingdom, so that the efforts of those (notably of Professor Medley) who had planned this re-union of graduates were crowned with a gratifying measure of success.

In 1904 it was determined to institute a more imposing ceremony, the holding of a Commemoration Day in remembrance of the founders and benefactors of the University, the function to take place the day after the graduation in April. It was the first time such an event had taken place in a Scottish University, and much interest was taken in its success. The proceedings began with a religious service, after which Professor (now Sir William) Ramsay delivered an oration commemorating the life and work of Joseph Black, the eminent chemist, who was Lecturer on Chemistry in the University in 1756, as well as Professor of Anatomy and then of Medicine, having effected an exchange with an accommodating colleague. The conferring of Honorary Degrees followed the oration, among the distinguished graduands being the United States Ambassador, Mr. Choate, and the Director-General of the Army Medical Service, Sir William Taylor. The festivities were brought to a close by a banquet in the Bute Hall.

In the afternoon another commemoration took place, in the unveiling of a medallion in memory of Dr. Young, the late Professor of Natural History. Dr. Story and Dr. Young were old friends as well as colleagues. They had been at College together, and entered Professor Pillans' class at the same time. Dr. Story recalled how Professor Pillans was in the habit of naming the front bench in his class-room the infirmary, because to it he occasionally consigned those students whose attendance and attention were not quite up to the mark which he expected.

'My first acquaintance with Dr. Young,' the Principal said, 'was as an occasional tenant of the infirmary. I remember his vivacious expression, his irrepressible humour, and his great ability, which even then manifested itself, and which, throughout his career, only wanted a little more sympathy and concentration to have put him in the very forefront of his profession. He was a faithful friend, an earnest worker, a man whom it was impossible not to love, a genius of a brilliant description, with wit occasionally biting, a man of extraordinary versatility and width of knowledge, and devoted to his work, whatever it was, and to his duty whatever it might lay upon him.'

*To Lady F. Balfour.*

'20th April, 1904.

'I am sending you a *St. Andrew* of this date to let you see about our doings at the beginning of this week. The 'Commemoration' has proved a great success, and has gone off without a hitch. Choate was in great force, and made really an excellent after-dinner speech, and Sir W. Ramsay's 'oration' was as good as it could be. We had all the graduands to dinner on Monday, and a host of them and others at lunch on Tuesday. Luckily the weather was beautiful, so all the coming and going was accomplished with ease and without discomfort. The young Duke [of Marlborough] spoke very fairly, and produced a good impression, though his references to Primrose Day were perilously near the political fence.'

Before the meeting of the General Assembly he enjoyed a few days with the Bishop of Peterborough and his old friend, Lady Mary Carr Glyn. The party was reinforced by Lady Frances Balfour, Dr. Fleming, of St. Columba's Church in London, and Mr. Edward Clifford, of the Church Army, whom he was interested in meeting.

In the General Assembly Dr. Story's most important speech was in moving that the approaching quater-centenary of the birth of John Knox should be suitably celebrated by the Church. It was his last great speech in the Assembly, and although his health had already begun somewhat to fail, it was full of his old force and eloquence. It had often been said that in appearance he bore a resemblance to the portraits of the great Reformer, and it was difficult not to feel, as he depicted Knox's character, that he was to some extent illustrating his own—the fearless champion of the Church's liberties, the uncompromising, even intolerant, denouncer of her adversaries, loyally and steadfastly adhering to the true principles of Presbyterianism, while at the same time taking broad views of ecclesiastical government and religion.

He described Knox's qualifications for the great work of reformation: his bitter experience of life, his knowledge of his native country, his steadfast hold of the reformed doctrine, his courage.

'He had no fear. He was not swayed by fear or favour in the straight path of life which lay before him. On one occasion he was before the Privy Council on a charge of treason. 'You forget yourself,' the President said; 'you are not now in the pulpit.' John Knox answered in words which deserve to be remembered; they are as bold and noble as Luther's words before the Imperial diet: 'I am in the place where I am demanded of conscience to speak the truth, and therefore the truth I speak, impugn it who so list' . . .

'Not only did Knox implant conscience in the minds of the people of Scotland, but a sense of their liberty as people responsible to God. Under his influence there grew up in Scotland, so disordered, so corrupt, so impure as it had been, the ideas of a pure religion and social order, and of a general education among the

people; and with those ideas of reform Scotland, from being a divided ineffective nation, became a strong, fervent people . . .

'He was a man with broad views of statesmanship and of religion and ecclesiastical government. Compare the Confession he drew up with that which was drawn up afterwards and foisted under Puritan influence on Scotland by the Westminster Divines, and you will see the difference in breadth, in charity, in intelligent exposition, of the relations between Knox and them.

'It is said he was disloyal. Disloyal to a beautiful woman or to the high ideal of the Christian state? . . .

'We can see plainly enough he was not insensible of Mary's witchery, her power, her wit, her keen intelligence, which sometimes turned the edge of his arguments, and it was not an easy thing to harden his heart and stiffen his neck against such a royal opponent as that. He knew her power, he felt her influence, but he had a stronger power, a more living influence, in the national welfare of the Church of God to support him in his position . . .

'He knew, as any honest and able man, what his own worth and value was. He said himself, very near the end:

''What I have been to my country, although this unthankful age will not know, yet the ages to come will be compelled to bear witness to the truth.' The coming sunset of life gave a mystical power to the prophecy, and he left us this as a solemn and great bequest, to be faithful to his principles, to remember his example, and persevere in the work which he began, but was not spared to finish. And although four hundred years have come and gone since he was here, since he was Moderator of the General Assembly of this Church, let us prove ourselves worthy of the trust which he left behind. I do not know that we are conspicuously so. This age has fallen away from such strong confidence in the divine government as his, from such devotion to the pure evangel as animated him. Here and there superstitions which he levelled to the dust begin to raise their ominous and evil heads. Doctrines, for the denial of which he had seen those who were dear to him confined in the dungeon and perish at the stake, begin again to steal in sight. Let us not forget our great Reformer's work and spirit, as a Christian hero, as a sturdy patriot, as an incorruptible preacher of the Gospel of God's eternal righteousness, as a dauntless champion of the sacred rights and liberties of conscience and of life. Let us do what we can to show our abiding honour to his memory; let us adopt some wise and liberal and universal, as far as this Church is concerned, measures, to show our honour and respect, our reverence, I would say our affection, for the memory of John Knox.'

Part of the summer was again spent at Loch Awe, Dr. Story taking the services there for a month. Thence he made a short pilgrimage to Iona to inspect the progress of the restoration. Another month was spent at Buxton, and a few days of 'after cure' at Ashbourne, from which he visited Dovedale, and had tea at the Izaak Walton Hotel, which interested him from its associations.

'I want to see Ashbourne,' he writes, 'the bourne of 'the Derby Dilly carrying six insides' renowned in song. Then we go north to Glasgow, norther to Skibo, then to sit to George Reid at Aberdeen, and ultimately to Rosneath, for I hope a little repose of mind and body.'

He writes to his daughter, then staying near Aberdeen:

'If you hear of a really nice Aberdeen terrier, a year old or so, keep your eye upon him. A remarkably affable and well-bred little man made up to me and evinced the most marked sympathy the other evening as I sat by the door smoking. I have not met him to speak to since, but a dog like him would be a treasure. The Buxton dog seems to take to me. Last night in the same circumstances, a very large and handsome collie paid me great attention. The poor old dog of the house withdrew with a pathetic expression when the other came up, and did not re-appear.'

In another letter he refers with amusing violence to his one antipathy (besides snakes) in the animal world, a monkey. Snakes did not often come in his way, but some friends of his had lately adopted a monkey, and monkeys seemed to cause him the same absolute physical discomfort and disgust that some people feel in the presence of a cat.

'The brute,' he writes, 'tried to get hold of the back of my leg, which, I was told, showed it had taken a fancy to me. But I think I let the state of my feelings towards it—whatever its towards me might be—appear so clearly and so dangerously, that the monster has not been allowed to come my way again. The black 'Tyke,' on the other hand [an Aberdeen terrier of a peculiar disposition], which

used to snarl and curse, can't make enough of me, and wants to lick my hand with an affectionate persistence which I could excuse, but is at the same time gratifying.

'I hope you and Alice are comfortable and happy.[1] Be sure you are very careful. Don't go on the Lake, which goes into sudden convulsions. Your mother and I were nearly drowned there the only time we visited Killarney.'

A movement had been set on foot in the spring to obtain a portrait of Dr. Story for the Church, and his colleagues joined in the scheme with a view to obtaining one for the University. The result was that two portraits were painted by Sir George Reid, the second one being quite a distinct portrait, not a replica. Both were fine pictures, the one painted for the Church being perhaps one of the most striking portraits which the artist has done. At intervals during the winter he went to Edinburgh to continue the sittings begun in Aberdeen, and really enjoyed them, the time passing rapidly and pleasantly in Sir George's company.

Writing about the departure to Oxford this year of Professor Raleigh, he says:

'Raleigh is the greatest loss we could have had, and he seems to regret it about as much as I do. But to be chosen as first professor of the new Chair of English Literature in Oxford is a high compliment, and to have the Bodleian at his elbow a strong temptation to a 'man of letters'. . . I am glad the appointment is a Crown business, and one is freed from the unpleasantness of having to disappoint all but one.'

The moment he returned to Glasgow he was plunged into preparations for two forthcoming events, the Installation of Mr. George Wyndham as Lord Rector, and the Installation of Lord Kelvin as Chancellor, in succession to Lord Stair. It was a great pleasure to everyone when Lord Kelvin agreed to be nominated for the office, and thus perpetuate his long connection with the University.

[1] At Killarney.

In writing to the Principal after his election, re-appointing him as Vice-Chancellor, he says: 'It will be a great happiness to me for the rest of my life to be Chancellor of my beloved University of Glasgow.'

The ceremony was fixed for the 29th of November, and in order to mark the occasion, honorary degrees were conferred on various distinguished scientists and others. Her Royal Highness Princess Louise had consented to accept the LL.D. degree, and the most interesting among the other graduands were Marconi and Sir John Dalrymple Hay, the one so young and almost boyish in appearance, the other, with his handsome face and crown of years, so fine a type of dignified and beautiful old age.

The evening before the Installation the Principal had a large dinner party in honour of the Chancellor, to which the Princess Louise and the Duke of Argyll came. It had been a day of such an unusually dense fog that there had been much nervous speculation all day as to whether the various guests, and even the Chancellor and Lady Kelvin, would be able to reach Glasgow. The train service was quite disorganised, and although finally all who were expected did appear, some of them had only with great difficulty achieved arriving in time. The next night the Principal and Mrs. Story had an evening party in their own house, at which most of the graduands were present. It was interesting and touching to see Lord Kelvin, Lord Ailsa, and Marconi standing talking together, the great scientist listening deferentially to the younger man, as if *he* was the learner, which, indeed, to the very end he was always ready to be.

That same day the new Chemical Laboratories were open for the first time, and so another step was marked in the progress of University extension.

The Christmas vacation brought the always welcome relief of a week or two of golf at St. Andrews. He writes from there on Christmas Day:

'We came here very comfortably and punctually on Friday, and the change from Glasgow is delightful. The

weather is like that of another country altogether. I had a round of the Links yesterday, in splendid order, turf dry and elastic, sun bright, air clear and *clean*,—no mephitic fumes or chemical mixtures nearer than Dundee.'

He greatly enjoyed this holiday, and although it was not his last visit to St. Andrews, it was the last time he was able to play golf there. He had the pleasure of a few days' visit from his old friend, F. G. Tulloch, and together they played in some good foursomes.

STUDY AT 13 THE COLLEGE

# CHAPTER XIX

## LAST YEARS

EARLY in 1905 Dr. Story was laid up for two or three weeks, and during most of the spring he was obliged to be very careful of chills. When unable to go out, he held his committee meetings in the house; and he gave a good deal of time to writing an article on John Knox, and preparing a form of service to be used at his commemoration in St. Giles'.

In March he once more preached the annual sermon for the Society of Sons of the Clergy.

'Many a year is in its grave since I was in this pulpit,' he said, 'preaching the Anniversary Sermon at the request of my venerable friend Principal Barclay. He is gone, and with him how many! Adam Paterson, our Secretary (who expressed his sense of the dignity of his office by always appearing at our dinners in full Court dress)—how many whose various walks in life bear evidence of the manifold services to the country and the Church, which men bred in our Scottish manses have rendered, who since that day have left places vacant it were hard to fill—John Macleod Campbell, who sent his four sons into the society, although the Church had cast their father out; John Tulloch, Norman Macleod; in the great profession of the law, Lord President Inglis, Lord Watson, and Lord Lee; among strenuous ecclesiastics, Dr. Pirie and Dr. Phin; in art, Herdman; in war, General Lockhart; and among those who were to some of us very well-known and familiar friends, Leishman and John Macleod, Burns and 'A. K. H. B.' 'All, all are gone, the old familiar faces' of men that we knew and were proud of thirty years ago; but the Society abides, in ever re-invigorated thought and activity. The places these have left empty are taken by others to whom the

honour of the Society is dear, to whom the quiet manse, which was their father's home, is theirs no more, but is consecrated for ever in their memories of happy childhood and hopeful youth, and who feel that their place in this Society pledges them to be true to all that was best and highest in the influences of the manse.'

As his cough still hung about him, and as his wife had also been ill, it was arranged to spend a few weeks in the more genial climate of the south of England. They started immediately after the graduation for Cornwall, and from there he returned in better health and spirits to the General Assembly. His portrait was finished by this time, and the day before the Assembly met it was formally handed over to the keeping of the Church by Lord Balfour of Burleigh in a most sympathetic speech.

The Quater-Centenary of John Knox was celebrated during the sitting of the Assembly by a special service in St. Giles' Cathedral, in which Dr. Story took part, Dr. Cameron Lees preaching the sermon.

He took little part in the debates in the Assembly, but was greatly pleased, as well as a good deal surprised, at the change of view with regard to the question of the relaxation of the formula of subscription to the Confession of Faith. In 1905 this question reached a vital stage. Its history had been full of surprises since the subject was revived in the General Assembly of 1898 by means of an overture from the Presbytery of Stranraer. Dr. Story spoke in support of it, urging that it was of the utmost importance that there should be no reason for doubt as to the meaning of the Formula, and that the Church should express this meaning in the most liberal sense. The motion was defeated, but the Assembly of 1899, by an equally large majority, carried a similar motion made by Mr. MacNaughton in support of an overture from the Presbytery of Auchterarder, and a committee was appointed to consider the power to deal with the Formula possessed by the General Assembly.

The feeling that something must be done was now very general, but the stumbling-block was this question

of how far the Church had power to deal with the matter. The committee itself could not come to a unanimous conclusion, and when Dr. Story gave in the report in the Assembly of 1901, he spoke in support of a dissent from its finding. He and his supporters maintained that the Church had an interpretative power with regard to questions of doctrine, while Dr. Mair and others held that the Church's powers were merely disciplinary. After a long discussion, Dr. Story's motion was defeated, and the General Assembly resolved to proceed no further in the matter, Dr. Story protesting that the Church would be rent asunder if they tried too long to crush the expression of its vitality.

The Assembly of 1902 was again hostile to the consideration of the Formula, but a long and important discussion took place. Dr. Story again took part, and discussed the doctrines of the Confession which he felt were burdens to tender consciences with a freedom which called down upon him the wrath of some of the more temperate Fathers and Brethren. He said the Christian mind had now repudiated the unblest idea that God was a Judge and a Master merely, and had opened itself to the consciousness of Love being the essence of the Divine nature. The ethical aspect was one that could not be accepted by the modern mind, trained in schools of wider thought and influenced by many long years of Christian experience.

'In asking alleviation in the matter of expressing our adherence to the Confession,' he said, 'we are not disloyal to the Church—we are loyal to that which is above the Church, we are loyal to the truth, and we are loyal to ourselves. We shall protect ourselves against the charge of insincerity which is often levelled against us. We seek some change here in justice to ourselves, in justice to those who are looking forward to occupy the positions we ourselves now occupy, and who, ere many years are gone, will be bearing the heat and burden of the day. We wish to deliver them from one of their burdens.'

That the signing of the Confession was no burden at

all to some of the older men in the Assembly was made abundantly evident in the course of the discussion, one 'Father' making the surprising admission that from the day he had signed the Formula it had never given him a moment's concern. It was different with others, however, as Dr. Story knew, and more than one of the best of the younger clergy expressed their gratitude to him for his attitude on this question, saying that although no decision was arrived at, the mere discussion and expression of opinion had been a relief to them, clearing the air, and letting them feel that they were not alone or singular in their difficulties.

The minority, believing in the justice of their cause, were willing to go to Parliament and ask for power to alter the Formula, if it was legally the case that the Church did not possess the power. But the majority were full of doubts as to the wisdom of approaching the Legislature, and they carried the day in the Assembly of 1903 also. Dr. Story proposed a motion declaring that 'the Confession of Faith is to be regarded not as an infallible creed imposed on the consciences of men, but as a system of doctrine valid only in so far as it accords with Holy Scripture, interpreted under the guidance of the Holy Spirit.' He, however, withdrew his motion in favour of Dr. Scott's, which made practically the same declaration, prefixed, however, with an historical statement which was valuable. The kernel of the two motions was the same.

With regard to the suggestion of asking Parliament for power to deal with the Formula, many Churchmen thought that the time was inopportune. The Dissenting Churches had fallen out over their disputed property, and had been obliged to appeal to the House of Lords, which had decided in favour of the small minority. In order to redress the balance a Bill was introduced, and a Commission appointed to settle the various disputed cases. If the Church of Scotland was then to come forward with an appeal of its own regarding matters of doctrine, it was

difficult to tell what the result might be. Dr. Story was not so doubtful as to the wisdom of the proposal. A clause, it was thought, might be inserted in the Churches' Bill, which, without any further separate legislation, would finally settle the right of the Church of Scotland so to adapt her Formula as to make it express the living faith of the Church. This was all that was wanted ; there could be no danger in the Church asking it or in Parliament granting it.

Accordingly in the year 1905 a motion was unanimously carried in the General Assembly approving of the proposed legislation, and instructing the committee to take what steps were possible to secure it. By this resolution, it was pointed out by Professor Herkless, they were proposing to restore to the Church of Scotland her ancient liberty, and he did not believe that they would in any way violate the freedom which they asked to be restored. The curious thing about this Assembly was that the motion was carried amid a scene of enthusiasm, which formed a most sudden and singular contrast to the attitude of many previous Assemblies.

The result of the clause was to remove the restrictive terms of the Act of 1693, and restore the greater freedom of 1690. The Church was now free to reconstruct the Formula, and proceeded to accept the duty of considering a form of words which should be as far as possible acceptable to the whole Church, while preserving the liberty for which she had fought so strenuously. To Dr. Story the result was a matter for great satisfaction and thankfulness. He had ' borne the burden and heat of the day ' for many years in this controversy, and it may safely be said that its successful issue was largely due to his powerful and persistent advocacy. At last he saw the fruit of his labours, and it was his earnest hope that the liberty which the Church had honourably gained should not be thrown away, but taken advantage of with wisdom and discretion.

After the General Assembly he went down to Rosneath for a little, and saw a good many friends, but as he said

in a letter, 'It has been pleasant but sad seeing it again—so changed.' He always felt there too keenly the presence of the Spirits of the Past to be able to rest content in the present. This time, however, he seemed to enjoy it more than he usually did, and stayed over the Sunday, going both morning and evening to church. Much of the time he spent sitting outside in the fine summer weather, enjoying the lovely view, and resting his eyes on the 'everlasting hills' which he had known and loved from his boyhood.

Part of the summer was spent at Grantown-on-Spey.

*To Lady F. Balfour.*

'9th July, 1905.

'. . . We have been here for a week now—in gorgeous weather, broken mercifully to-day by a rattling thunderstorm and 'plenteous rain.' I say 'mercifully' because the long drought was burning up the country. The grass is as brown as a berry. I am leading an idle life, and have eschewed engagements, except taking the chair at a concert for some Church object the end of this week.

'As to the Church, I think things will go well. But I shall not consider Clause V. safe until it has passed. With the House of Commons what it is, one can depend on nothing.'

*To Mr. James Croil, Montreal.*[1]

'15th July, 1905.

'. . . It is always a pleasure to hear from you, and to know that 'time toils after you in vain.' I felt the death of Mrs. Dunn the severance of a very old tie. Mr. Dunn I knew as early as I knew anybody, and his marriage made no interruption in the pleasant intercourse between Cardross and Rosneath.

'I am glad to hear that Macleod and Mitford Mitchell produced such a pleasant impression by their visit to Canada. You will have seen long before you get this

[1] Brother-in-law to Mr. Dunn of Cardross.

letter the success of the cause I have so long been interested in—the relaxation of the Formula. A marvellous change has passed upon the mind of the Assembly since I first began to agitate the subject some thirty years ago and more.'

The summer was a fine one, and the time passed pleasantly, in spite of his inability to do all he would have liked to and felt inclined to do. What he could he did willingly, never liking to refuse to respond to the calls made upon him. But he had been forbidden to exert himself more than necessary, and the only exceptions he made were to take the chair at a concert for a local object, and to preach at the re-opening after restoration of the Parish Church of Advie. The sermon was from the text: 'That which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the Churches';—and it proved to be the last sermon he preached. While at Grantown he wrote a sermon which he hoped to preach at the opening of the College Chapel services, but which he was never able to deliver.

Sir Thomas M'Call Anderson and his family were at Grantown that summer, as well as Dr. Fleming of St. Columba's, London, and Dr. M'Adam Muir at Boat of Garten, so that he saw a good deal of them, and of many other friends who came to visit him, among them Lady Frances Balfour, Professor Jack, and Professor and Mrs. Herkless. He enjoyed the beautiful drives and the fine air, and returned to Glasgow in the beginning of October feeling fairly well.

The first thing he did on his return was to take part in the ceremony of unveiling a window in Blythswood Church to the memory of Mr. James Baird of Cambusdoon, the founder of the Baird Trust. Dr. Story's dislike to the formation of the Baird Trust had been so uncompromisingly expressed at the time that, as he said, he was scarcely prepared to be asked to attend on such an occasion to do honour to Mr. Baird's memory. But he took the opportunity of paying a warm tribute to the good effected by the Baird Trust.

His activities during the winter were confined entirely to College business, attending the meetings of Senate and various committees, one of them, in which he took a special interest, being that which was concerned with the introduction of the new organ, the gift of Mr. Carnegie. He took as much interest as before in the arrangements for the Chapel services, which he always attended when at all possible, and it was a great deprivation to him when latterly he was obliged to give up reading the prayers. Among the preachers this winter were Canon Hensley Henson, who at the next graduation received the degree of D.D. from the University, Professor W. P. Paterson, and Principal Fairbairn, all of whom were his guests for the time.

The Christmas vacation was again spent at St. Andrews, but it was a sad visit. Golf was impossible, and his walking powers were so much impaired that exercise was little pleasure. But he bore his burden then and always in a 'patient and a quiet spirit,' and appreciated the kindness of those who, knowing his disability, came to him, and helped to while away the time.

When the graduation arrived in spring he was advised to reserve himself for the ceremonies of the second day, the conferring of the honorary degrees, and the presentation of his portrait to the University, which took place in the afternoon. This was the second occasion on which Commemoration Day was celebrated, and the oration on Francis Hutcheson, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University from 1736 to 1740, was delivered by Professor Jones. The Principal took part in the service with which the proceedings opened, and afterwards conferred the honorary degrees, among those who received the LL.D. degree being his former colleague, Professor Raleigh, Sir James Guthrie, and M. Auguste Rodin, on whom the degree was conferred *in absentia*.

At the presentation of the Principal's portrait to the University the Lord Provost (Sir William Bilsland), who presided, made reference to the friendly relations that

existed between the University and the community, and said 'that cordiality had been much increased during recent years by the public spirit of their honoured guest.' His services to the University and the city deserved to be recognised, the Lord Provost said, and it was a great satisfaction to all his friends and colleagues to meet there and show their appreciation of his services. They all admired the vigour with which he had set about collecting funds with the view of having our ancient University put on terms at least equal to the best organised at home and abroad.

Mr. Henry Gordon, as Chancellor's Assessor, received the portrait on behalf of the University. He referred to the additions made to the University during Principal Story's term of office, the new Chair of Geology, lectureships in French, Italian, and Celtic, in Mining Engineering, in Political Philosophy, and others, and to the large extension of University buildings, now rapidly approaching completion. He congratulated him on his efforts being appreciated not only within but without the University, and on the many true and faithful friends who had chosen this way to do him honour.

The Principal in his reply said he could not help feeling unworthy when he thought of those who decorated the walls of the Hunterian Museum. He said to himself that he was not worthy to be so perpetuated. He referred to a letter he had recently received from a gentleman who sent him a very interesting book of which he was the author, who said it was in acknowledgement of many kindnesses received. He could not recall that he had shown him any kindnesses, but it gave him an indication of what might have been the motive of some of those whose names he saw in the list, and with whom he had little acquaintance. Perhaps somehow he had been able to do something for them, and they were thus glad to perpetuate his features for those who should come after him. 'It is a very agreeable reflection to me,' he said, 'as approaching the sunset of my life, to feel that, when

I am no longer among you, you will have my features to look upon, and with no unfriendly feelings.'

One of the Lectureships here mentioned in which the Principal took a special interest was the French Lectureship. The ancient friendship between Scotland and France had always made a strong appeal to him, and he did what was in his power to foster the Franco-Scottish alliance. Appreciation of his attitude was proved by a letter which, shortly after his death, Mrs. Story received from the French Ambassador.

'MADAME,—The French Government, desirous of recognising the sympathy manifested for our country by M. Story, late Principal of Glasgow University, had instructed me to convey to him the brevet of Officer of the Public Instruction. This honour, of which a premature death has deprived him, will be to you, Madame, at once a souvenir and a proof of the high esteem in which M. Story was held, not only in his own country, but also in France. I therefore forward it to you, Madame, together with the sincere expression of my felicitations and my most respectful regards.

'PAUL CAMBON.'

Dr. Story had applied for leave of absence from the General Assembly this session. It was a peculiar disappointment to him to be unable to be present this year, as the Moderator was to be his life-long friend, the Rev. T. B. W. Niven, D.D., of Pollokshields, whom he had looked forward to supporting in his occupancy of the Chair. The intimation of his illness was most sympathetically received by the Assembly, and many kind references, which greatly touched him, were made to his absence from the place which had known him so long, particularly by Dr. Scott and Dr. Norman Macleod. 'I was glad to see,' he writes, 'that my name was mentioned with respect, and my absence regretted.'

The Assembly met under very unusual circumstances. To the universal regret of the Church the Moderator, Dr. Milne of Fyvie, had passed away a short time before,

and in the previous autumn the trusted Agent of the Church, Sir William Menzies. On the opening day there were thus three vacant places at the Table, round which an unbroken band of colleagues had sat for so many years. Dr. Story's place was taken by Dr. Norman Macleod, while Dr. Mitford Mitchell was appointed interim Depute-Clerk, and Mr. Allan Menzies was elected to succeed his father as Agent.

Many kind friends wrote to assure the Principal how much his presence was missed.

'I should like just to tell you,' one of them writes, 'how sympathetic the whole Assembly was when your letter was read to-day. I have no doubt it is a great disappointment to you not to be here, but if it had been possible for you to have seen for yourself to-day the wave of feeling that passed over the House (for it was quite visible), you would have had a considerable compensation.'

*To Mr. James Croil.*

'MAUCHLINE, 17th June, 1906.

'. . . I have not been very well all winter, and felt quite unable to face the heat and the crowd of the ten days of the Assembly, so I got leave of absence for the session, and had my place well supplied by Norman Macleod and Mitford Mitchell. Niven did his part as Moderator very well, and the new Commissioner, Lord Colebrooke, did his part equally so, and seems to have made a very good impression even on the stoutest old Tory, who was inclined to distrust the performances of a Radical Commissioner.

'I am doing what I can to promote the restoration of the Abbey of Iona, but it makes slow progress. I suppose it would be no use trying to raise a little money for that purpose in Canada? though Canadian Highlanders should venerate the sacred island as much as any.'

With the exception of two or three weeks in July, when he returned to Glasgow for the Graduation, Dr. Story spent the whole summer at Mauchline.

It was a great pleasure having the Andersons at Barskimming so near. Nearly every day he drove with Miss Marianne Anderson, or went down to sit in their beautiful garden. Many of his colleagues and friends came to see him, and lighten the monotony of his days, and if anything could have made up for his failing strength it would have been the many assurances he received of the affection and sympathy of his friends. Clerical society was not awanting. Mr. Mitchell, in whose manse he was living, came frequently, and he had friends among the neighbouring ministers whom he was glad to see again. Later in the summer when Professor Paterson was at Sorn, and Professor Herkless was staying in Mauchline, they used to come over and sit in the garden with the Principal, and engage in animated discussions over the construction of a possible Formula.

The Principal's first duty, on returning to Glasgow at the end of September, was to attend the meeting of Court which had to appoint a successor to Professor Ramsay. It was a matter of great regret to his friends in Glasgow, and especially to the Principal, who had always found in him a kind and loyal colleague, that Mr. Ramsay had been obliged to resign his Chair, on account of ill-health. His interests were bound up with the best traditions of the University, and his departure was felt as a great loss in every way.

Before the session began Dr. Story went for a week or two to Dunbar, in the hope of gaining some benefit from the fresh sea-breezes which he used to find so invigorating. But he became seriously ill there, and as soon as he was able to travel he returned to his own house.

On the 31st of October the Quater-Centenary of George Buchanan was celebrated in Glasgow, and the Principal was able to take part in it by opening an exhibition of portraits and other memorials of Buchanan which was held in the University Library. He had taken a great interest in the preparations for this celebration, and the Lord Provost warmly acknowledged the help and

encouragement the committee had received from him and the University authorities.

Dr. Story expressed his pleasure at finding, from the numbers who had assembled, that there still existed a feeling for Buchanan in Scotland.

'Just as in Germany,' he said, 'it is vain to speak about Erasmus without mentioning Luther, in Scotland it is vain to speak about Knox without mentioning the great humanist, Buchanan. The debt which we owe to him for the impetus he gave to education, and for the influence he exercised throughout Europe in her anxiety for learning and culture, is not to be forgotten. I hope there are those in Scotland by hundreds who are proud to remember and do reverence to the memory of George Buchanan.'

The new buildings were now approaching completion, and it was expected that by the spring they would be sufficiently advanced for a formal opening ceremony. The Principal was very anxious that this should be performed by the King, who as Prince of Wales had laid the foundation-stone of the new University on Gilmorehill. This being impossible, the Prince of Wales consented to come, and the Principal gave much time and consideration to making the preliminary arrangements. It was a great satisfaction to him to know that this matter was settled, and that such a mark of honour was to be paid to the University. Another thing in which he was deeply interested, and which he also saw arranged for, was the conferring of the degree of LL.D. upon Miss Galloway, the honoured Head of Queen Margaret College, who has also since been called away from a life of strenuous and self-forgetting work.

Almost up till the Christmas vacation Dr. Story continued to attend to University business, and to go to Senate and committee meetings when the exertion was almost too much for him. As he said himself of Dr. Robert Lee:

'He had an odd sense of duty, and of fidelity to the place and charge which he judged Providence had assigned

to him, for its own ends and not for his, that would not suffer him to quit his post while he had any strength left wherewith to hold it.'

His almost daily walk was to watch the progress of the new buildings, and he had the pleasure of going with Mr. Gray through as much of the Physical laboratory as it was possible for him to see.

When Christmas came he was confined to his room. He then made up his mind to resign his office of Clerk to the General Assembly, the breaking of an old tie which meant a great deal to him. During the winter he had occupied his spare time in reading again the *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, and when he was laid up he listened with undiminished interest and amusement to the reading of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, also one of his favourite biographies.

He seemed to improve a little, and was able to enjoy seeing one or two friends, and talking with Lady Frances Balfour, who came to visit him, and stayed on to the end. Preparations were continued for the reception of Mr. Asquith, who was coming to deliver his Rectorial address on the 11th of January. When he came the Principal was unable to see him, but was anxious to know that everything was being done as he would have wished it ; and when the Address was over next day he asked if all had gone off well.

Soon after he sank gently into unconsciousness, and early on the morning of Sunday, the 13th, he passed away, to 'where beyond these voices there is peace.' As the day dawned, the blackbird, whose note he loved, whistled a song of hope in the old beech tree outside his window, and in the eastern sky a great star shone out like a promise. It seemed fitting that the morning was clear and sunny. He hated gloom, and loved the light, and during his illness would have the blinds pulled up that he might watch the gleams of the westering sun above the Renfrewshire hills.

Thus, spared the sorrow of being obliged to resign his

post, 'for him,' writes a friend, 'death seems to have come kindly, after a full and noble life of work accomplished, and love given and received, and we can think of him now 'laid at the breast of the Divine' with a sense of peace and rest . . . It seems to me pathetically characteristic of the generosity and hospitality which your house has always shown that in the very last hours of his life his door should not have been closed.'

'If ever there was a man whose devotion to duty lasted fully to the limit of his powers,' writes a colleague, 'that man was the Principal. We who were about him saw and valued the constant courtesy and consideration of the views of others, even though he might not share them. The after references to a past difference carried off with a light jest often made all at ease again. These were things little in themselves perhaps, but they showed a width of view, and helped in a wonderful way to make the great machine run smoothly. And above all was the constant devotion to the interest of the University in both great things and small, the faithful attendance at endless meetings: indeed the attention to details was often quite touching, especially in these latter days.'

Much testimony was borne to the devotion of his work for the University, and to the warm regard in which he was held by his colleagues. One writes: 'How true and helpful he was to every one of his colleagues. He was not only our Principal in name, but in reality our Chief, looked up to and held in the highest regard by us all. When I came to the University, comparatively inexperienced and quite unknown to him, I felt from the first that I had his sympathy and support. There was no effusive offer of help and advice, but there was more than enough to let me know that he had a true and kindly interest in me and in my work. From the first I liked and admired him, but liking soon became affection, and this feeling has grown ever since. His death means to many of us a blank in our University life which cannot be filled up.'

'Dr. Story's Principalship,' writes another, 'will be a memorable one in the history of the University. Not merely the dignity and high aims of his University work, but the charm of his personal character also, have gathered round the post an amount of general esteem, and of affectionate regard, which I trust will never depart from it, and you and he together have made the University appear, and feel itself to be, one family.'

By general desire a funeral service was held in the Bute Hall, which was attended by deputations from many public bodies with which the Principal had been directly or indirectly connected. The service was conducted by Professor Reid, Dr. Strong, and Principal Lindsay. Dr. Donald Macleod was present as the representative of the King. Students lined the roadway as the procession wound its way through the Park to the station, and as the steamer crossed to Rosneath, bringing him back for the last time to his old home, the boys were gathered on the deck of the training ship, and the strains of the 'Dead March' echoed across the water. The coffin was borne shoulder high from the pier to the Church, where a short service was held by Mr. Warr, the parish minister, and Dr. Niven. He was laid beside his father and mother in the quiet corner of the Churchyard close by the Manse, where the thornless rose of Sharon planted by his father still 'sheds its blossoms over his own resting-place, and the shadow of his long-loved home deepens beside it when the sun is in the west.'

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Speaking at the unveiling in the following year of a window in his memory in the Church at Rosneath, Dr. Donald Macleod said:

'. . . He was for a long time misunderstood, for it must be confessed that for a young man he was often boldly aggressive. But, as he became better known, he was more justly esteemed. One characteristic was pre-eminently his from first to last, and that was fearless

honesty. He had always the courage of his opinions, and heeded not unpopularity or misunderstanding—for, what he held to be the truth, that he would speak, impugn it whoso list—and would offend susceptibilities right and left without compunction if he deemed that right was on his side. Indeed I often thought the very fact that there might be danger in speaking out all he felt regarding a policy or a party which he disliked, or against some opponents whose ways were an offence to him,—that these dangers acted rather as an incentive to risk everything and spare no one. The consequence was that for a time many good amiable people looked upon him askance—until they knew him better—and learned the warmth of heart, the rich human tenderness, and almost pathetic sympathy which lay at the basis of his character. No man was more generous to the poor—or more gallant in his vindication of the oppressed. For while he was a keen fighter, as many of the best and greatest of men have been, yet Dr. Story was one of the most affectionate men I ever knew. He was incapable of meanness or intrigue. What he believed he spoke out fearlessly, but he harboured no malice or unworthy personal antipathy . . . Many of us felt when he was taken that a place was left empty which no one else could fill, and that public life was the poorer and our own lives sadly touched by the loss of this true man, the loyal friend and courageous battler for righteousness.

'Requiescat in pace.'

# THE VERY REV. PRINCIPAL STORY, D.D.

BY

THE LADY FRANCES BALFOUR

As I begin to write these memorial lines, my eye falls on some words in a journal which was written in byegone years. The date is March, 1876, and it is a record of my first acquaintance with Dr. Story.

In the autumn of 1875 he had paid a visit to Inveraray, and it was the first time that many of our family had come into personal relations with him. The journal contains this confession: 'I saw what a fool I had been in the way I had thought of him. I hope never to judge any man as unjustly as I did my best and kindest friend' —a resolution against hasty judgments, which probably has been broken as often as the years are many which intervene between that confession and the prudent resolution which follows it. One priceless possession was mine from that date onward to the end. The best of all gifts had entered into my life, the knowledge that I had found a friend, whom I at once truly recognised as the 'best and kindest.' If there have been those who might join in this confession of more than thirty years ago, it must be conceded that 'Robert Story' was not a man read and understood of all men.

Possibly some of the warm friendships which encompassed him through his life owed their existence, in the first instance, to the surprise many felt in discovering the real man. They may have watched his career over a long period of years; seen him in the seat of the scornful, attacking the Fathers of the Assembly; the leader of

guerilla forces in the Church Courts; the champion of unpopular causes and of undefended men. A speaker who never blenched before the gusts of rage which met his uncompromising attitude in the arena of debate, a writer whose pen was as often dipped in the gall of satire as his tongue was two-edged in the warfare of words. In public using none of the arts which win men to acquiescence. Seeing the truth, hating humbug, and contemptuous of all those who paltered with eternal truth, he fought his way by sheer ability, and the tenacious hold he kept on any position which he had made his own. Thus he won his way to that leadership which was accorded to him by the Church militant on earth, so many years before the end of his life.

Principal Story lived to see the causes for which he fought become the everyday truisms of the ecclesiastical system of the Church of Scotland. In recalling his part in many of these outworn cries, the atmosphere of those times must never be forgotten. They were days when it was not made easy for anyone to testify to any new aspect of an old truth, or for any changes in the Rabbinical routine of the Church. It is often possible to form some opinion of the stress of a past controversy by the characters which were formed in the pioneers of reform. We may wonder as we see the scars, that the soldier ever survived his wounds, but we know that as long as life lasts he will carry those marks of combat on his person.

My own early impressions, alluded to in a journal, may serve as an illustration, and others who first knew Dr. Story from without, from their present position of knowing and loving his friendship may find in them some echo of their own impressions as to his personality.

Mr. Story had been presented to the living of Rosneath about the date of my own birth. Though as children we lived in his parish, we had, in later years resided chiefly at Inveraray, and we had no opportunity of seeing anything of the minister.

A native of Rosneath had a great influence on our youthful minds. Elizabeth King was in the service of the family for the whole of her long life. She was a rigid Calvinist, and had very strong views on religious matters. She and the whole of her family 'came out' at the Disruption, and the Established Church ministers had little chance of being justly judged by them. As time passed Mr. Story became identified with those who were labouring for a more seemly order of worship, and who also desired to see the churches raised above the level of barns. The minister became increasingly a subject of suspicion to the straiter sect. Very specially was this the case with our old friend. My infant mind was filled with awful tales of the Papist doings in Rosneath Church. Painted glass glowed in its windows. The pealing notes of the organ mingled with the old-time praises of the people. There was much head-shaking and weird prophesying. As is the custom of children, we were content to accept these wondrous tales, and did not look further for enlightenment.

A fragment of conversation comes back out of the past. My father had come in his yacht to the Gareloch, and had called at the manse. The organ must have been a new institution, for I recall the question, 'How the people had taken its arrival?' From some remote corner of the room I was watching and listening, silently detesting the Popish minister and recalling all I had heard of his unhallowed innovations. I still see the smile of intense but repressed amusement which lighted the grave eyes, as the minister told his chief heritor that no one had objected save an ancient elder, whose scruples had been overcome by a personal appeal and full explanation.

My mind was perplexed by the seeming contrast. I had heard of the high-handed enforcement of Romish ceremonies, and I could not but note the obvious pains which had been taken to soothe the susceptibilities of this ancient remnant of the true faith. Here was the keynote

of his intercourse with his parish, and also with those who learnt to know him from within.

For principles and causes Dr. Story would fight with every weapon at his command. His methods were as uncompromising as was his position when once he had taken a decision. In public life he was rarely conciliatory, and if he roused the enthusiasm of those who followed him in the fight, it was sometimes thought he further alienated those whom he not only worsted in argument, but made ridiculous by a sarcasm as biting as it was humorous. With the individual his relations were entirely different. The adversary he had met in the way, in Presbytery, Assembly, or platform, did not recognise the same man if he met him in his own house, or on the hearth of some mutual friend. The sword he had felt cleaving his very bones and marrow was sheathed, and a totally different personality was revealed.

Brought into intimate relations, no one could be long in the presence of Dr. Story without realising his intense humanity. The kindly humour with which he would review the past contest, and his own 'ferocious' part in it; the ready acknowledgment of any unintentional pain which he might have caused; the complete unbending over the pipe of peace; the racy narrative of events; the rapid mimicry, the uncontrollable laughter provoked by the humours of the situation, or the good story against himself—all these produced an effect bewildering to those who had formed a very different idea of this man of war from his youth up. The ice of mere external relations once broken, what stores of helpful understanding sympathy were at the command of those who called him friend. How loyal he was to his friendships, perhaps only those know who were mishandled by what he would humorously describe as 'a cold world.' His championship of certain individuals not always the most worthy, as it seemed to observers, had often behind it a knowledge of the conditions of their life, which had roused the chivalrous instincts of his heart.

'I am too good-natured, or too easily imposed upon,' he would often write, knowing well he was stating a paradox in the ears of outsiders. It was an absolute truth to those who knew the tenderness of his affections, and how acutely sensitive he was to the sufferings of those with whom he was brought in contact. 'A little kindness,' he writes, 'is a great bond between us and the poor whom 'ye have always with you.'' After all, there is not very much *sacrifice* in any of our ordinary alms and gifts :

'Wear but one robe the less,
forego one meal,
And thou shalt taste the
core of many tales
That now flit past thee
like a minstrel's song,
The sweeter for their sadness.'

Sometimes the burden of the sins and sorrows of his parishioners lay as a heavy weight on his heart and conscience, all the more felt that he so rarely gave expression to his feelings.

Among his own people, who had seen him grow up in their midst, his position was one of complete understanding. The rumours of the ecclesiastical contests in which he was engaged never ruffled the quiet pastures and still waters of his parish. His supposed heresies never shook the confidence of those who knew him as their minister and friend. No distance was too long, nor could too much time be spent on those who sought his ministry. 'I have been visiting a district to-day,' he wrote in 1883, 'and have been in seventeen houses, with a population of seventy-one souls, of whom forty-three are Church people, twenty-five Free Kirk, and three undescribed—lodgers ; and of the twenty-five Frees four attend the Church. Among the population there is one imbecile child and one adult drunkard, and one offspring of illegitimacy. Be good. Let me feel that I have done some good to somebody. When I go through my parish I doubt if I ever have, any time'—a doubt which

probably rises in the breast of every 'tender and patient shepherd of the flock,' but it was ever present with him during the period of his parochial ministry.

When the time came for him to stand for the Chair of Church History in Glasgow, he spoke of some of the reasons which made him feel his people might benefit by the change. He thought a new voice might have greater influence, and he himself had begun to feel that he might be called to work beyond his strength.

Those who saw him as he returned from tending the dying and comforting the bereaved, could alone understand how he suffered with those to whom he ministered. To the very end, he could never take a funeral or preach a memorial sermon without his composure being sorely tried. He had a great physical shrinking from disease and death, and in following the path of duty he lived through many things that affected him more deeply than it is easy to describe. All such calls were met with the high courage which was so essentially the salient feature in his character. In a time of epidemic one of his people died of a fever of so contagious a nature, that no one was found willing to place the body in a coffin. The work was done by the minister, at a cost which can be estimated. Among my many recollections, is that of going to meet him as he passed through the Castle woods on his way to an outlying farm, in his daily attendance at the bedside of a case of virulent typhus fever.

In all this he was a true son of his father. A rich inheritance of the love and esteem of his people had been handed down to him, and he kept that which had been committed to his charge. 'Prophet, priest and king,' were the appropriate titles which occurred to those who saw him as he conducted the beautifully ordered services of his Church, or as they met his stately presence as he passed along the yew avenue that led from the manse, on his way by the shore. There, he would be found arrested by one of his best beloved parishioners, patient under the slow unfolding of the history of the day's

events, told with all the leisurely diffuseness of the narrator's character.

There was an hour in the life at the manse which was associated with much happy converse in the minds of his friends. The heavy post despatched and the mid-day meal disposed of, the minister would go forth into his well-loved garden. There, pacing its paths, 'within the circle of the hills,' with his eyes on the loch, or noting the growth of his flowers and 'garden stuff,' he would enjoy his cigar and narrate all the stories grave and gay, of his parish life and work. The humour of every tale was enhanced by his own abounding sense of fun and the racy style in which he told of passing events.

Here, also, in this garden of peace, were the graves of his dogs, 'the little men'; and at the mention of their names, or with the appearance of the dog in possession, his eyes would glow with their kindliest light. Many were the histories of the living 'Toby.' 'Poor, dear, fiery, noisy, little man. I could have better spared a better dog. I had him buried with all respect this forenoon under a shrub in our little garden, where, after life's fitful fever, he sleeps well,' he wrote, as a peculiarly savage and eccentric specimen of the Skye breed came to an untimely end, to the great relief of those who knew him, as they pulled the door-bell of the Principal's house.

All animals had his warm interest and affection. A series of 'Peters' inhabited a stye at the outer yett. A child once asked him, to his intense delight, whether the Peter she heard spoken of was, 'Peter in prison?' The countenance of 'William' the goat and the character of a donkey always appealed much to him. A favourite white pony dying just before morning service, Mrs. Story found it essential to conceal the knowledge of the disaster, as well as her own grief, from his observation till he had safely got through the service. What he used to call his 'respect,' as well as his love for the brute creation, made him an ardent anti-vivisectionist. It was a subject it was almost too painful to allow him to discuss, so warmly

did he feel against those who learned the secrets of life at the expense of animal suffering.

The 'unexpected' was the most interesting thing in Dr. Story's character. Many of his qualities seemed part of the whole history of his life. He disliked 'dissent' with a whole-hearted dislike. Born in a period when the pangs which had torn the Church asunder were still living and throbbing, he had seen the devastating effects of the sin of schism, and what was more to him, he had seen those he loved and revered brought with sorrow to the grave.

There was much in the historic position of Episcopacy in Scotland and of the Disruption of 1843 which seemed to him to have been dishonest. The church policy of both epochs were full of the ways of tortuous hypocrisy. His natural contempt for all cant and untruth had been fostered by the teaching of Carlyle, who had been the prophet and teacher of his young manhood. Scottish Episcopacy and Free Kirkers found to their cost that they had a watchful observer and vigilant critic in the writer and speaker at Rosneath. And yet among 'dissenters' he had many warm friends. If Rainy and Hutton, with Bishops Wordsworth and Chinnery Haldane, were to remain his ecclesiastical enemies, Bishop Ewing and Bishop Campbell, with not a few among the 'Free Kirkmen,' were to be among those friends with whom he could exchange a jest on his external relations with their sects and those they represented.

With Bishop Chinnery Haldane he had waged a long warfare in the press and on the platform. I recall the story as I heard it from his lips of the last days of his friend 'Nether Lochaber.' Bishop Haldane, hearing of his dangerous illness, travelled by sea and land to take him some special wine which might help to stem the tide which was carrying him from this world. It would never be forgotten, he said, by those who loved 'Nether Lochaber.' There was here, as elsewhere, the quick

recognition of the deed of a true humanity which never failed to touch a heart, which was more easily moved than could readily be conceived.

Principal Story lived to see the time when a union was effected between the dissenting Presbyterian bodies. He was never sanguine as to the results of that union or of any other. His lot had been cast in another period, and it is not surprising that in his declining years he neither saw nor read any new signs of the times in the relation of the Churches. It takes more than one generation to make the armies of contending states, comrades-in-arms and allied nations. Those who live in a day when the Churches are seeking co-operation, seeking those things which may be the prelude of a peace and union 'with honour,' are not the generation that can best judge of the work of the past decades.

If to the student of history Dr. Story's attitude seems too uncompromising, and his words too high-strung, let his critics first search completely the pages which tell of the Disruption and of the forty years that followed that colossal mistake. It is not pleasant reading, and much of it had better be buried in the waters of oblivion.

In 1882 he wrote: 'I feel few cares or troubles, and sometimes am tempted to feel I ought perhaps to have more and don't deserve—as, of course, I don't—to be so prosperous. But good comes to us not because of our merits, but because God is good, and so I need not trouble myself on that score. No one would like to get all he *deserved*. It seems strange to me occasionally to see the change that, in one respect at least, has taken place in regard to me, and to observe that now-a-days people (Phin among the rest) don't object to consult with me about the Kirk and to use my pen and my tongue when it suits them, who not so long ago looked on me pretty much as a heretic at all points. I don't know that this betokens any change for the better in me, and I know myself too well and have too exact an estimate of

myself to care a copper for it, but it amuses me all the same.'

The interest of the Church has entirely shifted from the central points of that controversy. The relations of Church and State, and the exact shibboleths of theological definition, have died completely away. The Church at large is considering her social duty to the citizens who bear the name at least of Christians in a Christian State. Her faith is concerned in the works she carries on for the outcast in her midst. The outlook has changed, but the organisation of the living Church, which is ready to meet the old problems in a new age, is the organisation which was re-established, enlarged, built up and enlightened in no small measure by the strenuous toil, the hearty truth-speaking and courageous work of such men as Norman Macleod, Tulloch, Lee, and Story.

Courage Dr. Story had in no common measure, and to an extent which somewhat blinded him as to the practical possibilities in life. When he saw a situation, and had made up his mind, he was incapable of either temporising or of compromise.

He took no part in politics, save where they touched 'Church interests.' He often described himself as 'a Whig of 1688,' and perhaps it was the best description that could be given of his political creed. He had always the strongest aversion to Mr. Gladstone's policy, and in the days when Scotland supported his Government with fanatical zeal, he expressed the deepest distrust of the Liberal leader and his works. When the policy of Home Rule compelled so many of his supporters to leave the party, he felt that the long years of hostile suspicion were justified by those events which finally destroyed the Whig party. Possibly his feeling of distrust was stimulated by the knowledge that the Prime Minister and Principal Rainy were kinsmen. He traced a resemblance in the policies of both, and their earnest tortuosity did not suit his candid and outspoken mind. He was more in sympathy with the character of 'renowned Salisbury,' and he

found himself in accord with many of his views. It was a respect which was shared by the Unionist chief. Lord Salisbury greatly admired Dr. Story, and regretted that he could not be made a Bishop, declaring that in personal appearance he was made for that high office. Among his letters is one very illustrative of his view of government, and its total disregard of all that is implied in party politics and expediency, is refreshing and amusing to look back upon. Mr. Arthur Balfour had just been appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland—March, 1886.

'You must have been much interested in this change of secretaryship. I hope the laird's health will stand it, and that he will be firm with the rebels. It seems to me that the Government has lost time in letting its hand be felt. If the laird wishes to crush boycotting you should recommend him to introduce what I have thought of as a good plan, namely, *licensing* all traders as you license publicans and cabmen, who are bound by their licence to serve every customer, and who can be punished or deprived of their licence if they don't. With a Government that meant business, this would choke off boycotting in a month. With a Government that shilly shallies, no plan will ever succeed.'

Anyone who recalls the condition of Ireland in 1886 will admire the simplicity of this scheme. Had he been called upon to fill the office, 'the rebels' would have had a short shrift.

Dr. Story strongly objected to the clergy mixing themselves in ordinary party politics. When, however, in 1885, the ill-judged, half-hearted, and wholly cowardly attack was made on the Church of Scotland, he girded on his armour in Church defence. It is impossible to revive the effect of his platform oratory. Had his lot in life been cast in Parliament he must have risen to the first rank among its orators and debaters. He possessed the power of a lucid statement of the position and of the past history of the subject. In combating the views of his opponents he used a rare gift

of debating analysis. All these were welded into a framework of brilliant sarcasm, ready wit, and telling scorn. The appearance of the speaker completed the effect; the massive head, with the striking whiteness of his hair; the dark eyes flashing with the joy of battle, and with the burning convictions which found such apt expression. It was no wonder that at the moment he carried all before him, and that he was borne along by the applause of a people who knew they were being led to victory. He never spoke a word he did not feel, and the words which came hot from his deep convictions found an echo in the crowds he addressed.

'The Church Defence business grows,' he writes. 'I have been asked to go to various places to address the mob, and I own there is a temptation in the exercise. At Dunbarton we had a hall packed with 1200 men, most of them hard-headed mechanics, following all the points with perfect intelligence and sympathy—a fine audience—but I am not going to stump to any great extent. I don't know that it is good for one's moral character. Did you read my article on the Church and the elections in the October magazine? I think it is not bad.'

The Church of Scotland survived the attack of that day. Her people were not to be bribed by the endowments of that Church which had been the possession and dower of the poorest in the land. The carpet-bagger and Liberationist were sent away to their appointed destiny, and the Church was left in peace. The forces that routed the vote-hunting party politician were those that were organised and led to victory by this lifelong champion of the rights of the Scottish people to their National Church.

The army in India might have claimed his life, as his father was offered a commission in it for him. There was a natural reluctance to part with the only son, to such a distance, and he was destined for another career. His choice he never regretted, though he would sometimes speculate as to his life as a soldier, or a member of

Parliament. In either capacity he must have come to the front as a leader of men.

It was rare to see him moved, even by those events which most try the nerves. Once when he had with him a party of my family, he arranged an expedition to take us across the loch to see the Whistler's Glen. His life on the shores of the Gareloch had accustomed him to the management of a boat. On this occasion he hired one with a boatman, and a party, including Mrs. Story and his own children, set out for the picnic. Unfortunately, the boat was not in a seaworthy condition. The seams were uncaulked, and when we were halfway across, it was evident that we were taking in water at a rate which more than justified the easily-roused fears of Mrs. Story. The boat was heavily loaded, the freight precious, the current strong, the shore still distant. Dr. Story had the stroke oar, and there was nothing for it but to row as hard as possible for the nearest point. An instinct of the grave danger kept even the most voluble of the passengers silent. I recall his face in the westering light as he pulled his oar. There was little to indicate the grave anxiety I knew he was feeling, but there was that in the set countenance which made even the youngest of us ashamed to show the slightest sign of fear. At last the boat grated in shallow water, but not before the passengers were nearly knee-deep. The change of expression by which he met his wife's vehement assertions, that rather than trust herself again in such a boat, she would walk round the head of the loch, was the sole indication that he also had come through a bad quarter of an hour.

It is hard to write of what he was in his home, and among his friends. Still more difficult is it to approach the shrine of the inner sanctuary of his life. Writing on one of my birthdays, he playfully hopes I may 'more and more resemble the sweet saint, and that your red head may become more truly a crown of golden glory to yourself and family. Don't be too much taken up with excitements social and intellectual. The depths of life are still

and ought not to be ruffled by every wanton breeze, else they lose the capacity which they ought to possess of being that centre of rest, and peace, and content, to which we can withdraw when wearied of the world which is too much with us. Life to be worth anything at all must have a moral basis. After all, it is the root of the matter, unless the universe was made in jest.'

He possessed those 'still depths of life,' into which he retreated. To be at all in contact with that inner life, was to know something of the deep piety and loyalty of his spiritual life.

He was a student of theology, and from those doctrines where the influence of Calvin had so deeply affected Scottish Presbyterianism he shrank with a fierce aversion. To him they seemed against the highest moral laws, and against all that had been revealed in Christ. 'Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us.' 'He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father.' Here was the chief corner-stone of his own belief, the simple doctrine which he preached. The Father revealed in the Son, the love of the Son of God for a suffering world—this was the faith that was in him, and which he felt he was commissioned to pronounce.

For those whom he met walking in fear, hearing only the law as it thundered from Sinai, he had a consuming pity. 'Do not think of Christ's death in the formal Calvinistic way as the price paid for the elect's escape from punishment. In that sense it would be a mystery, no doubt. Think of it as the last act of the divine life of self-sacrifice, necessary to complete and perfect that life—the last pledge of a love for man that was stronger than life—the last appeal of the perfectly true and pure and loving to our loyalty and memory of Him ; and it surely is not so mysterious as not to have in it something that would check your evil and help your good, if only you laid it to heart.'

To many these words will recall him as he stood beneath the memorial window, surrounded by his elders,

in the country church, with its outlook over the restless waters and beneath the everlasting hills. Then with the elements in his hands he was wont to use the words, 'Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us, therefore let us keep the feast,' and as he gave the Communion to the waiting elders for the people, he would utter the invitation, 'Eat, O friends; drink abundantly, O beloved.'

He had no sympathy with those who immersed themselves in the subtleties of theological definitions, nor for those who were engrossed about orders and the apostolic succession. His own practice, and what he inculcated on those who sought his guidance, was that they should do with all their might whatever work lay before them, and that *to-day* each and all were bidden to work in the vineyard. 'Work and pray' was his precept and example. To those who lived in the world and were too much of it he would say, 'The Prince of this world cometh and hath nothing in Me.'

His home circle drew out all the rich stores of affection which were in him, and all his rare gifts were at their best with them and with his intimate friends. He lived in and for his home, and only those who shared that life really knew the true man. All that was brightest and happiest in his nature came out in that centre of his affections. The boyish fun, which formed such an attractive contrast to what seemed to the outsider his frigid and stiff exterior, was never long missing. His sense of the humour of a situation often put the decorum necessary for the occasion in the gravest peril. Those who knew his countenance could see when he was struggling with an overwhelming sense of the ridiculous, and he could convey his own experiences by facial signs, which equally imperilled the gravity of the onlooker. He was an excellent mimic, and could give various Scottish characters to the very life. The Celtic race, their methods of speech, and their special characteristics were often the subjects he illustrated, especially if any of his Highland friends were present.

His mood was quickly influenced by the company he

was in and the subjects which fell under discussion. He did not suffer the presence of fools gladly, and it was easy to see when he found them, as he would put it, 'most irritating.' It must be confessed he was not good at concealing his impatience, though be was always deeply penitent when he was told his exasperation had been patent even to the fool in question.

To those with whom he felt in sympathy he was the best of all comrades. He loved literature, and sought it for its own sake, and was widely read in many of its departments. Poetry and the drama were much to him, and 'the lilt of an olden lay' was ever near and dear to his mind and memory. The Church lost in him a great leader, the Assembly lost an orator and a debater, the University lost in him a Principal who gave to her service the most strenuous toil of his life. Men of all shades of opinion have felt the loss of his wise counsel, of his gallant leading in the best causes of the day. His memory will not soon die in that parish where he laboured for the people entrusted to his care. All these circles will feel the loss of his strong personality. But it is those who loved him as the generous, loyal, true-hearted friend, those who knew him as husband and as father, who must daily realise that nothing can ever fill the aching void, or make other than dark those places which were once brightened and made living by his tender and loving presence.

The 'individual withers,' but undying is the ideal he set before himself and those who looked to his words. 'Say unto the people that they go forward,' was a favourite text with him. His own attitude to life, and the view he would bid those take who most feel the loss of his presence, may be best told in his own words, written long years ago: 'I want you to take care of yourself mentally. Don't give in to unhappiness. Be brave. Don't brood over the past. Do you know 'Hyperion?' If you do you will remember how it ends. 'Look not mournfully into the Past: it comes not back

again. Wisely improve the Present: it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future without fear and with a manly heart.' And on higher ground I would give you the same advice. God never sends us trouble only to trouble us, but to form our character to something better than it has been. You will find what that something is for you if you only look for it, and if you are to look for it you must not let your eyes be dim with tears.'

With undimmed vision we would fain remember him, believing, in the words of his own favourite poet, that he himself is

> 'Rapt from the fickle and the frail
> With gather'd power yet the same;'

and for those who are bereft of his living voice, they also may believe that he is near:

> 'when we climb or fall:
> Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours
> With larger other eyes than ours,
> To make allowance for us all.'

FRANCES BALFOUR.

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